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ERRATA.

Page 227, 2nd line, for Bassy, read *Passy*.

Page 231, 16th line, for generally, read *generously*.

Page 49, 12th line, for Word, read *Ford*.

Southern Historical Society Papers.

VOL. XXX. Richmond, Va., January-December. 1902.

SHALL CROMWELL HAVE A STATUE?

ORATION BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS,

Before the Beta of Illinois Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at the
University of Chicago, Tuesday, June 17, 1902.

The editor has peculiar pleasure in preserving in the *Southern Historical Society Papers* an address so chaste and noble as the following, which is alike worthy of the subject and its distinguished author, who continues in honored fidelity an historic lineage, impressed on our nation's progress as patriots, statesmen and scholars. The oration challenges universal admiration.

"Whom doth the king delight to honour? that is the question of questions concerning the king's own honour. Show me the man you honour; I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be, and would thank the gods, with your whole soul, for being if you could.

"Who is to have a statue? means, Whom shall we consecrate and set apart as one of our sacred men? Sacred; that all men may see him, be reminded of him, and, by new example added to old perpetual precept, be taught what is real worth in man. Whom do you wish us to resemble? Him you set on a high column, that all men, looking on it, may be continually apprised of the duty you expect from them."—*Thomas Carlyle, "Latter-Day Pamphlets," 1850.*

At about 3 o'clock of the afternoon of September 3, 1658, the day of Worcester and of Dunbar, and as a great tempest was wearing itself to rest, Oliver Cromwell died. He died in London, in the palace of Whitehall; the palace of the great banqueting hall through whose central window Charles I, a little less than ten years before, had walked forth to the scaffold. A few weeks later, "with a more than regal solemnity," the body of the great Lord Protector was

carried to Westminster Abbey, and there buried "amongst kings." Two years then elapsed, and, on the twelfth anniversary of King Charles's execution, the remains of the usurper, having been previously disinterred by order of the newly restored king, were, by a unanimous vote of the Convention Parliament, hung at Tyburn. The trunk was then buried under the gallows, while Cromwell's head was set on a pole over the roof of Westminster Hall. Nearly two centuries of execration ensued, until, in the sixth generation, the earlier verdict was challenged, and the question at last asked: "Shall Cromwell have a statue?" Cromwell, the traitor, the usurper, the execrable murderer of the martyred Charles! At first, and for long, the suggestion was looked upon almost as an impiety, and, as such, scornfully repelled. Not only did the old loyal king-worship of England recoil from the thought, but, indignantly appealing to the church, it declared that no such distinction could be granted so long as there remained in the prayer-book a form of supplication for "King Charles, the Martyr," and of "praise and thanksgiving for the wonderful deliverance of these kingdoms from the great rebellion, and all the other miseries and oppressions consequent thereon, under which they had so long groaned." None the less, the demand was insistent, and at last, but only after two full centuries had elapsed and a third was well advanced, was the verdict of 1661 reversed. To-day the bronze effigy of Oliver Cromwell—massive in size, rugged in feature, characteristic in attitude—stands defiantly in the yard of that Westminster Hall, from a pole on top of which, twelve score years ago, the flesh crumbled from his skull.

In this dramatic reversal of an accepted verdict—this complete revision of opinions once deemed settled and immutable—there is, I submit, a lesson—an academic lesson. The present occasion is essentially educational. The Phi Beta Kappa oration, as it is called, is the last, the crowning utterance of the college year, and very properly is expected to deal with some fitting theme in a kindred spirit. I propose to do so to-day, but in a fashion somewhat exceptional. The phases of moral and intellectual growth through which the English race has passed on the subject of Cromwell's statue afford, I submit, to the reflecting man an educational study of exceptional interest. In the first place, it was a growth of two centuries; in the second place, it marks the passage of a nation from an existence under the traditions of feudalism to one under the principles of self-government; finally, it illustrates the gradual development of that broad spirit of tolerance which, coming with time and study, meas-

ures the men and events of the past independently of the prejudices and passions which obscure and distort the immediate vision.

We, too, as well as the English, have had our "Great Rebellion." It came to a dramatic close thirty-seven years since; as theirs came to a close not less dramatic some seven time thirty-seven years since. We, also, as they in their time, formed our contemporaneous judgments and recorded our verdicts, assumed to be irreversible, of the men, the issues, and the events of the great conflict; and those verdicts and judgments, in our case as in theirs, will unquestionably be revised, modified, and in not a few cases wholly reversed. Better knowledge, calmer reflection, and a more judicial frame of mind come with the passage of the years; passions in time subside, prejudices disappear, truth asserts itself. In England this process has been going on for close upon two centuries and a half; with what result; Cromwell's statue stand as proof. We live in another age and a different environment; and, as fifty years of Europe outmeasure in their growth a cycle of Cathay, so I hold one year of twentieth century America works far more progress in thought than seven years of Britain during the interval between its great rebellion and ours. We who took active part in the Civil War have not yet wholly vanished from the stage; the rear guard of the Grand Army, we linger. Today is separated from the death of Lincoln by the same number of years only which separated "The Glorious Revolution of 1688" from the execution of Charles Stuart; yet to us is already given to look back on the events of which we were a part with the same perspective effects with which the Victorian Englishman looks back on the men and events of the commonwealth.

I propose on this occasion to do so; and reverting to my text—"Shall Cromwell have a Statue"—and reading that text in the gloss of Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlet* utterance, I quote you Horace's familiar precept,

Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur,

and ask abruptly, "Shall Robert E. Lee have a statue?" I propose also to offer to your consideration some reasons why he should, and, assuredly, will have one, if not now, then presently.

Shortly after Lee's death, in October, 1870, leave was asked in the United States Senate, by Mr. McCreery, of Kentucky, to introduce a joint resolution providing for the return of the estate and mansion of Arlington to the family of the deceased Confederate Commander-in-chief. In view of the use which had then already

been made of Arlington as a military cemetery, this proposal, involving, as it necessarily did, a removal of the dead, naturally led to warm debate. The proposition was one not to be considered. If a defect in the title of the government existed, it must in some way be cured, as subsequently it was cured. But I call attention to the debate because Charles Sumner, then a senator from Massachusetts, participated in it, using the following language: "Eloquent senators have already characterized the proposition and the traitor it seeks to commemorate. I am not disposed to speak of General Lee. It is enough to say he stands high in the catalogue of those who have imbrued their hands in their country's blood. I hand him over to the avenging pen of History." This was when Lee had been just two months dead; but, three-quarters of a century after the protector's skull had been removed from over the roof of Westminster Hall, Pope wrote, in similar spirit—

"See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame;"

and, sixteen years later,—four-fifths of a century after Cromwell's disinterment at Westminster and reburial at Tyburn,—a period from the death of Lee equal to that which will have elapsed in 1950, Gray sang of the Stoke Pogis churchyard—

"Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

And now, a century and a half later, Cromwell's statue looms defiantly up in front of the Parliament House. When, therefore, an appeal is in such cases made to the "avenging pen of History," it is well to bear this instance in mind, while recalling, perchance, that other line of a greater than Pope, or Gray, or Sumner—

"Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

Was then Robert E. Lee a "traitor"—was he also guilty of his "country's blood?" These questions I propose now to discuss. I am one of those who, in other days, was arrayed in the ranks which confronted Lee; one of those whom Lee baffled and beat, but who, finally, baffled and beat Lee. As one thus formerly lined up against him, these questions I propose to discuss in the calmer and cooler, and altogether more reasonable light which comes to most men, when a whole generation of the human race lies buried between them and the issues and actors upon which they undertake to pass.

Was Robert E. Lee a traitor? Technically, I think he was indisputably a traitor to the United States; for a traitor, as I under-

stand it technically, is one guilty of the crime of treason; or, as the Century Dictionary puts it, violating his allegiance to the chief authority of the State; while treason against the United States is specifically defined in the Constitution as "levying war" against it, or "adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." That Robert E. Lee did levy war against the United States can, I suppose, no more be denied than that he gave "aid and comfort" to its enemies; and to the truth of this last proposition, I hold myself, among others, to be a very competent witness. This technically; but in history, there is treason and treason, as there are traitors and traitors. And, furthermore, if Robert E. Lee was a traitor, so also, and indisputably were George Washington, Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, and William of Orange. The list might be extended indefinitely; but these will suffice. There can be no question that every one of those named violated his allegiance, and gave aid and comfort to the enemies of his sovereign. Washington furnishes a precedent at every point. A Virginian like Lee, he was also a British subject; he had fought under the British flag, as Lee had fought under that of the United States; when, in 1776, Virginia seceded from the British Empire, he "went with his State," just as Lee went with it eighty-five years later; subsequently Washington commanded armies in the field designated by those opposed to them as "rebels," and whose descendants now glorify them as "the rebels of '76," much as Lee later commanded, and at last surrendered, much larger armies, also designated "rebels" by those they confronted. Except in their outcome, the cases were, therefore, precisely alike; and logic is logic. It consequently appears to follow, that, if Lee was a traitor, Washington was also. It is unnecessary to institute similar comparisons with Cromwell, Hampden and William of Orange. No defense can in their cases be made. Technically, one and all, they undeniably were traitors.

But there are, as I have said, traitors and traitors—Catalines, Arnolds and Görgeis, as well as Cromwells, Hampdens and Washingtons. To reach any satisfactory conclusion concerning a candidate for "everlasting fame,"—whether to deify or damn—enroll him as savior, as martyr, or as criminal—it is, therefore, necessary still further to discriminate. The cause, the motive, the conduct must be passed in review. Did turpitude anywhere attach to the original taking of sides, or to subsequent act? Was the man a self-seeker? Did low or sordid motives impel him? Did he seek to aggrandize himself at his country's cost? Did he strike with a parricidal hand?

These are grave questions; and, in the case of Lee, their consideration brings us at the threshold face to face with issues which have perplexed and divided the country since the day the United States became a country. They perplex and divide historians now. Legally, technically—the moral and humanitarian aspects of the issue wholly apart—which side had the best of the argument as to the rights and the wrongs of the case in the great debate which led up to the Civil War? Before entering, however, on this well-worn—I might say, this threadbare—theme, as I find myself compelled in briefest way to do, there is one preliminary very essential to be gone through with—a species of moral purgation. Bearing in mind Dr. Johnson's advice to Boswell, on a certain memorable occasion, we should at least try to clear our minds of cant. Many years ago, but only shortly before his death, Richard Cobden said in one of his truth-telling deliverances to his Rochdale constituents—"I really believe I might be Prime Minister. If I would get up and say you are the greatest, the wisest, the best, the happiest people in the world, and keep on repeating that, I don't doubt but what I might be Prime Minister. I have seen Prime Minister's made in my experience precisely by that process." The same great apostle of homely sense, on another occasion bluntly remarked in a similar spirit to the House of Commons—"We generally sympathise with everybody's rebels but our own." In both these respects I submit we Americans are true descendants from the Anglo-Saxon stock; and nowhere is this more unpleasantly apparent than in any discussion which may arise of the motives which actuated those of our countrymen who did not at the time see the issues involved in our Civil War as we saw them. Like those whom Cobden addressed, we like to glorify our ancestors and ourselves, and we do not particularly care to give ear to what we are pleased to term unpatriotic, and, at times, even treasonable talk. In other words, and in plain, unpalatable English, our minds are saturated with cant. Only in the case of others do we see things as they really are. Ceasing to be individually interested, we then at once become nothing unless critical. So, when it comes to rebellions, we, like Cobden's Englishmen, are wont almost invariably to sympathize with everybody's rebels but our own.

Our souls spontaneously go forth to Celt, Pole, Hungarian, Boer, and Hindoo; but, when we are concerned, language quite fails us in which adequately to depict the moral turpitude which must actuate Confederate or Filipino who rises in resistance against what we are

pleased really to consider, as well as call, the best and most beneficent government the world has yet been permitted to see—our government! This, I submit, is cant, pure cant, and at the threshold of discussion we had best free our minds of it, wholly, if we can; if not wholly, then in so far as we can. Philip the Second of Spain, when he directed his crusade in the name of God, Church, and Government, against William of Orange, indulged in it in quite as good faith as we, and as for Charles “the Martyr” and the “sainted” Laud, for two centuries after Cromwell’s head was stuck on a pole, all England annually lamented in sackcloth and ashes the wrongs inflicted by sacrilegious hands on those most assuredly well-meaning rulers and men. All depends on the point of view, and, during our own Civil War, while we unceasingly denounced the wilful wickedness of those who bore parricidal arms against the one immaculate authority yet given the eye of man to look upon, the leading newspaper of the world was referring to us in perfect good faith “as an insensate and degenerate people.” An English member of Parliament, speaking at the same time in equally good faith, declared that throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, public sentiment was almost unanimously on the side of “the southerners,” as ours was on the side of the Boers, because our “rebels” were “fighting against one of the most grinding, one of the most galling, one of the most irritating attempts to establish tyrannical government that ever disgraced the history of the world.”

Upon the correctness or otherwise of these judgments I do not care to pass. They certainly cannot be reconciled. The single point I make is that they were, when made, the expression of views honestly and sincerely entertained. We sympathize with Great Britain’s rebels; Great Britain sympathized with our rebels. Our rebels in 1862, as theirs in 1900, thoroughly believed they were resisting an iniquitous attempt to deprive them of their rights, and to establish over them a “grinding,” a “galling,” and an “irritating” “tyrannical government.” We in 1861, as Great Britain in 1898, and Charles “the Martyr” and Philip of Spain some centuries earlier, were fully convinced that we were engaged in God’s work while we trod under foot the “rebel” and the “traitor.” Presently, as distance lends a more correct perspective, and things are viewed in their true proportions, we will get perhaps to realize that our case furnishes no exception to the general rule, and that we, too, like the English “generally sympathize with everybody’s rebels but our own.” Justice may then be done.

Having entered this necessary, if somewhat hopeless *caveat*, let us address ourselves to the question at issue. I will state it again. Legally and technically, not morally, again let me say, and wholly irrespective of humanitarian considerations, to which side did the weight of argument incline during the great debate which culminated in our Civil War? The answer necessarily turns on the abstract right of what we term a sovereign State to secede from the Union at such time and for such cause as may seem to that State proper and sufficient. The issue is settled now; irrevocably and for all time decided; it was not settled forty years ago, and the settlement since reached has been the result, not of reason based on historical evidence, but of events and of force. To pass a fair judgment on the line of conduct pursued by Lee in 1861, it is necessary to go back in thought and imagination, and see things, not as they now are, but as they then were. If we do so, and accept the judgment of some of the more modern students and investigators of history, either wholly unprejudiced or with a distinct Union bias, it would seem as if the weight of argument falls into what I will term the Confederate scale. For instance, Professor Goldwin Smith, an Englishman, a life-long student of history, and friend and advocate of the Union during the Civil War, the author of one of the most compact and readable narratives of our national life, Goldwin Smith has recently said: "Few who have looked into the history can doubt that the Union originally was, and was generally taken by the parties to it to be, a compact, dissoluble, perhaps most of them would have said, at pleasure, dissoluble certainly on breach of the articles of Union." (*Atlantic Monthly Magazine*, March, 1902, Vol. 89, p. 305.) To a like effect, but in terms even stronger, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, now a senator from Massachusetts, has declared, not in a political utterance, but in a work of historical character: "When the constitution was adopted by the votes of States at Philadelphia, and accepted by the votes of States in popular conventions, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country from Washington and Hamilton, on the one side, to George Clinton and George Mason, on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States, and from which each and every State had the right peaceably to withdraw, a right which was very likely to be exercised." (*Webster*, "American Statesman" series, p. 172.)

Here are two explicit statements of the legal and technical side of the argument made by authority to which no exception can be taken, at least by those of the Union side. On them, and on them alone,

the case for the abstract right of secession might be rested, and we could go on to the next stage of the discussion.

I am unwilling, however, so to do. The issue involved is still one of interest, and I am not disposed to leave it on the mere dictum of two authorities, however eminent. In the first place I do altogether concur in their statements; in the next place, this discussion is a mere threshing of straw unless we get at the true inwardness of the situation. When it comes to subjects, political or moral, in which human beings are involved, metaphysics are scarcely less to be avoided than cant; alleged historical facts are apt to prove deceptive; and I confess to grave suspicions of logic. Old time theology, for instance, with its pitiless reasoning, led the world into very strange places and much bad company. In reaching a conclusion, therefore, in which a verdict is entered on the motives and actions of men, acting either individually or in masses, the moral, the sentimental and the practical, must be quite as much taken into account as the legal, the logical and the material. This, in the present case, I propose presently to do; but, as I have said, on the facts even I am unable wholly to concur with Professor Smith and Mr. Lodge.

Mr. Lodge, for instance, cites Washington. But it so chanced Washington put himself on record upon the point at issue, and his testimony is directly at variance with the views attributed to him by Mr. Webster's biographer. What are known in history as the Kentucky resolutions, drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, then Vice-President, were passed by the legislature of the State whose name they bear in November, 1798. In those resolutions the view of the framers of the Constitution as to the original scope of that instrument accepted by Professor Smith and Mr. Lodge was first set forth. The principles acted upon by South Carolina on the 20th of December, 1860, were enunciated by Kentucky November 16, 1798. The dragon's teeth were then sown. Washington was at that time living in retirement at Mt. Vernon. When, a few weeks later, the character of those resolutions became known to him, he was deeply concerned, and wrote to Lafayette,—“The Constitution, according to their interpretation of it, would be a mere cipher;” and again a few days later, he expressed himself still more strongly in a letter to Patrick Henry,—“Measures are systematically and pertinaciously pursued which must eventually dissolve the Union, or produce coercion.” (Washington, *Works* Vol. XI, pp. 378, 389.) Coercion Washington thus looked to as the remedy to which recourse could properly be had in case of any overt attempt at secession. But, so

far as the framers of the Constitution were concerned, it seems to me clear that, acting as wise men of conflicting views naturally would act in a formative period during which many conflicting views prevailed, they did not care to incur the danger of a shipwreck of their entire scheme by undertaking to settle, distinctly and in advance, abstract questions, the discussion of which was fraught with danger. In so far as they could, they, with great practical shrewdness, left those questions to be settled, should they ever present themselves in concrete form, under the conditions which might then exist. The truth thus seems to be that the mass of those composing the Convention of 1787, working under the guidance of a few very able and exceedingly practical men, of constructive mind, builded a great deal better than they knew. The delegates met to harmonize trade differences; they ended by perfecting a scheme of political union that had broad consequences of which they little dreamed. If they had dreamed of them, the chances are the fabric would never have been completed. That Madison, Hamilton, and Jay were equally blind to consequences does not follow. They probably designed a nation. If they did, however, they were too wise to take the public fully into their confidence; and, today, "no impartial student of our constitutional history can doubt for a moment that each State ratified" the form of government submitted in "the firm belief that at any time it could withdraw therefrom." (Donn Piatt, *George H. Thomas*, p. 88.) Probably, however, the more far-seeing,—and, in the long run, they alone count,—shared with Washington in the belief that this withdrawal would not be unaccompanied by practical difficulty. And, after all is said and done, the legality of secession is somewhat of a metaphysical abstraction so long as the right of revolution is inalienable. As matter of fact it was to might and revolution the South appealed in 1861; and it was to coercion the government of Union had recourse. So with his supreme good sense and that political insight at once instinctive and unerring, in respect to which he stands almost alone, Washington foresaw this alternative in 1798.* He looked upon the doctrine of secession as a

* Washington seems, indeed, to have foreseen it from the commencement. Hardly was the independence of the country achieved before he began to direct his efforts toward the creation of a nation, with a central power adequate to a coercive policy if called for by the occasion.

Thus, in March, 1783, he wrote to Nathaniel Greene (Ford, *Writings of Washington*, Vol. X, p. 203, note): "It remains only for the States to be wise, and to establish their independence on the basis of an inviolable, efficacious

heresy; but, none the less, it was a heresy indisputably then preached, and to which many, not in Virginia only but in New England also, pinned their political faith. Even the Devil is proverbially entitled to his due.

So far, however, as the abstract question is of consequence, as the utterances of Professor Smith and Mr. Lodge conclusively show, the secessionists of 1861 stand in history's court by no means without a case. In that case, moreover, they implicitly believed. From generation to generation they had grown up indoctrinated with the gospel, or heresy, of State sovereignty, and it was as much part of their moral and intellectual being as was clanship of the Scotch high-

union, and a firm confederation." The following month he wrote in the same spirit to Tench Tilghman (*Ib.*, Vol. X, p. 238): "In a word the Constitution of Congress must be competent to the *general purposes* of Government, and of such a nature as to bind us together. Otherwise we shall be like of sand, and as easily broken."

Finally, in the circular letter addressed to the governor of all the States on disbanding the army, June 8, 1783 (*Ib.*, Vol. X, p. 257): "There are four things which, I humbly conceive, are essential to the well-being, a way, even venture to say, to the existence of the United States as an independent power. First, on indissoluble union of the States under one federal head." In language even stronger he, July 8, 1783—only a month later—wrote to Dr. William Gordon, the historian (*Ib.*, Vol. X, p. 276): "We are known by no other character among other nations than as the United States. Massachusetts or Virginia is no better defined, nor any more thought of, by Foreign Powers, than the county of Worcester in Massachusetts is by Virginia, or Gloucester county in Virginia is by Massachusetts (reputable as they are), and yet these counties with as much propriety might oppose themselves to the laws of the States in which they are, as an individual State can oppose itself to the Federal Government, by which it is, or ought to be bound." With the passage of time, Washington's feelings on this subject seem to have grown stronger, and, on March 10, 1787, he wrote to John Jay: "A thirst for power, and the bantling—I had liked to have said *Monster*—sovereignty, which have taken such fast hold of the States," etc. (William Jay, *Life of John Jay*, Vol. I, p. 259). A year earlier, August 1, 1786, he had written to Jay: "Experience has taught us that men will not adopt and carry into execution measures the best calculated for their own good without the intervention of a coercive power. I do not conceive we can exist long as a nation without having lodged somewhere a power, which will provide the whole Union in as energetic a manner as the authority on the State governments extends over the several States." (Ford *Writings of Washington*, Vol. XI, p. 53.) This, it will be observed, was within a few days less than seven months only before the passage by the Confederation Congress of the resolution of February 21, 1787, calling for the Convention, which, during the ensuing summer, framed the present Constitution.

landers. In so far they were right, as Governor John A. Andrew said of John Brown. Meanwhile, practically, as a common-sensed man, leading an everyday existence in a world of actualities, John Brown was not right; he was, on the contrary, altogether wrong, and richly merited the fate meted out to him. It was the same with the secessionists. That, in 1861, they could really have had faith in the practicability—the real working efficiency—of that peaceable secession which they professed to ask for, and of which they never wearied of talking, I cannot believe. I find in the record no real evidence thereof.

Of the high-type Southron, as we sometimes designate him, I would speak in terms of sincere respect. I know him chiefly by hearsay, having come in personal contact only with individual representatives of the class; but such means of observation as I have had confirm what I recently heard said by a friend of mine, once governor of South Carolina, and, so far as I know, the only man who ever gave the impossible and indefensible plan of reconstruction attempted after our Civil War, a firm, fair and intelligent trial. He at least put forth an able and honest effort to make effective a policy which never should have been devised. Speaking from "much and varied experience," I recently heard Daniel H. Chamberlain say of the "typical southern gentleman" that he considered him "a distinct and really noble growth of our American soil. For, if fortitude under good and under evil fortune, if endurance without complaint of what comes in the tide of human affairs, if a grim clinging to ideals once charming, if vigor and resiliency of character and spirit under defeat and poverty and distress, if a steady love of learning and letters when libraries were lost in flames and the wreckage of war, if self-restraint when the long-delayed relief at last came—if, I say, all these qualities are parts of real heroism, if these qualities can vivify and enoble a man or a people, then our own South may lay claim to an honored place among the differing types of our great common race." Such is the matured judgment of the Massachusetts governor of South Carolina during the congressional reconstruction period; and, listening to it, I asked myself if it was descriptive of a southern fellow-countryman, or a Jacobite Scotch chieftain anterior to "the '45."

The southern statesman of the old slavery days—the antediluvian period which preceded our mid-century cataclysm—were the outcome and representatives of what has thus been described. As such they presented a curious admixture of qualities. Masterful in temper,

clear of purpose, with a firm grasp on principle, a high sense of honor and a moral perception developed on its peculiar lines, as in the case of Calhoun, to a quality of distinct hardness, they were yet essentially abstractionists. Political metaphysicians, they were not practical men. They did not see things as they really were. They thus, while discussing their "forty-bale theories" and the "patriarchal institution" in connection with State's rights and nullification, failed to realize that on the two essential features of their policy—slavery and secession—they were contending with the stars in their courses. The whole world was moving irresistibly in the direction of nationality and an ever-increased recognition of the rights of man; while they, on both of these vital issues, were proclaiming a crusade of reaction.

Moreover, what availed the views or intentions of the framers of the Constitution? What mattered it in 1860 whether they, in 1787, contemplated a nation or only a more compact federation of sovereign States? In spite of logic and historical precedent, and in sublime unconsciousness of metaphysics and abstractions, realities have unpleasant way of asserting their existence. However it may have been in 1788, in 1860 a nation had grown into existence. Its peaceful dismemberment was impossible. The complex system of tissues and ligaments, the growth of seventy years, could not be gently taken apart, without wound or hurt; the separation, if separation there was to be, involved a tearing asunder, supplementing a liberal use of the knife. Their professions to the contrary notwithstanding, this the southern leaders failed not to realize. In point of fact, therefore, believing fully in the abstract legality of secession, and the justice and sufficiency of the grounds on which they acted, their appeal was to the inalienable right of revolution, and to that might by which alone the right could be upheld. Let us put casuistry, metaphysics, and sentiment aside, and come to actualities. The secessionist recourse in 1861 was to the sword, and to the sword it was meant to have recourse.

I have thus far spoken only of the South as a whole. Much has been said and written on the subject of an alleged conspiracy in those days of southern men and leaders against the Union; of the designs and ultimate objects of the alleged conspirators; of acts of treachery on their part, and the part of their accomplices, toward the government, of which they were the sworn officials. Into this phase of the subject I do not propose to enter. That the leaders in secession were men with large views, and that they had matured a

comprehensive policy as the ultimate outcome of their movement, I entertain no doubt. They looked unquestionably to an easy military success, and the complete establishment of their Confederacy; more remotely, there can be no question they contemplated a policy of extension, and the establishment along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and in the Antilles of a great, semi-tropical, slave-labor republic; finally, all my investigations have tended to satisfy me that they confidently anticipated an early disintegration of the Union, and the accession of the bulk of the Northern States to the Confederacy, New England only being sternly excluded therefrom, "sloughed off," as they expressed it. The capital of the new Confederacy was to be Washington; African servitude, under reasonable limitations, was to be recognized throughout its limits; agriculture was to be its ruling interest, with a tariff and foreign policy in strict accord therewith. "Secession is not intended to break up the present government, but to perpetuate it. We go out of the Union, not to destroy it, but for the purpose of getting further guarantees and security," this was said in January, 1861; and this in 1900: "And so we believe that with the success of the South, the 'Union of the Fathers,' which the South was the principal factor in forming, and to which she was far more attached than the North, would have been restored and re-established; that in this Union the South would have been again the dominant people, the controlling power." Conceding the necessary premises of fact and law—a somewhat considerable concession, but, perhaps, conceivable—conceding these, I see in this position, then or now, nothing illogical, nothing provocative of severe criticism, certainly nothing treasonable. Acting on sufficient grounds, of which those thus acting were the sole judge, proceeding in a way indisputably legal and regular, it was proposed to reconstruct the Union in the light of experience, and on a new, and, as they considered, an improved basis, without New England. This cannot properly be termed a conspiracy; it was a legitimate policy based on certain assumed data legal, moral and economical. But it was in reality never for a moment believed that this programme could be peaceably and quietly carried into effect; and the assent of New England to the arrangement was neither asked for, assumed, nor expected. New England was distinctly relegated to an outer void—at once cold, dark, inhospitable.

As to participation of those who sympathized in these views and this policy in the councils of the government, so furthering schemes for its overthrow while sworn to its support, I hold it unnecessary to

speaking. Such were traitors. As such, had they met their deserts, they should, at the proper time and on due process of law, have been arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced and hanged. That in certain well-remembered instances this course was not pursued, is to my mind, even yet much to be deplored. In such cases clemency is only another form of cant.

Having now discussed what have seemed to me the necessary preliminaries, I come to the particular cases of Virginia and Robert E. Lee. The two are closely interwoven—for Virginia was always Virginia, and the Lees were, first, over and above all, Virginians. It was the Duke of Wellington who, on a certain memorable occasion, indignantly remarked, in his delightful French-English: “*Mais avant tout je suis gentilhomme Anglais.*” So might have said the Lees of Virginia of themselves.

As respects Virginia, moreover, I am fain to say there was in the attitude of the State toward the Confederacy, and, indeed, in its bearing throughout the Civil War, something which appealed strongly—something unselfish and chivalric—worthy of Virginia’s highest record. History will, I think, do justice to it. Virginia, it must be remembered, while a slave State, was not a cotton State. This was a distinction implying a difference. In Virginia the institution of slavery existed, and because of it she was in close sympathy with her sister slave States; but, while in the cotton States slavery had gradually assumed a purely material form, in Virginia it still retained much of its patriarchal character. The “Border” States, as they were called, and among them Virginia especially, had it is true, gained an evil name as “slave-breeding ground;” but this was merely an incident to a system in which, taken by and large—viewed in the rule, and not in the exception—the being with African blood in his veins was not looked upon as mere transferable chattel, but practically, and to a large extent, was attached to the house and the soil. This fact had a direct bearing on the moral issue; for slavery, one thing in Virginia, was quite another in Louisiana. The Virginian pride was, moreover, proverbial. Indeed, I doubt if local feeling and patriotism and devotion to the State ever anywhere attained a fuller development than in the community which dwelt in the region watered by the Potomac and the James, of which Richmond was the political center. We of the North, especially we of New England, were Yankees; but a Virginian was that, and nothing else. I have heard of a New Englander, of a Green Mountain boy, of a Rhode Islander, of a “Nutmeg,” of a “Blue-nose” even, but

never of a Massachusettian. The word somehow does not lend itself to the mouth, any more than the thought to the mind.

But Virginia was strongly attached by sentiment as well as interest to the Union. The birthplace of Washington, the mother of States, as well as of presidents, "The Old Dominion," as she was called, and fondly loved to call herself, had never been affected by the nullification heresies of South Carolina; and the long line of her eminent public men, though, in 1860, showing marked signs of a deteriorating standard, still retained a prominence in the national councils. If John B. Floyd was secretary of war, Winfield Scott was at the head of the army. Torn by conflicting feelings, Virginia, still clinging to the nation, was unwilling to sever her connection with it because of the lawful election of an anti-slavery president, even by a distinctly sectional vote. For a time she even stayed the fast flooding tide of secession, bringing about a brief but important reaction. Those of us old enough to remember the drear and anxious winter which followed the election and preceded the inauguration of Lincoln, recall vividly the ray of bright hope which, in the midst of its deepest gloom, then came from Virginia. It was in early February. Up to that time the record was unbroken. Beginning with South Carolina on December 20, State after State, meeting in convention, had with significant unanimity passed ordinances of secession. Each successive ordinance was felt to be equivalent to a renewed declaration of war. The outlook was dark indeed, and, amid the fast gathering gloom, all eyes, all thoughts, turned to Virginia. She represented the Border States; her action, it was felt, would largely influence, and might control theirs. John Letcher was then governor—a States Rights Democrat, of course; but a Union man. By him the legislature of the State was called together in special session, and that legislature, in January, passed what was known as a convention bill. Practically Virginia was to vote on the question at issue. Events moved rapidly. South Carolina had seceded on December 20; Mississippi on January 8; Florida on the 10th; Alabama on the 11th; Georgia followed on the 19th; Louisiana on the 26th, with Texas on February 1. The procession seemed unending; the record unbroken. Not without cause might the now thoroughly frightened friends of the Union have exclaimed, with Macbeth—

"What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet? A seventh?"

If at that juncture the Old Dominion by a decisive vote had followed in the steps of the cotton States, it implied consequences which

no man could fathom. It involved the possession of the national capital, and the continuance of the government. Maryland would inevitably follow the Virginian lead; the recently elected president had not yet been inaugurated; taken wholly by surprise, the North was divided in sentiment; the loyal spirit of the country was not aroused. It was thus an even question whether, on March 4, the whole machinery of the *de facto* government would not be in the hands of the revolutionists. All depended on Virginia. This is now forgotten; none the less, it is history.

The Virginia election was held on the 4th of February, the news of the secession of Texas—seventh in the line—having been received on the 2d. Evidently, the action of Texas was carefully timed for effect. Though over forty years ago, I well remember that day—gray, overcast, wintry—which succeeded the Virginia election. Then living in Boston, a young man of twenty-five, I shared—as who did not?—in the common deep depression and intense anxiety. It was as if a verdict was to be that day announced in a case involving fortune, honor, life even. Too harassed for work, I remember abandoning my desk in the afternoon to seek relief in physical activity, for the ponds in the vicinity of Boston were ice-covered, and daily thronged with skaters. I was soon among the number, gloomily seeking unfrequented spots. Suddenly I became aware of an unusual movement in the throng nearest the shore, where those fresh from the city arrived. The skaters seemed crowding to a common point; and a moment later they scattered again, with cheers and gestures of relief. An arrival fresh from Boston had brought the first bulletin of yesterday's election. Virginia, speaking against secession, had emitted no uncertain sound. It was as if a weight had been taken off the mind of everyone. The tide seemed turned at last. For myself, I remember my feelings were too deep to find expression in words or sound. Something stuck in my throat. I wanted to be by myself.

Nor did we overestimate the importance of the event. If it did not in the end mean reaction, it did mean time gained; and time then, as the result showed, was vital. As William H. Seward, representing the president-elect in Washington, wrote during those days: "The people of the District are looking anxiously for the result of the Virginia election. They fear that if Virginia resolves on secession, Maryland will follow; and then Washington will be seized. . . . The election tomorrow probably determines whether all the slave States will take the attitude of disunion. Everybody

around me thinks that that will make the separation irretrievable, and involve us in flagrant civil war. Practically everybody will despair." A day or two later the news came "like a gleam of sunshine in a storm." The disunion movement was checked, perhaps would be checkmated. Well might Seward, with a sigh of profound relief, write to his wife: "At least, the danger of conflict, here or elsewhere, before the 4th of March, has been averted. Time has been gained." (*Seward at Washington*, Vol. I, p. 502.) Time was gained; and the few weeks of precious time thus gained through the expiring effort of Union sentiment in Virginia involved the vital fact of the peaceful delivery four weeks later of the helm of State into the hands of Lincoln.

Thus, be it always remembered, Virginia did not take its place in the secession movement because of the election of an anti-slavery president. It did not raise its hand against the national government from mere love of any peculiar institution, or a wish to protect and to perpetuate it. It refused to be precipitated into a civil convulsion; and its refusal was of vital moment. The ground of Virginia's final action was of wholly another nature, and of a nature far more creditable. Virginia, as I have said, made State sovereignty an article—a cardinal article—of its political creed. So, logically and consistently, it took the position that, though it might be unwise for a State to secede, a State which did secede could not, and should not be coerced.

To us now this position seems worse than illogical; it is impossible. So events proved it then. Yet, after all, it is based on the great fundamental principle of the consent of the governed; and, in the days immediately preceding the war, something very like it was accepted as an article of correct political faith by men afterward as strenuous in support of a Union re-established by force, as Charles Sumner, Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, and Horace Greeley. The difference was that, confronted by the overwhelming tide of events, Virginia adhered to it; they, in presence of that tide, tacitly abandoned it. In my judgment, they were right. But Virginia, though mistaken more consistent, judged otherwise. As I have said, in shaping a practicable outcome of human affairs logic is often as irreconcilable with the dictates of worldly wisdom as are metaphysics with common sense. So now the issue shifted. It became a question, not of slavery or of the wisdom, or even the expediency, of secession, but of the right of the national government to coerce a sovereign State. This at the

time was well understood. The extremists of the South, counting upon it, counted with absolute confidence; and openly proclaimed their reliance in debate. Florida, as the representatives of that State confessed on the floor of Congress, might in itself be of small account; but Florida, panoplied with sovereignty, was hemmed in and buttressed against assault by protecting sister States.

So, in his history, James F. Rhodes asserts that—"The four men who in the last resort made the decision that began the war were ex-Senator Chestnut, Lieutenant-Colonel Chisolm, Captain Lee, all three South Carolinians, and Roger A. Pryor, a Virginia secessionist, who two days before in a speech at the Charleston Hotel had said, 'I will tell your governor what will put Virginia in the Southern Confederacy in less than an hour by Shrewsbury clock. Strike a blow!'" (Rhodes, *United States*, Vol. III, p. 349.) The blow was to be in reply to what was accepted as the first overt effort at the national coercion of a sovereign State—the attempted relief of Sumter. That attempt—unavoidable even if long deferred, the necessary and logical outcome of a situation which had become impossible of continuance—that attempt, construed into an effort at coercion, swept Virginia from her Union moorings.

Thus, when the long-deferred hour of fateful decision came, the position of Virginia, be it in historical justice said, however impetuous, mistaken or ill-advised, was taken on no low or sordid or selfish grounds. On the contrary, the logical assertion of a cardinal article of accepted political faith, it was made generously, chivalrously, in a spirit almost altruistic; for, from the outset, it was manifest Virginia had nothing to gain in that conflict of which she must perforce be the battle-ground. True! her leading man doubtless believed that the struggle would soon be brought to a triumphant close—that southern chivalry and fighting qualities would win a quick and easy victory over a more materially minded, even if not craven, northern mob of fanatics and cobblers and peddlers, officered by preachers; but, however thus deceived and misled at the outset, Virginia entered on the struggle others had initiated, for their protection and in their behalf. She thrust herself between them and the tempest they had invoked. Technically it may have been treasonable; but her attitude was consistent, was bold, was chivalrous:

"An honorable murderer if you will;
For naught did he in hate but all in honor."

So much for Virginia; and now as to Robert E. Lee. More than once already, on occasions not unlike this, have I quoted Oliver Wendell Holmes's remark in answer to the query of an anxious mother as to when a child's education ought to begin—"About 250 years before it is born;" and it is a fact—somewhat necessitarian, doubtless, but still a fact—that every man's life is largely molded for him far back in the ages. We philosophize freely over fate and free-will, and one of the excellent commonplaces of our educational system is to instil into the minds of the children in our common-schools the idea that every man is the architect of his own life. An admirable theory to teach; but, happily for the race, true only to a very limited extent. Heredity is a tremendous limiting fact. Native force of character—individuality—doubtless has something to do with results; but circumstances, ancestry, environment have much more. One man possibly in a hundred has in him the inherent force to make his conditions largely for himself; but even he moves influenced at every step from cradle to grave by ante-natal and birth conditions. Take any man you please—yourself, for instance; now and again the changes of life give opportunity, and the individual is equal to the occasion—the roads forking, consciously or instinctively he makes his choice. Under such circumstances, he usually supposes that he does so as a free agent. The world so assumes, holding him responsible. He is nothing of the sort; or at best such only in a very limited degree. The other day one of our humorists took occasion to philosophize on this topic, delivering what might not inaptly be termed an occasional discourse appropriate to the 22d of February. It was not only worth reading, but in humor and sentiment it was somewhat suggestive of the melancholy Jacques. "We are made brick by brick of influences, patiently built up around the framework of our born dispositions. It is the sole process of construction; there is no other. Every man, woman and child is an influence. Washington's disposition was born in him, he did not create it. It was the architect of his character; his character was the architect of his achievements. It had a native affinity for all influences, fine and great, and gave them hospitable welcome and permanent shelter. It had a native aversion for all influences mean and gross, and passed them on. It chose its ideals for him; and out of its patiently gathered materials, it built and shaped his golden character.

"And give *him* the credit."

Three names of Virginians are impressed on the military records of our Civil War, indelibly impressed—Winfield Scott, George Henry

Thomas and Robert Edward Lee; the last, most deeply. Of the three, the first two stood by the flag; the third went with his State. Each, when the time came, acted conscientiously, impelled by the purest sense of loyalty, honor and obligation, taking that course which, under the circumstances and according to his lights, seemed to him right; and each doubtless thought he acted as a free agent. To a degree each was a free agent; to a much greater degree each was the child of anterior conditions, hereditary sequence, existing circumstances—in a word of human environment, moral, material, intellectual. Scott or Thomas or Lee, being as he was, and things being as things were, could not decide otherwise than as he did decide. Consider them in order; Scott first:

A Virginian by birth, early associations and marriage, Scott, at the breaking-out of the Civil War, had not lived in his native State for forty years. Not a planter, he held no broad acres and owned no slaves. Essentially a soldier, he was a citizen of the United States; and, for twenty years, had been the general in command of its army. When, in April, 1861, Virginia passed its ordinance of secession, he was well advanced in his seventy-fifth year—an old man, he was no longer equal to active service. The course he would pursue was thus largely marked out for him in advance; a violent effort on his part could alone have forced him out of his trodden path. When subjected to the test, what he did was infinitely creditable to him, and the obligation the cause of the Union lay under to him during the critical period between December, 1860, and June, 1861, can scarcely be overstated; but, none the less, in doing as he did, it cannot be denied he followed what was for him the line of least resistance.

Of George Henry Thomas, no American, North or South—above all, no American who served in the Civil War—whether wearer of the blue or the gray—can speak, save with infinite respect—always with admiration, often with love. Than his, no record is clearer from stain. Thomas also was a Virginian. At the time of the breaking-out of the Civil War, he held the rank of major in that regiment of cavalry of which Lee, nine years his senior in age, was colonel. He never hesitated in his course. True to the flag from start to finish, William T. Sherman, then general of the army, in the order announcing the death of his friend and classmate at the Academy, most properly said of him: "The very impersonation of honesty, integrity, and honor, he will stand to posterity as the *beau ideal* of the soldier and gentleman." More tersely, Thomas stands

for character personified; Washington himself not more so. And now having said this, let us come again to the choice of Hercules—the parting of those terrible ways of 1861.

Like Scott and Lee, Thomas was a Virginian; but, again, there are Virginians and Virginians. Thomas was not a Lee. When, in 1855, the second United States cavalry was organized, Jefferson Davis being Secretary of War, Captain Thomas, as he then was and in his thirty-ninth year, was appointed its junior major. Between that time and April, 1861, fifty-one officers are said to have borne commissions in that regiment, thirty-one of whom were from the South; and of those thirty-one, no less than twenty-four entered the Confederate service, twelve of whom, among them Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston and John B. Hood, became general officers. The name of the Virginian, George H. Thomas, stands first of the faithful seven; but, Union or Confederate, it is a record of great names, and fortunate is the people, great of necessity their destiny, which in the hour of exigency, on the one side or the other, naturally develops from the roster of a single regiment men of the ability, the disinterestedness, the capacity and the character of Lee, Thomas, Johnston, and Hood. It is a record which inspires confidence as well as pride.

And now of the two men—Thomas and Lee. Though born in Virginia, General Thomas was not of a peculiarly Virginian descent. By ancestry, he was, on the father's side, Welsh; French, on that of the mother. He was not of the old Virginia stock. Born in the southeastern portion of the State, near the North Carolina line, we are told that his family, dwelling on a "goodly home property," was "well to do" and eminently "respectable;" but, it is added, there "were no cavaliers in the Thomas family, and not the remotest trace of the Pocahontas blood." When the war broke out, in 1861, Thomas had been twenty-one years a commissioned officer; and during those years he seems to have lived almost everywhere, except in Virginia. It had been a life passed at military stations; his wife was from New York; his home was on the Hudson rather than on the Nottoway. In his native State he owned no property, land or chattels. Essentially a soldier, when the hour for choice came, the soldier dominated the Virginian. He stood by the flag.

Not so Lee; for to Lee I now come. Of him it might, and in justice must, be said, that he was more than of the essence, he was of the very quintessence of Virginia. In his case, the roots and fibers struck down and spread wide in the soil, making him of it a

part. A son of the revolutionary "Light-Horse Harry," he had married a Custis. His children represented all there was of descent, blood, and tradition of the Old Dominion, made up as the Old Dominion was of tradition, blood, and descent. The holder of broad patrimonial acres, by birth and marriage he was a slave-owner, and a slave-owner of the patriarchal type, holding "slavery as an institution a moral and political evil." Every sentiment, every memory, every tie conceivable bound him to Virginia; and, when the choice was forced upon him—had to be made—sacrificing rank, career, the flag, he threw in his lot with Virginia. He did so with open eyes, and weighing the consequences. He at least indulged in no self-deception—wandered away from the path in no cloud of political metaphysics—nourished no delusion as to an early and easy triumph. "Secession," as he wrote to his son, "is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It is idle to talk of secession." But he also believed that his permanent allegiance was due to Virginia; that her secession, though revolutionary, bound all Virginians and ended their connection with and duties to the national government. Thereafter, to remain in the United States army would be treason to Virginia. So, three days after Virginia passed its ordinance, he, being then at Arlington, resigned his commission, at the same time writing to his sister, the wife of a Union officer, "We are now in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and, though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the army; and, save in defense of my native State, I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword." Two days before he had been unreservedly tendered, on behalf of President Lincoln, the command of the Union army then immediately to be put in the field in front of Washington—the command shortly afterward held by General McDowell.

So thought and spoke and wrote and acted Robert E. Lee, in April, 1861. He has, for the decision thus reached, been termed by some a traitor, a deserter, almost an apostate, and consigned to the "avenging pen of History." I cannot so see it; I am confident posterity will not so see it. The name and conditions being changed, those who uttered the words of censure, invoking "the avenging pen," did not so see it—have not seen it so. Let us appeal to the record. What otherwise did George Washington do under circumstances not dissimilar? What would he have done under circumstances wholly similar? Like Lee, Washington was a soldier; like Lee, he was a Virginian before he was a soldier. He had served under King George's flag; he had sworn allegiance to King George; his ambition had been to hold the royal commission. Presently Virginia seceded from the British empire—renounced its allegiance. What did Washington do? He threw in his lot with his native province. Do you hold him then to have been a traitor—to have been false to his colors? Such is not your verdict; such has not been the verdict of history. He acted conscientiously, loyally, as a son of Virginia and according to his lights. Will you say that Lee did otherwise?

But men love to differentiate; and of drawing of distinctions there is no end. The cases were dissimilar, it will be argued; at the time Virginia renounced its allegiance Washington did not hold the king's commission, indeed he never held it. As a soldier he was a provincial always—he bore a Virginian commission. True! Let the distinction be conceded; then assume that the darling wish of his younger heart had been granted to him, and that he had received the king's commission, and held it in 1775—what course would he then have pursued? What course would you wish him to have pursued? Do you not wish—do you not know—that, circumstanced as then he would have been, he would have done exactly as Robert E. Lee did eighty-six years later. He would first have resigned his commission; and then arrayed himself on the side of Virginia. Would you have had him do otherwise? And so it goes in this world. In such cases the usual form of speech is: "Oh! that is different! Another case altogether!" Yes, it is different; it is another case. For it makes a world of difference with a man who argues thus, whether it is his ox that is gored or the ox of the other man!

And here, in preparing this address, I must fairly acknowledge having encountered an obstacle in my path also. When considering

the course of another, it is always well to ask one's self the question: What would you yourself have done if similarly placed? Warmed by my argument, and the great precedents of Lee and of Washington, I did so here. I and mine were and are at least as much identified with Massachusetts as was Lee and his with Virginia—traditionally, historically, by blood and memory and name, we with the Puritan Commonwealth as they with the Old Dominion. What, I asked myself, would I have done had Massachusetts at any time arrayed itself against the common country, though without my sympathy and assent, even as Virginia arrayed itself against the Union without the sympathy and assent of Lee in 1861? The question gave me pause. And then I must confess to a sense of the humor of the situation coming over me, as I found it answered to my hand. The case had already arisen; the answer had been given; nor had it been given in any uncertain tone. The dark and disloyal days of the earlier years of the century just ended rose in memory—the days of the embargo, the “Leopard” and the “Chesapeake,” and of the Hartford Convention. The course then taken by those in political control in Massachusetts is recorded in history. It verged dangerously close on that pursued by Virginia and the South fifty years later: and the quarrel then was foreign; it was no domestic broil. One of my name, from whom I claim descent, was in those years prominent in public life. He accordingly was called upon to make the choice of Hercules, as later was Lee. He made his choice, and it was for the common country as against his section. The result is matter of history. Because he was a Union man, and held country higher than State or party, John Quincy Adams was in 1808 driven from office, a successor to him in the United States Senate was elected long before the expiration of his term, and he himself was forced into what at the time was regarded as an honorable exile. Nor was the line of conduct then by him pursued—that of unswerving loyalty to the Union—ever forgotten or wholly forgiven. He had put country above party; and party leaders have long memories. Even so broad-minded and clear-thinking a man as Theodore Parker, when delivering a eulogy upon J. Q. Adams, forty years later, thus expressed himself of this act of supreme self-sacrifice and loyalty to Nation rather than to State: “To my mind, that is the worst act of his public life; I cannot justify it. I wish I could find some reasonable excuse for it. . . . However, it must be confessed that this, though not the only instance of injustice, is the only case of servile compliance with the executive to be found in the whole life of the

man. It was a grievous fault, but grievously did he answer it; and if a long life of unfaltering resistance to every attempt at the assumption of power is fit atonement, then the expiation was abundantly made." (*Works*, London, 1863, Vol. IV, pp. 154, 156.)

What more, or worse, on the other side, could be said of Lee?

Perhaps I should enter some plea in excuse of this diversion; but, for me, it may explain itself, or go unexplained. Confronted with the question what would I have done in 1861 had positions been reversed, and Massachusetts taken the course then taken by Virginia, I found the answer already recorded. I would have gone with the Union, and against Massachusetts. None the less, I hold Massachusetts estopped in the case of Lee. "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung;" but, I submit, however it might be with me or mine, it does not lie in the mouths of the descendants of the New England Federalists of the first two decennials of the nineteenth century to invoke "the avenging pen of History" to record an adverse verdict in the case of any son of Virginia who threw in his lot with his State in 1861.

Thus much for the choice of Hercules. Pass on to what followed. Of Robert E. Lee as the commander of the army of Northern Virginia—at once the buckler and the sword of the Confederacy—I shall say a few words. I was in the ranks of those opposed to him. For years I was face to face with some fragment of the army of Northern Virginia, and intent to do it harm; and during those years there was not a day when I would not have drawn a deep breath of relief and satisfaction at hearing of the death of Lee, even as I did draw it at hearing of the death of Jackson. But now, looking back through a perspective of nearly forty years, I glory in it, and in them, as foes—they were worthy of the best of steel. I am proud now to say that I was their countryman. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the course of Lee when he made his choice, of Lee as a foe and the commander of an army, but one opinion can be entertained. Every inch a soldier, he was as an opponent not less generous and humane than formidable, a type of highest martial character; cautious, magnanimous, and bold, a very thunderbolt in war, he was self-contained in victory, but greatest in defeat. To that escutcheon attaches no stain.

I now come to what I have always regarded—shall ever regard—as the most creditable episode in all American history—an episode without a blemish—imposing, dignified, simple, heroic. I refer to Appomattox. Two men met that day, representative of American

civilization, the whole world looking on. The two were Grant and Lee—types each. Both rose, and rose unconsciously, to the full height of the occasion—and than that occasion there has been none greater. About it, and them, there was no theatrical display, no self-consciousness, no effort at effect. A great crisis was to be met; and they met that crisis as great countrymen should. Consider the possibilities; think for a moment of what that day might have been—you will then see cause to thank God for much.

That month of April saw the close of exactly four years of persistent strife—a strife which the whole civilized world had been watching intently. Democracy—the capacity of man in his present stage of development for self-government—was believed to be on trial. The wish the father to the thought, the prophets of evil had been liberal in prediction. It so chanced that my attention has been specially drawn to the European utterances of that time; and, read in the clear light of subsequent history, I use words of moderation when I say that they are now both inconceivable and ludicrous. Staid journals, grave public men, seemed to take what was little less than pleasure in pronouncing that impossible of occurrence which was destined soon to occur, and in committing themselves to readings of the book of fate in exact opposition to what the muse of history was wetting the pen to record. Volumes of unmerited abuse and false vaticination—and volumes hardly less amusing now than instructive—could be garnered from the columns of the London *Times*—volumes in which the spirit of contemptuous and patronizing dislike sought expression in the profoundest ignorance of facts, set down in bitterest words. Not only were republican institutions and man's capacity for self-government on trial, but the severest of sentences was imposed in advance of the adverse verdict, assumed to be inevitable. Then, suddenly, came the dramatic climax at Appomattox—dramatic, I say, not theatrical—severe in its simple, sober, matter-of-fact majesty. The world, I again assert, has seen nothing like it; and the world, instinctively, was conscious of the fact. I like to dwell on the familiar circumstances of the day; on its momentous outcome; on its far-reaching results. It affords one of the greatest educational object-lessons to be found in history; and the actors were worthy of the theater, the auditor and the play.

A mighty tragedy was drawing to a close. The breathless world was the audience. It was a bright balmy April Sunday in a quiet Virginia landscape, with two veteran armies confronting each other; one, game to the death, completely in the grasp of the other. The

future was at stake. What might ensue? What might not ensue? Would the strife end then and there? Would it die in a death grapple, only to reappear in that chronic form of a vanquished but indomitable people writhing and struggling in the grasp of an insatiate, but only nominal victor? Such a struggle as all European authorities united in confidently predicting?

The answer depended on two men—the captains of the contending forces. Grant that day had Lee at his mercy. He had but to close his hand, and his opponent was crushed. Think what then might have resulted had those two men been other than they were—had the one been stern and aggressive, the other sullen and unyielding. Most fortunately for us, they were what and who they were—Grant and Lee. More, I need not, could not say; this only let me add—a people has good right to be proud of the past and self-confident of its future when on so great an occasion it naturally develops at the front men who meet each other as those two met each other then. Of the two, I know not to which to award the palm. Instinctively, unconsciously, they vied not unsuccessfully each with the other, in dignity, magnanimity, simplicity.

“*Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*”

With a home no longer his, Lee then sheathed his sword. With the silent dignity of his subsequent life, after he thus accepted defeat, all are familiar. He left behind him no querulous memoirs, no exculpatory vindication, no controversial utterances. For him, history might explain itself—posterity formulate its own verdict. Surviving Appomattox but a little more than five years, those years were not unmarked by incidents very gratifying to American recollection; for we Americans, do, I think, above all things love magnanimity, and appreciate action at once fearless and generous. We all remember how by the grim mockery of fate—as if to test to the uttermost American capacity for self-government—Abraham Lincoln was snatched away at the moment of crisis from the helm of State, and Andrew Johnson substituted for him. I think it no doubtful anticipation of historical judgment to say that a more unfortunate selection could not well have chanced. In no single respect, it is safe to say, was Andrew Johnson adapted for the peculiar duties which Booth's pistol imposed upon him. One of Johnson's most unhappy, most ill-considered convictions was that our Civil War was a conventional old-time rebellion—that rebellion was treason—that treason was a crime:

and that a crime was something for which punishment should in due course of law be meted out. He, therefore, wanted, or thought he wanted, to have the scenes of England's Convention Parliament and the Restoration of 1660 re-enacted here, as a fitting sequel of our great conflict. Most fortunately, the American people then gave evidence to Europe of a capacity for self-restraint and self-government not traceable to English parentage, or precedents. No Cromwell's head grinned from our Westminster Hall; no convicted traitor swung in chains; no shambles dripped in blood. None the less Andrew Johnson called for "indictments," and one day demanded that of Lee. Then outspoke Grant—general of the army. Lee, he declared, was his prisoner. He had surrendered to him, and in reliance on his word. He had received assurance that so long as he quietly remained at his home, and did not offend against the law, he should not be molested. He had done so; and, so long as Grant held his commission, molested he should not be. Needless, as pleasant, to say what Grant then grimly intimated did not take place. Lee was not molested; nor did the general of the army indignantly fling his commission at an accidental president's feet. That, if necessary, he would have done so, I take to be quite indubitable.

Of Lee's subsequent life, as head of Washington College, I have but one anecdote to offer. I believe it to be typical. A few months ago I received a letter from a retired army officer of high character from which I extract the following: "Lee was essentially a Virginian. His sword was Virginia's, and I fancy the State had higher claims upon him than had the Confederacy, just as he supposed it had than the United States. But, after the surrender, he stood firmly and unreservedly in favor of loyalty to the nation. A gentleman told me this anecdote. As a boy he ran away from his Kentucky home, and served the last two years in the rebel ranks. After the war he resumed his studies under Lee's presidency; and one occasion, delivered as a college exercise an oration with eulogistic reference to the 'Lost Cause,' and what it meant. Later, General, then President, Lee sent for the student, and after praising his composition and delivery, seriously warned him against holding or advancing such views, impressing strongly upon him the unity of the nation, and urging him to devote himself loyally to maintain the integrity and the honor of the United States. The kindly paternal advice thus given was, I imagine, typical of his whole *post bellum* life." Let this one anecdote suffice. Here was magnanimity, philosophy, true patriotism, the pure American spirit. Accepting the situation loyally and in a

manly, silent way—without self-consciousness or mental reservation—he sought by precept, and yet more by a great example, to build up the shattered community of which he was the most observed representative in accordance with the new conditions imposed by fate, and through constitutional action. Talk of traitors and of treason! The man who pursued that course and instilled that spirit had not, could not have had, in his whole being one drop of traitor's blood or conceived a treacherous thought. His lights may have been wrong—according to our ideas then and now they were wrong—but they were his lights, and in acting in full accordance with them he was right.

But, to those thus speaking, it is since sometimes replied—"Even tolerance may be carried too far, and is apt then to verge dangerously on what may be better described as moral indifference. It then, humanly speaking, assumes that there is no real right or real wrong in collective human action. But put yourself in his place, and, to those of this way of thinking, Philip II and William of Orange—Charles I and Cromwell—are much the same;—the one is as good as the other, provided only he acted according to his lights. This will not do. Some moral test must be applied—some standard of right and wrong.

"It is by the recognition and acceptance of these the men prominent in history must be measured, and approved or condemned. To call it our Civil War is but a mere euphemistic way of referring to what was in fact a slave-holders' rebellion, conceived and put in action for no end but to perpetuate and extend a system of human servitude, a system the relic of barbarism, an insult to advancing humanity. To the futherance of this rebellion, Lee lent himself. Right is right, and treason is treason—and, as that which is morally wrong cannot be right, so treason cannot be other than a crime. Why then because of sentiment or sympathy or moral indifference seek to confound the two? Charles Stuart and Cromwell could not both have been right. If Thomas was right, Lee was wrong."

To this I would reply, that we, who take another view, neither confound, nor seek to confound, right with wrong, or treason with loyalty. We accept the verdict of time; but, in so doing, we insist that the verdict shall be in accordance with the facts, and that each individual shall be judged on his own merits, and not stand acquitted or condemned in block. In this respect time works wonders, leaving few conclusions wholly unchallenged. Take, for instance, one of the final contentions of Charles Sumner, that, following old world

precedents, founded, as he claimed, in reason and patriotism, the names of battles of the war of the rebellion should be removed from the regimental colors of the national army, and from the army register. He put it on the ground that, from the republics of antiquity down to our days, no civilized nation ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous and durable form the mementoes of victories won over fellow-citizens in civil war. As the sympathizing orator said at the time of Sumner's death—"Should the son of South Carolina, when at some future day defending the Republic against some foreign foe, be reminded by an inscription on the colors floating over him, that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg?" This assuredly has a plausible sound. "His father;" yes, perhaps. Though even in the immediately succeeding generation something might well be said on the other side. Presumably, in such case, the father was a brave, an honest and a loyal man—contending for what he believed to be right—for it, laying down his life. Gettysburg is a name and a memory of which none there need ever feel ashamed. As in most battles, there was a victor and a vanquished; but on that day the vanquished, as well as the victor, fought a stout fight. If, in all recorded warfare there is a deed of arms the name and memory of which the descendants of those who participated therein should not wish to see obliterated from any record, be it historian's page or battle-flag, it was the advance of Pickett's Virginian division across that wide valley of death in front of Cemetery Ridge. I know in all recorded warfare of no finer, no more sustained and deadly feat of arms. I have stood on either battlefield, and, in scope and detail, carefully compared the two; and, challenging denial, I affirm that the much vaunted charge of Napoleon's guard at Waterloo, in fortitude, discipline and deadly energy will not bear comparison with that other. It was boy's work beside it. There, brave men did all that the bravest men could do. Why then should the son of one of those who fell coming up the long ascent, or over our works and in among our guns, feel a sense of wrong because "Gettysburg" is inscribed on the flag of the battery a gun of which he now may serve? On the contrary, I should suppose he would there see that name only.

But, supposing it otherwise in the case of the son—the wound being in such case yet fresh and green—how would it be when a sufficient time has elapsed to afford the needed perspective? Let us suppose a grandson six generations removed. What Englishman, be he Cavalier or Roundhead by descent—did his ancestor charge

with Rupert or Cromwell—did he fall while riding with leveled point in the grim wall of advancing Ironsides, or go hopelessly down in death beneath their thundering hoofs—what descendant of any Englishman who there met his end, but with pride would read the name of Naseby on his regimental flag? What Frenchman would consent to the erasure of Ivry or Moncontour? Thus, in all these matters, time is the great magician. It both mellows and transforms. The Englishman of to-day does not apply to Cromwell the standard of loyalty or treason, of right and wrong, applied after the Restoration; nor again, does the twentieth century confirm the nineteenth's verdicts. Even slavery we may come to regard as a phase, pardonable as passing, in the evolution of a race.

I hold it will certainly be so with our Civil War. The year 1965 will look upon its causes, its incidents, and its men with different eyes from those with which we see them now—eyes wholly different from those with which we saw forty years ago. They—for we by that time will have rejoined the generation to which we belonged—will recognize the somewhat essential fact, indubitably true, that all the honest conviction, all the loyalty, all the patriotic devotion and self-sacrifice were not then, any more than all the courage, on the victor's side. True! the moral right, the spirit of nationality, the sacred cause of humanity even, were on our side, but among those opposed, and who in the end went down, were men not less sincere, not less devoted, not less truly patriotic according to their lights, than he who among us was first in all those qualities. Men of whom it was and is a cause of pride and confidence to say: "They, too, were countrymen!"

Typical of those men—most typical—was Lee. He represented, individualized, all that was highest and best in the southern mind and the Confederate cause—the loyalty to State, the keen sense of honor and personal obligation, the slightly archaic, the almost patriarchal, love of dependent, family and home. As I have more than once said, he was a Virginian of the Virginians. He represents a type which is gone—hardly less extinct than that of the great English nobleman of the feudal times, or the ideal head of the Scotch clan of a later period; but, just so long as men admire courage, devotion, patriotism, the high sense of duty and personal honor—all, in a word, which go to make up what we know as character—just so long will that type of man be held in affectionate, reverential memory. They have in them all the elements of the heroic. As Carlyle wrote more than half a century ago, so now: "Whom do you wish

to resemble? Him you set on a high column. Who is to have a statue? means, whom shall we consecrate and set apart as one of our sacred men? Sacred; that all men may see him, be reminded of him, and, by new example added to old perpetual precept, be taught what is real worth in man. Show me the man you honor; I know by that symptom, better than by any other, what kind of man you yourself are. For you show me there what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of man you long inexpressibly to be, and would thank the gods, with your whole soul, for being if you could."

It is all a question of time; and the time is, probably, not quite yet. The wounds of the great war are not altogether healed, its personal memories are still fresh, its passions not wholly allayed. It would, indeed, be cause for special wonder if they were. But, I am as convinced as an unillumined man can be of anything future, that when such time does come, a justice, not done now, will be done to those descendants of Washington, of Jefferson, of Rutledge, and of Lee, who stood opposed to us in a succeeding generation. That the national spirit is now supreme and the nation cemented, I hold to be unquestionable. That property in man has vanished from the civilized world is due to our Civil War. The two are worth the great price then paid for them. But, wrong as he may have been, and as he was proved by events, in these respects the Confederate had many great and generous qualities; he also was brave, chivalrous, self-sacrificing, sincere, and patriotic. So I look forward with confidence to the time when they too will be represented in our national Pantheon. Then the query will be answered here, as the query in regard to Cromwell's statue put sixty years ago has recently been answered in England. The bronze effigy of Robert E. Lee, mounted on his charger, and with the insignia of his Confederate rank, will from its pedestal in the nation's capital gaze across the Potomac at his old home at Arlington, even as that of Cromwell dominates the yard of Westminster upon which his skull once looked down. When that time comes, Lee's monument will be educational—it will typify the historical appreciation of all that goes to make up the loftiest type of character, military and civic, exemplified in an opponent, once dreaded, but ever respected; and, above all, it will symbolize and commemorate that loyal acceptance of the consequences of defeat, and the patient upbuilding of a people under new conditions by constitutional means, which I hold to be the greatest educational lesson America has yet taught to a once skeptical, but now silenced world.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, March 30, April 6, 27, and May 12, 1902.]

GRADUATES OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT, N. Y.,

Who Served in the Confederate States Army, with the
Highest Commission and Highest Command Attained.

COMPILED BY CAPTAIN W. GORDON McCABE, LATE ADJUTANT
PEGRAM'S BATTALION, A. P. HILL'S CORPS, ARMY
NORTHERN VIRGINIA, FOR THE ASSOCIATION
OF THE GRADUATES.

Reprinted With Additions and Corrections.

Captain McCabe, in sending this list, says: "Although greatest vigilance has been exercised in compiling this roster of the graduates of the Military Academy, who entered the Confederate army, together with statement of highest rank obtained by them. and dates of their commission, it is well nigh impossible that some errors should not occur, owing to the confused condition of existing records.

"The list of those who attained rank of Brigadier-General, Major-General, Lieutenant-General and of full General, is believed to be complete and exact.

"In justice to many brave and able young officers, who did not reach higher rank than that of regimental field officers, it must be remembered that many of these were killed or permanently disabled for further active service by severe wounds in 1861, and especially in 1862. Thus death or grievous wounds cut short many careers of brilliant promise.

"The great majority of officers named in this roster were wounded, some of them severely, three, four and five times, during the four years of the war, but this fact has not been noted in the roster.

"The simple record, as it stands, constitutes, together with that of the officers who served on the Union side, a brilliant vindication of the Military Academy, and of the methods, aims, and scientific training that have characterized this great nursery of able and accomplished soldiers since its foundation."

The record of General Alexander P. Stewart has been filled out in the list below to show the general form in which all should be completed, though this record of General Stewart's service is too brief.

"Confederate States army" after an officer's rank signifies that such was his rank in the regular Confederate army. Otherwise, the rank given is that in the provisional army of the Confederate States.

The figures on the left of the names are the numbers of the graduates in the whole list of graduates; those on the right the class rank. Those without a * are deceased.

1832.

BENJAMIN S. EWELL.

664. Born D. C. Appointed Virginia. 3.

Colonel, April 24, 1861. Commanding (in 1861) Thirty-second Virginia Regiment, Army of the Peninsula, afterwards (1862) A. A. G. Department of East Tennessee, and in 1863 A. A. G. Western Department.

PHILIP ST. GEORGE COCKE.

667. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 6

Brigadier-General, October 21, 1861. Commanding in 1861 Fifth Brigade, First Corps, Army of Potomac. Died December 26, 1861.

RICHARD G. FAIN.

681. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 20.

Colonel, July 31, 1862. Commanding Sixty-third Tennessee Infantry, B. R. Johnson's Division. In 1863 was in Preston's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Tennessee; in 1864 in Brigadier-General Johnson's Brigade, B. R. Johnson's Division, in Beauregard's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

GEORGE B. CRITTENDEN.

687. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 26.

Major-General, August 15, 1861. Commanding District of East Tennessee, December, 1861; commanding Confederate forces at battle of Mill Springs, Ky., January 19, 1862. Resigned October 23, 1862. In 1864 commanding Reserve (as Colonel, Confederate States Army) in Department of East Tennessee.

ROBERT H. ARCHER.

694. Born Maryland. Appointed Maryland. 33.

Lieutenant-Colonel, October 1, 1861. Commanding Fifty-fifth Virginia Infantry; in 1862 Captain and A. A. G. to Brigadier-General J. J. Archer.

RICHARD C. GATLIN.

696. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 35.

Brigadier-General, July 8, 1861. Commanding Southern Department coast defences of North Carolina. Resigned September 8, 1862, but subsequently served as A. and I. General of State of North Carolina, with rank of Major-General.

HUMPHREY MARSHALL.

703. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 42.

Brigadier-General, October 30, 1861. Detached command at Princeton, 1861-'62; commanding district, Abingdon, Va., May, 1862. Resigned June 17, 1863. Member of Confederate States Congress.

1833.

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

711. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 5.

Brevetted Major-General, April 24, 1861. Brevetted Major-General of State forces; member of Governor's Advisory Council; Superintendent Virginia Military Institute.

DAVID B. HARRIS.

713. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 7.

Brigadier-General, 1864. Chief-engineer (1st) of Army of Northern Virginia, (2d) of Department of Georgia, South Carolina and Florida.

J. LUCIUS DAVIS.

722. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 16.

Colonel, (1st) commanding Forty-sixth Virginia Infantry; (2d) Colonel, commanding Tenth Virginia Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia.

ABRAHAM C. MYERS.

738. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 32.

Colonel, June 24, 1861. First Quartermaster-General, Confederate States Army, Richmond, 1861-'62.

DANIEL RUGGLES.

740. Born Massachusetts. Appointed Massachusetts. 34.

Brigadier-General, April 9, 1861. Commanding Brigade in Army of Potomac, afterwards Brigade in Army of the West.

BENJAMIN E. DUBOSE.

745. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 39.
No trace. (Cullum says he was in Confederate States Army.)

1834.

WILLIAM T. STOCKTON.

757. Born Pennsylvania. Appointed Pennsylvania. 8.
Lieutenant-Colonel, First Florida Cavalry.

CHARLES A. FULLER.

759. Born Massachusetts. Appointed Massachusetts. 10.
Colonel, August 14, 1861. Commanding First Louisiana Regiment of Artillery.

JAMES F. COOPER.

766. Born New York. Appointed Pennsylvania. 17.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Seventh Georgia Infantry.

THOMAS O. BARNWELL.

772. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 23.
No trace. (There were several Barnwells in Confederate States Army, but no trace of Thomas O.)

GOODE BRYAN.

774. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 25.
Brigadier-General, August 31, 1863. Commanding Brigade McLaws' Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

1835.

WILLIAM H. GRIFFIN.

812. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 27.
Colonel, commanding Twenty-first Texas Infantry.

PETER C. GAILLARD.

814. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 29.
Colonel, commanding Twenty-seventh South Carolina Infantry.

JAMES M. WELLS.

824. Born Maryland. Appointed District of Columbia. 39.
Colonel, commanding Twenty-third Mississippi Infantry.

JONES M. WITHERS.

829. Born Alabama. Appointed Alabama. 44.

Major-General, April 6, 1862, commanding Reserve Corps, Army of Mississippi; later commanding division in Army of Tennessee.

LARKIN SMITH.

832. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 47.

Colonel, September 24, 1861. Assistant Quartermaster-General Confederate States Army, Richmond, Va.

HUGH M'LEOD.

841. Born New York. Appointed Georgia. 56.

Colonel, 1861, commanding First Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Division (1862), Army of Northern Virginia.

1836.

DANVILLE LEADBETTER.

844. Born Maine. Appointed Maine. 3.

Brigadier-General, February 27, 1862. (1st) Commanding brigade, Army of Kentucky; (2d) Chief-engineer (1863) to Bragg; (3d) Chief-engineer to Joseph E. Johnston (1864), Army of Tennessee.

JOSEPH R. ANDERSON.

845. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 4.

Brigadier-General, September 3, 1861. Commanding brigade in Army of the Potomac and Army of Northern Virginia up to July 19, 1862; then superintendent of Tredegar Iron Works, Richmond, Va., after July 19, 1862, manufacturing cannon and projectiles for Confederate States Army.

CHRISTOPHER Q. TOMPKINS.

868. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 27.

Colonel, Twenty-second Virginia Volunteers, April 30, 1861. Commanding brigade in Southwest Virginia under (1) Wise, (2) Floyd. Resigned in 1862, and served in Ordnance Bureau.

LLOYD TILGHMAN.

867. Born Maryland. Appointed Maryland. 46.

Brigadier-General, October 18, 1861. Commanding division of First Corps, Army Tennessee. Killed May 16, 1863, at Barker's Creek, Miss.

1837.

BRAXTON BRAGG.

895. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 5

General, April 12, 1862. Commanding Corps. Army of Mississippi; then commanding Army of the West; then Army of Tennessee; on February 24, 1864, assigned to duty at seat of government, to direct military operations of all the armies of the Confederacy.

WILLIAM W. MACKALL.

898. Born District of Columbia. Appointed Maryland. 8.

Brigadier-General, March 6, 1862. Chief of staff, Department of West (General A. S. Johnston); in 1863 commanding Western Division, Department of the Gulf; in 1864 Chief of staff, Army of Tennessee.

ROBERT T. JONES.

903. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 13.

Colonel, 1861. Commanding Twelfth Alabama Infantry; killed at Seven Pines (Fair Oaks), May 31, 1862.

JUBAL A. EARLY.

908. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 18.

Lieutenant-General, May 31, 1864. Commanding Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, May, 1864; then from June, 1864, to March, 1865, commanding Department of the Valley.

EDMUND BRADFORD.

909. Born Pennsylvania. Appointed Pennsylvania. 19.

No trace. (Cullum says he was in Confederate States Army.)

JOHN C. PEMBERTON.

917. Born Pennsylvania. Appointed Pennsylvania. 27.

Lieutenant-General. October 10, 1862. Commanding Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana. Resigned May 18, 1864. On resigning May, 1864, Pemberton went back to his rank (lieutenant-colonel of artillery) in the regular Confederate States army, and was put in charge of heavy artillery around Richmond.

ARTHUR M. RUTLEDGE.

922. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 32.

Major, August 27, 1862. Chief of ordnance, Polk's Corps, Army of Mississippi.

ARNOLD ELZEY.

923. Born Maryland. Appointed Maryland. 33.

Major-General, December 4, 1862. Commanding First Brigade Ewell's Division, Army of Northern Virginia, desperately wounded; later commanded the Department of Richmond.

WILLIAM H. T. WALKER.

936. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 46.

Major-General, May 27, 1863. Commanded division in Longstreet's Corps, Army of Tennessee, 1863-'64; killed July 22, 1864, in front of Atlanta, Ga.

ROBERT H. CHILTON.

938. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 48.

Brigadier-General, December 21, 1863. Chief of staff, Army of Northern Virginia. Resigned on account of ill-health, April 1, 1864.

1814.

LEWIS G. DERUSSY.

96. Born New York. Appointed New York. 6.

Colonel Second Louisiana Infantry, Army Peninsula, 1861; colonel of engineers, December 1, 1861. Major-General Polk's Army of Mississippi; chief engineer, 1862, District of West Louisiana. On engineer duty Trans-Mississippi Department, 1863-'64.

1815.

WILLIAM H. CHASE.

150. Born Massachusetts. Appointed Massachusetts. 30.

Colonel, commanding forces of Florida, Pensacola District, January, 1861; afterwards Major-General of Florida State forces.

SAMUEL COOPER.

156. Born New York. Appointed New York. 9.

General, May 16, 1861. Adjutant and Inspector-General Confederate States Army.

1817.

RICHARD B. LEE.

169. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 9.

Colonel, chief commissary of subsistence to General Beauregard in 1861-'62.

ANGUS W. M'DONALD.

173. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 13.

Colonel, Seventh Virginia Cavalry. Commanding cavalry Valley of Virginia District in 1862. Died in service.

1820.

EDWARD G. W. BUTLER.

240. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 9.

(His son, E. G. W. Butler, Major Eleventh Louisiana Infantry, was killed at Belmont, Mo., November 7, 1861, but no trace of his father being in C. S. A. Cullum says he was in C. S. A.)

JOHN H. WINDER.

242. Born Maryland. Appointed Maryland. 11.

Brigadier-General, June 21, 1861. Provost Marshal-General of Richmond, 1861-'62; afterwards commanding Andersonville Prison, Georgia.

1821.

CHARLES DIMMOCK.

242. Born Massachusetts. Appointed Massachusetts. 5.

Brigadier-General and chief of ordnance of Virginia 1861. Member of Governor's Council. Commanding State Guard of Virginia (regulars), 1861-'62. Died in 1863.

1822.

WALTER GWYNN.

293. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 8.

Brigadier-General, April 21, 1861. Commanding Virginia forces at Norfolk, Va., April-May, 1861; afterwards colonel (temporary rank) of engineers in charge of defences of Eastern North Carolina, 1862.

ISAAC R. TRIMBLE.

302. Born Pennsylvania. Appointed Kentucky. 17.

Major-General, April 23, 1863. Commanding division in Ewell's Corps (2d) A. N. V.

1825.

DANIEL S. DONELSON.

396. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 5.

Major-General, January 17, 1863; (1st) adjutant-general of State

of Tennessee in 1861; (2d) commanding division in Army of Mississippi, 1863.

BENJAMIN HUGER.

399. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 8.

Major-General, October 7, 1861; (1st) commanding Department of Southern Virginia and North Carolina; headquarters at Norfolk, Va., in 1861; (2d) commanding division in Army of Northern Virginia in 1862; (3d) appointed, August 26, 1862, inspector of ordnance and artillery for Confederate States army; served as chief of Bureau of Ordnance, Trans-Mississippi, in 1864.

NATHANIEL H. STREET.

414. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 23.

1826.

ALBERT S. JOHNSTON.

436. Born Kentucky. Appointed Louisiana. 8.

General, May 30, 1861. Commanding Department of the West. Killed April 6, 1862, at Shiloh.

EDWARD B. WHITE.

437. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 9.

Colonel, commanding Third Battalion, South Carolina Artillery.

FRANCIS L. DANCY.

438. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 10.

Adjutant-General of State of Florida, October 25, 1861. (Brigadier-general.)

JOHN ARCHER.

453. Born Maryland. Appointed Maryland. 25.

Brigadier-General, June 9, 1862. Commanding brigade Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

1827.

JAMES A. J. BRADFORD.

473. Born Tennessee. Appointed Kentucky. 4.

Colonel of artillery, August 20, 1861. Commanding Tenth North Carolina Artillery.

LEONIDAS POLK.

477. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 8.

Lieutenant-General, October 10, 1862. Commanding Army of Mississippi; then corps (Army of Mississippi) in Army of Tennessee. "Polk's Army Mississippi," was commonly known as Polk's Corps when it joined army of Tennessee; sometimes officially called "Polk's Corps d'Armee." Killed June 14, 1864, on Pine Mountain, Georgia.

GABRIEL J. RAINS.

482. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 13.

Brigadier-General, September 23, 1861. (1st) In charge Bureau of Conscription ('62); (2d) chief of torpedo service ('64).

1828.

HUGH W. MERCER.

510. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 3.

Brigadier-General, October 29, 1861. (1st) Commanding at Savannah, Ga.; (2d) commanding brigade in W. H. T. Walker's Division, Army of Tennessee.

JOSEPH L. LOCKE.

515. Born Maine. Appointed Maine. 8.

No trace of his having been in the Confederate army. Died in Savannah, Ga., September, 1863. (Cullum says he was in Confederate States Army.)

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

530. Born in Kentucky. Appointed Mississippi. 23.

President of the Confederate States.

THOMAS F. DRAYTON.

535. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 28.

Brigadier-General, September 25, 1861. Commanding Coast District of South Carolina; then brigade in Trans-Mississippi Department.

1829.

ROBERT E. LEE.

542. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 2.

General June 14, 1861. Commanding Army of Northern Virginia; made general-in-chief of the Confederate States armies, January 21, 1865.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

553. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 13.
General, July 4, 1861. First commanding Department of Northern Virginia, and then Army of the West and Army of Tennessee.

ALBERT G. BLANCHARD.

566. Born Massachusetts. Appointed Massachusetts. 26.
Brigadier-General, September 21, 1861. Commanding brigade in Huger's Division, Army of Northern Virginia, 1862.

THEOPHILUS H. HOLMES.

584. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 44.
Lieutenant-General, October 10, 1862. First commanding (1861) Division in Army of Potomac; in 1862 commanding Division in Army of Northern Virginia; then commanding Trans-Mississippi Department; in 1864-'65 commanding Reserve, Department of North Carolina.

1830.

WILLIAM N. PENDLETON.

591. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 5.
Brigadier-General, March 26, 1862. Chief of artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia.

JOHN B. MAGRUDER.

601. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 15.
Major-General, October 7, '61. In 1861 commanding Army of Peninsula; in 1862 commanding division in Army of Northern Virginia; later commanding Department of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico.

ALBERT T. BLEDSOE.

502. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 16.
Assistant Secretary of War and Chief of the Bureau of War, colonel, June 23, 1861.

MERIWETHER L. CLARK.

609. Born Missouri. Appointed Missouri. 23.
Colonel and A. D. C., July 17, 1862. A. D. C. to General Braxton Bragg, Army of the Mississippi.

LLOYD J. BEALL.

611. Born Rhode Island. Appointed Maryland. 25.
Colonel, May 23, 1861. Commanding Confederate States Marine Corps.

WILLIAM C. HEYWARD.

612. Born New York. Appointed New York. 26.
Colonel, commanding Twelfth South Carolina Volunteers and Fort Walker, Port Royal, S. C. Died September, 1863.

1831.

ALBERT M. LEA.

633. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 5.
Lieutenant-Colonel, January, 1863. Engineer officer to Brigadier-General H. P. Bee.

LUCIUS B. NORTHROP.

650. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 22.
Colonel, 1861. Commissary-General of Confederate States Army, 1861-'64.

JAMES S. WILLIAMS.

656. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 28.
Major, 1864. Assistant Inspector-General to Brigadier-General H. W. Mercer, Army of Tennessee.

1838.

P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

942. Born Louisiana. Appointed Louisiana. 2.
General, August 31, 1861. Commanded at Charleston, 1861; later Department Potomac, 1861; then Army of Mississippi, 1863; commanding Department of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida, 1864. Beauregard brought his army to Virginia in 1864, where he served under Lee at Petersburg.

JAMES H. TRAPIER.

943. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 3.
Brigadier-General, October 21, 1861. Commanding district, first at Georgetown, S. C., then at Sullivan's Island, S. C., 1863.

WILLIAM B. BLAIR.

951. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 11.

Colonel (Virginia army) and Commissary-General of Virginia, April and May, 1861; Major, P. A. C. S., and Chief Commissary Trans-Mississippi Department, 1864.

HENRY C. WAYNE.

954. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 14.

Brigadier-General, December 18, 1861. Declined appointment, and became Adjutant-General of State of Georgia.

MILTON A. HAYNES.

958. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 18.

Lieutenant-Colonel. Commanding First Tennessee Light Artillery.

WILLIAM J. HARDEE.

966. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 26.

Lieutenant-General, October 11, 1862. Commanding Corps, Army of Tennessee, and for a time (December, 1863) commanded Army of Tennessee.

HENRY H. SIBLEY.

971. Born Louisiana. Appointed Louisiana. 31.

Brigadier-General, June 17, 1861. Commanding district in Texas, headquarters, San Antonio.

EDWARD JOHNSON.

972. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 32.

Major-General, April 22, 1863. Commanding division in Ewell's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

ALEXANDER W. REYNOLDS.

975. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 35.

Brigadier-General, September 14, 1862. Commanding Brigade, Stevenson's Division, Army of Tennessee.

CARTER L. STEVENSON.

982. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 42.

Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General, 1861; Brigadier-General, 1862; Major-General, October 10, 1862. Commanding division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

1839.

JEREMY F. GILMER.

989. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 4.

Major-General, August 16, 1863. Chief of Engineer Bureau. In 1863 second in command Department of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida.

ALEXANDER R. LAWTON.

998. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 13.

Brigadier-General, April 13, 1861. Commanded division in Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, second Quartermaster-General, Confederate States Army. Was desperately wounded at Sharpsburg (Antietam), and on recovery was made Quartermaster-General against his protest, as he wished to go back to the Army of Northern Virginia.

CHARLES WICKLIFFE.

1011. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 26.

Colonel, November 1, 1861. Commanding Seventh Kentucky Mounted Infantry. Mortally wounded at Shiloh; died of wounds April 27, 1862.

1840.

PAUL O. HÉBERT.

1017. Born Louisiana. Appointed Louisiana. 1.

Brigadier-General, August 17, 1861. Commanded Department of Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico.

JOHN P. M'COWN.

1026. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 10.

Major-General, March 10, 1862. Commanded Division in Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

RICHARD S. EWELL.

1029. Born District of Columbia. Appointed Virginia. 13.

Lieutenant-General, May 23, 1863. Commanded Second (Jackson's old) Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

JAMES G. MARTIN.

1030. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 14.

Brigadier-General, May 17, 1862. Adjutant-General of North Carolina in 1861; afterward commanding brigade, Hoke's Division, Army of Northern Virginia.

BUSHROD R. JOHNSON.

1039. Born Ohio. Appointed Ohio. 23.

Major-General, May 24, 1864. In 1862 and 1863 commanded brigade in Army of West; in 1864 commanded division Beauregard's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

REUBEN P. CAMPBELL.

1043. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 27.

Colonel, 1861. Commanded Seventh Regiment, North Carolina State Troops, New Berne, N. C. Killed June 27, 1862, at Gaine's Mill, Va.

WILLIAM STEELE.

1047. Born New York. Appointed New York. 31.

Brigadier-General, September 12, 1862. Commanding (1863) Indian Territory; in 1864 commanding division of cavalry, Trans-Mississippi Department.

ROBERT P. MACLAY.*

1048. Born Pennsylvania. Appointed Pennsylvania. 32.

Brigadier-General, 1865.

THOMAS JORDAN.

1057. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 41.

Brigadier-General, September 26, 1862. Chief-of-staff to General P. G. T. Beauregard.

1841.

SMITH STANSBURY.

1062. Born Louisiana. Appointed Maryland. 4.

Major, October 1, 1862, Ordnance Bureau, Richmond, Va.

JOSIAH GORGAS.

1064. Born Pennsylvania. Appointed New York. 6.

Brigadier-General, November 10, 1864. Chief of Ordnance, Confederate States Army.

SEWALL L. FREMONT.

1075. Born Vermont. Appointed New Hampshire. 17.

No trace. (Cullum says he was in Confederate States Army.)

SAMUEL S. ANDERSON.

1076. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 18.

Colonel, May 30, 1863. A. A. G. to Major-General Huger, 1861-'62; to General Holmes, 1862; to Lieutenant-General E. Kirby

Smith, Trans-Mississippi Department, from May 30, 1863, to end of war.

SAMUEL JONES.

1077. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 19.

Major-General, March 14, 1862. Commanded division in Army of Mississippi (Polk's Corp); then commanded Department of Southwest Virginia; last commanded Department of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida.

ROBERT S. GARNETT.

1085. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 27.

Brigadier-General, June 6, 1861. Commanding forces in Northwest Virginia. Killed July 13, 1861, at Carrick's Word, W. Va.

RICHARD B. GARNETT.

1087. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 29.

Brigadier-General, November 14, 1861. Commanding "Stone-wall Brigade" in 1862; in 1863 commanded brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Killed July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

CLAUDIUS W. SEARS.

1089. Born Massachusetts. Appointed New York. 31.

Brigadier-General, March 1, 1864. Commanding brigade, French's Division, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

JOHN M. JONES.

1097. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 39.

Brigadier-General, May 15, 1863. Commanding brigade, Johnson's Division, Ewell's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Killed May 10, 1864, at Spotsylvania, Virginia.

EDWARD MURRAY.

1099. Born Maryland. Appointed Maryland. 41.

Lieutenant-Colonel, Forty-ninth Virginia Infantry, Early's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

ABRAHAM BUFORD.

1109. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 51.

Brigadier-General, September 2, 1862. Commanding Second Division of Cavalry, N. B. Forrest's Cavalry Corps, Army of Tennessee.

1842.

GEORGE W. RAINS.

1113. Born North Carolina. Appointed Alabama. 3.

Brigadier-General, 1865. Commanding First Regiment Local Defence Troops, Augusta, Ga. Superintendent Powder-Works, Augusta, Ga.

GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.

1118. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 8.

Major-General, September 19, 1861. In 1861 commanded Second Corps, Army of the Potomac; early in 1862 commanded First Division under Joseph E. Johnston, Army of Virginia. When Johnston was severely wounded the command of the Army of Northern Virginia devolved upon Smith for a day. Lee was then ordered to assume chief command, as Smith was stricken down by severe illness; Smith was Acting Secretary of War in 1862 in the interregnum between Randolph and Seddon; he was then assigned Chief Engineer to Beauregard at Charleston, and later put in charge of the Etowah Iron-Works. Held various high commands. Resigned February 17, 1863, from Confederate States Army, but commanded Georgia State militia as major-general, and saw much active service in the Atlanta campaign of 1864 (and to the end), and was repeatedly commended in dispatches of General Joseph E. Johnston.

MANSFIELD LOVELL.

1119. Born District Columbia. Appointed District Columbia. 9.

Major-General, October 7, 1861. Commanding District No. 1, headquarters, New Orleans; afterward First Division, Army of District of Mississippi. In 1865 commanded district in Department of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida.

ALEXANDER P. STEWART.*

1122. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 12.

In 1861 appointed Major of the Artillery Corps in the army organized by the State of Tennessee. Transferred with that rank to the Army of the Confederate States. Engaged in battle of Belmont, November 7, 1861; commissioned Brigadier-General, Confederate States Army, November, 1861. In Shiloh campaign and battle of Shiloh, 1862; in campaign into Kentucky and battle of Perryville, and in battle of Murfreesboro', 1862. Major-General, June 2, 1863. In the Tullahoma campaign in Middle Tennessee, in the Chicka-

mauga-Chattanooga campaign, battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, 1863. In the Dalton-Atlanta Campaign of 1864; fought the battle of New Hope Church, May 25, 1864.

Lieutenant-General, June, 1864, in command of the Army of the Mississippi, afterwards reorganized and known as Stewart's Corps. In battle of Peach Tree Creek, July 20th, and battle of Mt. Ezra Church, July 28th. In Hood's campaign into Tennessee, and in battles of Franklin and Nashville, November and December, 1864. After Hood's retirement, was in command of the Army of Tennessee to the close of the war. United with General Joseph E. Johnston's Army in North Carolina in February, 1865, and battle of Cole's Farm.

MARTIN L. SMITH.

1126. Born New York. Appointed New York. 16.

Major-General, November 4, 1863. Commanding division at Vicksburg (1863); after exchange, Chief of Engineers, Department of Gulf. In January, 1865, assigned Chief Engineer, Department of the West.

DANIEL H. HILL.

1138. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 28.

Lieutenant-General, July 11, 1863. Commanded as Major-General in 1862, division in Army of Northern Virginia; in 1863 as Lieutenant-General, commanded corps in Army of Tennessee.

ARMISTEAD T. M. RUST.

1141. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 31.

Colonel, 1861. Commanding in 1861, Nineteenth Virginia Infantry, Fifth Brigade, First Corps, Army of Potomac.

RICHARD H. ANDERSON.

1150. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 40.

Lieutenant-General, June 1, 1864. Commanded division in Second Corps. Army of Northern Virginia, 1862 and 1863; corps in Army of Northern Virginia in 1864. (Pickett's and R. B. Johnson's Division.)

GEORGE W. LAY.

1151. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 41.

Colonel, 1861. Assistant Adjutant-General on staff of J. E. Johnston, 1861, Lee, 1862, and then made Chief of Bureau of Conscription.

EUGENE E. M'LEAN.*

1157. Born District Columbia. Appointed Maryland. 47.

Major, 1861. Chief Quartermaster to Jos. E. Johnston, 1861, A. S. Johnston, 1862, Beauregard, 1862.

LAFAYETTE M'LAWS.

1158. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 48.

Major-General, May 23, 1862. Commanded division in Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, and in same Corps when attached to Army of Tennessee.

EARL VAN DORN.

1162. Born Mississippi. Appointed Mississippi. 52.

Major-General, September 19, 1861. Commanded Army of the West (Corps of Army of Mississippi) in 1862; in 1863 commanding First Cavalry Corps, Army of Tennessee. Assassinated in 1863.

JAMES LONGSTREET.

1164. Born South Carolina. Appointed Alabama. 54.

Lieutenant-General, October 9, 1862. Commanded First Corps in Army of Northern Virginia. Also, in 1863, a corps in Army of Tennessee, and from December 5, 1863, to April 12, 1864, commanded the Department of East Tennessee. In April, 1864, he returned with his corps to the Army of Northern Virginia.

1843.

ROSWELL S. RIPLEY.

1173. Born Ohio. Appointed New York. 7.

Brigadier-General, August 15, 1861. Commanded (first) in 1861 Second Military District in South Carolina; (second) in 1862, brigade, D. H. Hill's Division, Army of Northern Virginia; (third) in 1863-'64 commanding First Military District, Department of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida; (fourth) in 1865 commanded division in Cheatham's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

SAMUEL G. FRENCH.*

1180. Born New Jersey. Appointed New Jersey. 14.

Major of artillery, 1861; Brigadier-General, Oct. 23, 1861; Major-General, August 31, 1862. Commanding Department of Southern Virginia and North Carolina in 1862; in 1863-'64 commanding

division in Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; in 1864 and 1865 commanding Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana.

FRANKLIN GARDNER.

1183. Born New York. Appointed Iowa. 17.

Major-General, December 13, 1862. Commanded brigade, Withers' Division, Army of Mississippi, in 1862; in 1863 commanded Port Hudson; later commanded division under General Dick Taylor, in Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and Western Tennessee.

EDMUNDS B. HOLLOWAY.

1185. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 19.

Colonel, May, 1861. Commanding First Missouri Infantry, Missouri State Guard. Killed May 6, 1861, in a skirmish at Independence, Mo.

1844.

DANIEL M. FROST.

1209. Born New York. Appointed New York. 4.

Brigadier-General, March 3, 1862. Commanding brigade Missouri State Guard 1862; then a brigade in Hindman's Division in 1863. (Deserted and dropped.)

FRANCIS J. THOMAS.

1211. Born Virginia. Appointed Maryland. 6.

Colonel, May 17, 1861. Commanding Maryland Volunteers (May and June, 1861); July, 1861, acting chief of ordnance on General J. E. Johnston's staff. Killed July 21, 1861, at Bull Run, Virginia.

SIMON B. BUCKNER.

1216. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 11.

Lieutenant-General, September 20, 1864. Third in command at Fort Donelson in 1862; in 1863 commanded division and corps in Army of Tennessee; in 1864-'65 commanded Department of West Louisiana and Arkansas.

1845.

WILLIAM H. C. WHITING.

1231. Born Mississippi. Appointed at Large. 1.

Major, engineers, March 29, 1861. Brigadier-General, July 21, 1861. Major-General, February 28, 1863. On General Beauregard's staff in North Carolina and General Joseph E. Johnston's

staff in Virginia, 1861. Commanded Bee's Brigade; in 1862 commanded Division in the Army of Northern Virginia; in 1863 defences of Wilmington, N. C.; in June, 1864, commanded division in Virginia under Beauregard; in June, 1864, returned to command District of Cape Fear (headquarters Wilmington, N. C.) Died March 10, 1865, at Governor's Island, of wounds received at Fort Fisher, N. C.

LOUIS HÉBERT.

1233. Born Louisiana. Appointed Louisiana. 3.

Brigadier-General, May 26, 1862. Commanded Second Brigade, Little's Division, Army of West; in 1864, Chief Engineer, Department of North Carolina.

THOMAS G. RHETT.

1236. Born South Carolina. Appointed at Large. 6.

Colonel, P. A. C. S., 1861. Chief of staff to General J. E. Johnston to May 1, 1862; Major Confederate States Army, Chief of ordnance, Trans-Mississippi Department.

EDMUND KIRBY SMITH.

1255. Born Florida. Appointed Florida. 25.

General, Provisional Army, February 19, 1864. In 1861 commanded brigade, Army of Shenandoah; in 1862 Major-General, commanding Army of Kentucky; in 1863 Lieutenant-General, commanding Department of Trans-Mississippi, commanded same department as General to May 26, 1865.

JAMES M. HAWES.

1259. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 29.

Brigadier-General, March 5, 1862. Commanded cavalry, Western Department, 1861-'62; commanded brigade, J. G. Walker's Division, in 1863; commanded at Galveston in 1864.

RICHARD C. W. RADFORD.

1261. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 31.

Colonel, 1861. (1st) Commanded First Virginia Infantry, "State Line;" (2nd) commanded Second Virginia Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia.

BARNARD E. BEE.

1263. Born South Carolina. Appointed at Large. 33.

Brigadier-General, June 17, 1861. Commanded Third Brigade,

Army of Shenandoah. Killed July 21, 1861, at Bull Run, Va. (He was the man who gave T. J. Jackson his sobriquet of "Stonewall." "Look, men; there is Jackson standing like a stonewall!")

1846.

JOHN A. BROWN.

1287. Born Maryland. Appointed Maryland. 16.

Lieutenant-Colonel, Confederate States Army. Chief of ordnance and artillery, staff of General E. Kirby Smith, Army Kentucky and Trans-Mississippi Department.

THOMAS J. JACKSON.

1288. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 17.

Lieutenant-General, October 10, 1862. Commanded Second Corps, Army Northern Virginia. Mortally wounded at Chancellorsville; died May 10, 1863, Richmond, Va. "Stonewall" Jackson.

JOHN ADAMS.

1296. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 25.

Brigadier-General, December 29, 1862. Commanding brigade Loring's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Killed November 30, 1864, at Franklin, Tenn.

WILLIAM D. SMITH.

1306. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 35.

Brigadier-General, March 7, 1862. Commanding District of South Carolina in Department of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida. Died October 4, 1862, at Charleston.

DABNEY H. MAURY.

1308. Born Virginia. Appointed at Large. 37.

Major-General, November 4, 1862. Commanded division in Army of the West in 1862; June 27, 1862, commanded the Army of the West; in 1863 commanded District of the Gulf (headquarters Mobile, Ala). In 1864-'65 commanded Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Tennessee.

DAVID R. JONES.

1312. Born South Carolina. Appointed Georgia. 41.

Major-General, October 11, 1862. Commanded division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. Died in service January 19, 1863.

CADMUS M. WILCOX.

1325. Born North Carolina. Appointed Tennessee. 54.
Major-General, August 3, 1863. Commanded light division in A. P. Hill's Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

WILLIAM M. GARDNER.

1326. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 55.
Brigadier-General, November 14, 1864. Desperately wounded as lieutenant-colonel, Eighth Georgia, at Manassas, July 2, 1861; November 14, 1861, assigned to command District of Middle Florida; July 26, 1864, put in command of Military Prisons east of Mississippi (except Georgia and Alabama); 1865 commanded post at Richmond.

SAMUEL B. MAXEY.

1329. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 58.
Brigadier-General, March 4, 1862. Major-General, April 18, 1864. In 1862 commanded brigade, Cheatham's Division, Army of Mississippi; in 1863 commanding Indian Territory; in 1865 commanding cavalry division, Trans-Mississippi Department.

GEORGE E. PICKETT.

1330. Born Virginia. Appointed Illinois. 59.
Major-General, October 11, 1862. Commanding division, Longstreet's Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

1847.

DANIEL L. BELTZHOVER.

1342. Born Pennsylvania. Appointed at Large. 12.
Lieutenant-Colonel (in 1864 acting brigadier), March 13, 1862. In 1862 chief of artillery, Western Department; in 1864 commanding brigade in J. H. Forney's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department.

AMBROSE P. HILL.

1345. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 15.
Lieutenant-General, March 24, 1863. Commanding Third Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Killed April 2, 1865, near Petersburg, Virginia.

EDWARD D. BLAKE.

1367. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 37.
Lieutenant-Colonel (Captain Confederate States Army), August,

1861. In 1861 Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General staff of Major-General Polk; in 1862 Inspector-General (Lieutenant-Colonel) staff General Hardee; in 1863 Commandant and Chief of Conscript Bureau, East Tennessee.

HENRY HETH.

1368. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 38.

Major-General, May 24, 1863. Commanding division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

1848.

WALTER H. STEVENS.

1372. Born New York. Appointed New York. 4.

Brigadier-General, August 28, 1864. Chief Engineer Richmond defences, 1862-'63; in 1863-'64 commanding Richmond defences; 1864 Chief Engineer, Army of Northern Virginia.

WILLIAM E. JONES.

1378. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 10.

Brigadier-General, September 19, 1862. Commanded Cavalry Brigade in Army of Northern Virginia; 1862 commanding "Valley District;" commanding cavalry in 1863 in Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee. Killed June 5, 1864, at Mt. Crawford, Va.

THOMAS S. RHETT.

1382. Born South Carolina. Appointed at Large. 14.

Colonel, 1861. Commanding Richmond defences; Inspector of Ordnance, Ordnance Bureau.

CHARLES H. TYLER.

1391. Born Virginia. Appointed at Large. 23.

Colonel. Commanding brigade, Shelby's Division, Price's Army, Trans-Mississippi Department. (Cullum confounds C. H. Tyler with Brigadier-General R. C. Tyler, killed near West Point, Ga., April 16, 1865.)

JOHN C. BOOTH.

1392. Born Georgia. Appointed Alabama. 24.

Captain Artillery (Confederate States Army), February, 1861. Commanding arsenal at Baton Rouge, La.

THOMAS K. JACKSON.

1393. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 25.

Major, November 10, 1861. Chief Commissary-General, A. S. Johnston's staff, Western Department, 1861-'62.

WILLIAM N. R. BEALL.

1398. Born Kentucky. Appointed Arkansas. 30.

Brigadier-General, April 11, 1862. Commanding brigade, Army of West; captured at Port Hudson, July 9, 1863. In 1864 and 1865 commanding brigade in Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana.

WILLIAM T. MECHLING.

1401. Born Pennsylvania. Appointed Louisiana. 33.

Major, in 1864, Assistant Adjutant-General to Van Dorn; in 1862-'64 Assistant Adjutant-General, First Cavalry Division, Army of Texas.

N. GEORGE EVANS.

1404. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 35.

Brigadier-General, October 21, 1861. Commanded brigade, First Corps, Army of Potomac, in 1862; commanded brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army Northern Virginia; in 1863-'64 commanded district in Department of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida.

GEORGE H. STEUART.

1405. Born Maryland. Appointed at Large. 37.

Brigadier-General, March 6, 1862. Commanded brigade in Second Corps, Army Northern Virginia, in 1862 and 1863; in 1864 commanded brigade in Pickett's Division, Army Northern Virginia.

1849.

JOHNSON K. DUNCAN.

1411. Born Pennsylvania. Appointed Ohio. 5.

Brigadier-General, January 7, 1862. Commanding coast defences of Louisiana, including Forts Jackson and St. Philip. Died in service December 18, 1862.

JOHN C. MOORE.

1423. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 17.

Brigadier-General, May 26, 1862. Commanding brigade, Maury's Division, Army of West in 1862; captured at Vicksburg in 1863. Commanded brigade in 1863-'64 in Cheatham's Division. Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Resigned February 3, 1864.

JOHN WITHERS.

1429. Born Tennessee. Appointed Mississippi. 23.
Lieutenant-Colonel, 1863; Major, 1861-'62. Adjutant-General's
Department, C. S. A., Richmond, Va.

BEVERLEY H. ROBERTSON.

1431. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 25.
Brigadier-General, June 9, 1862. Commanding cavalry brigade,
Stuart's Corps, Army Northern Virginia, in 1862-'63; in 1864-'65
commanded Second District, S. C.

CHARLES W. FIELD.

1433. Born Kentucky. Appointed at Large. 27.
Major-General, February 12, 1864. Commanding brigade in 1862
in A. P. Hill's Division, Army Northern Virginia. (Severely
wounded at the second Manassas.) Commanded in 1864-'65 division
in Longstreet's Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

SETH M. BARTON.

1434. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 28.
Brigadier-General, March 11, 1862. Commanding brigade (1862),
Department of East Tennessee; commanding brigade, Stevenson's
Division (1863) at Vicksburg; later in 1863 commanding brigade,
Pickett's Division, in attack on New Berne, N. C.; early in 1864
commanded brigade in Army Northern Virginia; in 1864-'65 com-
manding troops (mixed) consisting of heavy artillery and infantry
reserves, Richmond defences.

DUFF C. GREEN.

1435. Born District Columbia. Appointed at Large. 29.
Brigadier-General of Alabama State troops, 1861. Quartermaster-
General of State of Alabama.

THOMAS G. WILLIAMS.

1438. Born Virginia. Appointed at Large. 32.
Colonel. Assistant to Commissary-General, Confederate States
Army, Richmond, Va.

THORNTON A. WASHINGTON.

1439. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 33.
Major in 1861, Assistant Adjutant-General to General Van Dorn;

in 1862 Assistant Adjutant-General in Adjutant-General's Department, Richmond, Va.

JOHN W. FRAZIER.

1440. Born Tennessee. Appointed Mississippi. 34.
Brigadier-General, May 3, 1863. Commanding Fifth Brigade, Army of East Tennessee. Taken Prisoner September 9, 1863, at Cumberland Gap, where he surrendered to Burnside.

ALFRED CUMMING.

1441. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 35.
Brigadier-General, October 29, 1862. Commanding brigade, Stevenson's Division, Army of the West.

SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS.

1448. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 42.
Colonel, October, 1861. Commanding Thirty-first Virginia Infantry, Army of Northwestern Virginia; resigned December, 1861.

JAMES M'INTOSH.

1449. Born Florida. Appointed at Large. 43.
Rank not known. Killed March 7, 1862, at Pea Ridge, Ark.

1850.

JACOB CULBERSON.

1456. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 7.
Captain, Confederate States Army. Commanding battery of Mississippi Artillery, Loring's Division, 1861, Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana. In 1862 chief artillery (captain Confederate States Army.) First Brigade, First Division, Department of Mississippi and East Louisiana.

ACHILLES BOWEN.

1459. Born Kentucky. Appointed Tennessee. 10.

WILLIAM T. MAGRUDER.

1460. Born Maryland. Appointed Maryland. 11.
Captain, August, 1862. Assistant Adjutant-General Davis's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army Northern Virginia. Killed July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

JAMES P. FLEWELLEN.

1463. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 14.

(There was a James T. Flewellen, Lieutenant-Colonel Alabama Infantry, Dea's Brigade, Withers's Division, Army of Tennessee.)

LUCIUS M. WALKER.

1464. Born Tennessee. Appointed at Large. 15.

Brigadier-General, March 11, 1862. Commanding Cavalry Brigade in Sterling Price's Army. Killed in duel September 19, 1863, by Major-General J. S. Marmaduke.

ARMISTEAD L. LONG.

1466. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 17.

Brigadier-General, September 21, 1863. Chief of Artillery, Second Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

ROBERT RANSOM.

1467. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 18.

Major-General, May 26, 1863. Commanding Division, Army Northern Virginia, at battle of Fredericksburg; in 1864 commanded Department of Richmond.

CHARLES S. WINDER.

1471. Born Maryland. Appointed Maryland. 22.

Brigadier-General, March 1, 1862. Commanding brigade, Jackson's Division, Army of Northern Virginia. Killed August 9, 1862, at Cedar Run, Va.

N. BARTLETT PEARCE.

1475. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 26.

Brigadier-General, May 1, 1861. Commanding brigade in Trans-Mississippi Department.

WILLIAM R. CALHOUN.

1476. Born South Carolina. Appointed at Large. 27.

Colonel, 1861, commanding First South Carolina (Regular) Artillery, Fort Sumter. Killed in duel, 1862, by Major Alfred Rhett, of same regiment.

ROBERT JOHNSTON.

1477. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 28.

Colonel, commanding Third Virginia Cavalry, Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, 1862.

THOMAS BINGHAM.*

1478. Born Pennsylvania. Appointed Pennsylvania. 29-

WILLIAM L. CABELL.*

1482. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 33-

Brigadier-General, January 20, 1863. Commanding First Brigade,
Second Division, Army of the West.

JAMES H. WILSON.

1483. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 34-

Lieutenant-Colonel Eighth Arkansas Infantry.

ROBERT G. COLE.

1486. Born Virginia. Appointed at Large. 37-

Lieutenant-Colonel, 1862, Chief Commissary of subsistence of
Army of Northern Virginia.

JOHN J. A. A. MOUTON.

1487. Born Louisiana. Appointed Louisiana. 38-

Brigadier-General, April 16, 1862. Commanding brigade, Trans-
Mississippi Department. Killed April 8, 1864, at Mansfield, La.

JAMES L. CORLEY.

1489. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 40-

Lieutenant-Colonel, 1862. Chief Quartermaster of Army of
Northern Virginia.

DONALD C. STITH.

1493. Born Turkey. Appointed Maryland. 44-

Colonel, 1863. Staff of General Stephen D. Lee, Army of Ten-
nessee.

1851.

WILLIAM T. WELCKER.

1497. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 4-

Major, 1862. Staff of Major-General Van Dorn, 1862.

CALEB HUSE.*

1500. Born Massachusetts. Appointed Massachusetts 7-

Major, 1861. Confederate States agent for purchasing ordnance
supplies in Europe.

BEN HARDIN HELM.

1502. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 9.

Colonel, First Confederate Kentucky Cavalry, September, 1861. Brigadier-General, March 14, 1862. Commanding Kentucky ("Orphan") Brigade, Breckenridge's Division, Army of Tennessee. Died September 21, 1863, of wounds received September 19, 1863, at Chickamauga.

JUNIUS DANIEL.

1526. Born North Carolina. Appointed at Large. 33.

Brigadier-General, September 1, 1862. Commanding brigade, Rodes's Division, Army Northern Virginia. Killed May 13, 1864, at Spotsylvania.

MELANCTHON SMITH.

1529. Born Alabama. Appointed Alabama. 36.

Colonel, Chief of Artillery, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

EDWARD A. PALFREY.

1530. Born Louisiana. Appointed Louisiana. 37.

Lieutenant-Colonel, 1862. Assistant Adjutant-General in Adjutant-General's Department, War Office, Richmond, Va.

JOHN T. SHAAFF.

1531. Born District Columbia. Appointed District Columbia. 38.

Captain, A. C. subsistence General Villepigue's staff, District of Mississippi.

LAWRENCE S. BAKER.

1535. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 42.

Brigadier-General, July 23, 1863. Commanding Second Military District, Department of North Carolina and Southern Virginia.

1862.

JOSEPH C. IVES.

1540. Born New York. Appointed Connecticut. 5.

Colonel, Aide-de-Camp to President of Confederate States, Richmond, Va.

GEORGE B. ANDERSON.

1545. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 10.

Brigadier-General, June 9, 1862. Commanding brigade, D. H.

Hill's Division, Second Corps, Army Northern Virginia. Mortally wounded September 17, 1862, at Sharpsburg; died October 16, 1862, at Raleigh, N. C.

HENRY DEVEUVE.

1547. Born Louisiana. Appointed New Jersey. 12.

Captain, Engineer officer to Major-General Loring, First Corps, Army of Mississippi.

GEORGE B. COSBY.*

1552. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 17.

Brigadier-General, January 20, 1863. Commanding brigade of cavalry, Stephen D. Lee's Division, Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and Eastern Louisiana.

ROBERT B. THOMAS.

1553. Born Kentucky. Appointed Mississippi. 18.

Major, February, 1862, Assistant Adjutant-General to Brigadier-General Finnegan, commanding District of Florida.

MATTHEW L. DAVIS.

1556. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 21.

JOHN H. FORNEY.

1557. Born North Carolina. Appointed Alabama. 22.

Major-General, October 27, 1862. (1st) Commanding brigade in Army Northern Virginia; (2d) commanding District of Gulf in 1862; (3d) commanding District in Trans-Mississippi Department, 1863-'65.

MARSHALL T. POLK.

1558. Born North Carolina. Appointed at Large. 23.

Lieutenant-Colonel, February, 1863. Chief of artillery, Polk's Corps (Army of Mississippi), Army of Tennessee.

PHILIP STOCKTON.

1568. Born New Jersey. Appointed New Jersey. 33.

Colonel, June, 1862. Chief of ordnance, Army of Mississippi, in 1862. Afterwards commanding arsenal at San Antonio, Texas.

ARTHUR P. BAGBY.*

1574. Born Alabama. Appointed at Large. 39.

Brigadier-General, March 1, 1864. Commanding brigade of cav-

alry (1863) in Texas; in 1864 commanding division, Army of Western Louisiana.

RICHARD V. VONNEAU.

1577. Born South Carolina. Appointed Alabama. 42.

Captain Confederate States; afterward Major and Chief Confederate States.

1853.

WILLIAM R. BOGGS.*

1582. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 4.

Brigadier-General, November 4, 1862. Chief of staff to Lieutenant-General E. Kirby Smith (1864), Trans-Mississippi Department.

JOHN S. BOWEN.

1591. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 13.

Major-General, May 25, 1863. Commanding in 1863 Third Brigade, First Division, Army of Mississippi; in 1863 commanding Fourth Division, Western Department. Died July 16, 1863.

JAMES L. WHITE.

1603. Born Florida. Appointed Florida. 25.

Major, Nineteenth South Carolina Infantry.

BENJAMIN ALLSTON.

1604. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 26.

Colonel Fourth Alabama Infantry. Adjutant-General to Lieutenant-General E. Kirby Smith, Trans-Mississippi Department.

JOHN R. CHAMBLISS.

1609. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 31.

Brigadier-General, December 19, 1863. Commanding cavalry brigade, W. H. Lee's Division, Army Northern Virginia. Killed August 16, 1864, at Deep Bottom, Va.

HENRY B. DAVIDSON.

1611. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 33.

Brigadier-General, August 18, 1863. Commanding cavalry brigade, Wheeler's Corps, Army of West.

HENRY H. WALKER.

1619. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 41.

Brigadier-General, July 1, 1863. Commanding brigade (1863), A. P. Hill's Corps, Army Northern Virginia. Wounded; in 1864 commanding Depot of Supplies, Southern Virginia.

JOHN B. HOOD.

1622. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 44.

General (temporary rank), July 18, 1864. (1st) Commanding division, Longstreet's Corps, Army Northern Virginia. Commanding corps in Army of Tennessee, in 1864. Commanding Army of Tennessee July 18, 1864; August 15, 1864, commanding Department of Tennessee and Georgia. January 23, 1865, relieved, at his own request, of command Army of Tennessee.

JAMES A. SMITH.

1623. Born Tennessee. Appointed at Large. 45.

Brigadier-General, September 30, 1863. Commanding brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

THOMAS M. JONES.*

1625. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 47.

Brigadier-General, 1862. Commanded brigade in Army of West; later commanded brigade in Department of Alabama and Western Florida.

LUCIUS L. RICH.

1628. Born Missouri. Appointed Missouri. 50.

Died August, 1862, at Mobile, Ala., of wounds received in the battle of Shiloh.

REUBEN R. ROSS.

1629. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 51.

Brigadier-General (temporary rank), 1864. Commanding cavalry brigade, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Killed December 16, 1864, at Hopkinsville, Va.

1854.

G. W. CUSTIS LEE.*

1631. Born Virginia. Appointed at Large. 1.

Major-General, October 20, 1864. In 1861, 1862, and 1863 Aide-de-Camp to the President of Confederate States; in 1864 and 1865 commanding troops for local defence of Richmond.

JAMES DESHLER.

1637. Born Alabama. Appointed Alabama. 7.

Brigadier-General, July 28, 1863. Commanding Texas Brigade, Cleburne's Division, D. H. Hill's Corps, Army of Tennessee. Killed September 20, 1863, at Chickamauga.

JOHN PEGRAM.

1640. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 10.

Brigadier-General, November 7, 1862. Various commands. In 1864 commanded Early's old division, Second Corps, Army Northern Virginia. Had been recommended by Lee for major-general, and it was understood his commission had been made out when he was killed. Died February 6, 1865, at Petersburg, Va., of wounds received at Hatcher's Run.

CHARLES G. ROGERS.

1641. Born North Carolina. Appointed Virginia. 11.

JAMES E. B. STUART.

1643. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 13.

Major-General, July 25, 1862. Commanded Jackson's Corps at Chancellorsville in April, 1863, after Jackson was wounded. Commanding cavalry corps, Army Northern Virginia. Died May 12, 1864, Richmond, Va., of wounds received at Yellow Tavern, Va.

ARCHIBALD GRACIE.

1644. Born New York. Appointed New Jersey. 14.

Brigadier-General, November 4, 1862. Commanding brigade, Longstreet's Corps, Army Northern Virginia. Killed December 2, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.

STEPHEN D. LEE.*

1647. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 17.

Lieutenant-General, June 23, 1864. Various commands. Assigned July 27, 1864, to command of Hood's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

WILLIAM D. PENDER.

1649. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 19.

Major-General, May 27, 1863. Commanding division, A. P. Hill's Corp's, Army of Northern Virginia. Killed July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

JOHN B. VILLEPIGUE.

1652. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 23.

Brigadier-General, March 13, 1862. Commanding Second Brigade, First Division, Army of Mississippi. Died November 9, 1862.

ABNER SMEAD.*

1655. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 25.

Colonel, September 1, 1862. Assistant Inspector-General, Jackson's Corp's, Army of Northern Virginia.

JOHN O. LONG.

1661. Born Illinois. Appointed at Large. 31.

JOHN T. MERCER.

1670. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 40.

Colonel, September 27, 1861. Commanding Twenty-first Georgia Infantry, Doles' Brigade, Rhode's Division, Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. Killed April 19, 1864, at Plymouth, N. C.

JOHN MULLINS.

1673. Born Tennessee. Appointed Mississippi, 43.

HORACE RANDAL.

1675. Born Tennessee. Appointed Texas. 45.

Brigadier-General, April 8, 1864. Commanding brigade of cavalry in McCulloch's Division in 1862; in 1863 and 1864 commanded brigade in Trans-Mississippi Department. Killed April 30, 1864, at Jenkin's Ferry, Ark.

1855.

FREDERICK L. CHILDS.

1685. Born Missouri. Appointed at Large. 9.

Captain of artillery, March 16, 1861. Served under Whiting preparing defences North Carolina coast. Commandant of arsenal at Charleston, July, 1861. Major artillery, November, 1862; arsenal at Augusta, February, 1863; in charge of armory Fayetteville, N. C. Lieutenant-Colonel, November 19, 1863.

FRANCIS R. T. NICHOLLS.*

1688. Born Louisiana. Appointed Louisiana. 12.

Brigadier-General, October 14, 1862. Commanding brigade, Trimble's Division, Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

FRANCIS A. SHOUP.

1691. Born Indiana. Appointed Indiana. 15.

Brigadier-General, September 12, 1862. Chief artillery, Army of Tennessee. Assigned July 25, 1864, as Chief of staff, Army of Tennessee.

JOHN R. CHURCH.

1692. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 16.

JAMES H. HILL.

1699. Born Maine. Appointed New York. 23.

ROBERT C. HILL.

1709. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 33.

Colonel, commanding Forty-eighth North Carolina Infantry, Cooke's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

1856.

CHARLES C. LEE.

1714. Born South Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 4.

Colonel, January, 1863. Commanding Thirty-seventh North Carolina Infantry, Lane's Brigade, Pender's Division, Third Corps, Army Northern Virginia. Killed June 27, 1862, at Gaines' Mill, Va.

HYLAN B. LYON.*

1729. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 19.

Brigadier-General, June 14, 1864. Commanding cavalry brigade, Forrest's Division, Army of Tennessee; then Commanding Department of Kentucky.

LUNSFORD L. LOMAX.*

1731. Born Rhode Island. Appointed at Large. 21.

Major-General, August 10, 1864. Commanding division in cavalry corps, Army Northern Virginia.

JAMES P. MAJOR.

1733. Born Missouri. Appointed Missouri. 23.

Brigadier-General, July 21, 1863. Commanding cavalry brigade in District of Western Louisiana.

GEORGE JACKSON.

1740. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 30.

Major, Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry, cavalry corps, Army Northern Virginia.

FRANK S. ARMISTEAD.

1744. Born Virginia. Appointed at Large. 3.
Colonel, commanding First North Carolina Junior Reserves.

WILLIAM H. JACKSON.*

1748. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 38.
Brigadier-General, December 29, 1862. Various commands; in 1862 chief of cavalry to Van Dorn, and in 1863 to Price; in 1864 commanding cavalry corps, Army of the Mississippi; in February, 1865, commanded division in Forrest's Cavalry Corps.

OWEN K. M'LEMORE.

1749. Born Alabama. Appointed Alabama. 39.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Fourth Alabama Infantry, Whiting's Brigade Hood's Division, Army Northern Virginia. Killed September 14, 1862, at South Mountain, Va.

FITZHUGH LEE.*

1755. Born Virginia. Appointed at Large. 45.
Major-General, September 3, 1863. Commanding division in cavalry corps, Army Northern Virginia. In 1865 commanding cavalry corps, Army Northern Virginia.

ARTHUR S. CUNNINGHAM.

1759. Born Virginia. Appointed at Large. 49.
Lieutenant-Colonel. Commanding Tenth Alabama Infantry, Wilcox's Brigade, Anderson's Division, Third Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

1857.

RICHARD K. MEADE.

1761. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 2.
Major of engineers, June, 1862. Longstreet's staff, Army Northern Virginia. Died in 1862.

E. PORTER ALEXANDER.

1762. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 3.
Brigadier-General, February 26, 1864. Chief of artillery, First (Longstreet's) Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

WILLIAM P. SMITH.

1768. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 9.

Lieutenant-Colonel, acting chief engineer, Army Northern Virginia, during 1863.

THOMAS J. BERRY.

1770. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 11.

Lieutenant-Colonel of Sixtieth Georgia Infantry, John B. Gordon's Brigade, Early's Division, Second Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

OLIVER H. FISH.

1772. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 19.

SAMUEL W. FERGUSON.

1778. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 19.

Brigadier-General, July 23, 1863. Commanding brigade, cavalry corps, Army of the Mississippi.

MANNING M. KIMMEL.*

1781. Born Missouri. Appointed Missouri. 22.

Major, Assistant Adjutant-General, staff of Major-General Van Dorn, First Corps, Department of Mississippi and Eastern Louisiana.

GEORGE A. CUNNINGHAM.*

1784. Born Georgia. Appointed Alabama. 25.

Lieutenant-Colonel First Virginia Infantry; then colonel heavy artillery, Cape Fear District, N. C.

HENRY C. M'NEILL.

1785. Born Mississippi. Appointed Texas. 26.

Colonel, commanding Fifth Texas Cavalry, Thomas Green's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department.

AURELIUS F. CONE.

1787. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 28.

Lieutenant-Colonel, December 10, 1863. Acting Assistant Quartermaster-General of Confederate States, Richmond, Va.

PAUL J. QUATTLEBAUM.

1788. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 29.

Major, in 1862, Fifth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Division, Army Northern Virginia.

JOHN S. MARMADUKE.

1789. Born Missouri. Appointed Missouri. 30.
Major-General, March 17, 1865. Commanded cavalry division,
Sterling Price's Army, Trans-Mississippi Department.

GEORGE W. HOLT.

1790. Born Alabama. Appointed Alabama. 31.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Assistant Adjutant-General to Lieutenant-
General S. D. Lee, commanding corps Army of Tennessee.

ROBERT H. ANDERSON.

1794. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 35.
Brigadier-General, July 26, 1864. Commanding brigade, Kelly's
Cavalry Division, Army of Tennessee.

LAFAYETTE PECK.

1797. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 38.
1858.

MOSES J. WHITE.

1799. Born Mississippi. Appointed Mississippi. 2.
Colonel, commanding Thirty-seventh Tennessee Infantry, Marmaduke's Brigade, Third Corps, Army of the Mississippi.

JOSEPH DIXON.

1800. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 3.
Captain, Confederate States Army, November 20, 1861. Captain
engineers, Fort Donelson. Killed February 13, 1862, at Fort
Donelson, Tennessee.

WILLIAM H. ECHOLS.*

1801. Born Alabama. Appointed Alabama. 4.
Colonel and Chief Engineer, Department of Georgia, South Carolina, and Florida.

JOHN S. SAUNDERS.*

1802. Born Virginia. Appointed at Large. 5.
Lieutenant-Colonel, ordnance, December 5, 1862. Ordnance
Bureau, Richmond, Va.

JAMES H. HALLONQUIST.

1803. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 6.

Lieutenant-Colonel Artillery, July 17, 1862. Staff of General Braxton Bragg, commanding Army of Tennessee; then commanding Reserve Artillery, Army of Tennessee, June 10, 1864.

LEROY NAPIER.

1807. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 10.

Lieutenant-Colonel, Eighth Georgia Battalion, Gist's Brigade, Walker's Division, Army of Tennessee.

SOLOMON WILLIAMS.

1808. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 11.

Colonel, commanding Twelfth North Carolina Infantry. Killed June 9, 1863, at Culpeper Courthouse, Virginia.

RICHARD H. BREWER.

1809. Born Maryland. Appointed Maryland. 12.

Major, Assistant Adjutant-General, staff of Lieutenant-General Polk (Army of Mississippi), Army of Tennessee. Died June 25, 1864, of wounds received June 5, at Piedmont, Va.

ANDREW JACKSON.*

1812. Born Tennessee. Appointed at Large. 15.

Colonel, commanding First Tennessee, heavy artillery.

BRYAN M. THOMAS.*

1819. Born Georgia. Appointed Georgia. 22.

Brigadier-General, August 4, 1864. Commanding brigade of Alabama troops, Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and Eastern Louisiana.

WILLIAM G. ROBINSON.

1821. Born Canada. Appointed North Carolina. 25.

Colonel, September 1, 1861, commanding Second Regiment, North Carolina Cavalry (formerly Nineteenth North Carolina Volunteers) Army of Northern Virginia.

1859.

SAMUEL H. LOCKETT.

1826. Born Virginia. Appointed Alabama. 2.

Colonel of engineers.

CHARLES R. COLLINS.

1827. Born Pennsylvania. Appointed Pennsylvania. 3.

Colonel, commanding Fifteenth Virginia Cavalry, Army of Northern Virginia. Killed May 12, 1864, at Spotsylvania.

ROBERT F. BECKHAM.

1830. Born Virginia. Appointed Virginia. 6.

Colonel, July 25, 1864. Chief of artillery, staff of General J. B. Hood, commanding Army of Tennessee. Killed November 30, 1864, Franklin, Tenn.

MOSES H. WRIGHT.

1831. Born Tennessee. Appointed Tennessee. 7.

Brigadier-General (acting), December 30, 1864. Commanding P. M. B. Young's old Brigade, Hampton's Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

JOSEPH WHEELER.*

1843. Born Georgia. Appointed New York. 19.

Major-General, January 20, 1863. Lieutenant-General, February 28, 1865. Commanding cavalry corps, Army of Tennessee.

1860.

BENJAMIN SLOAN.*

1853. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 7.

Major, Assistant Adjutant-General, Huger's Division Army of Northern Virginia, in 1862.

WILLIAM W. M'CREERY.

1857. Born Virginia. Appointed at Large. 11.

Lieutenant, Confederate States Army, 1861. Assistant to Chief of Artillery, Pemberton's staff, Department of Mississippi. Killed July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg.

STEPHEN D. RAMSEUR.

1860. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 14.

Major-General, June 1, 1864. Commanding division, Second Corps, Army Northern Virginia. Died October 21, 1864, of wounds received October 19th at Cedar Creek.

JOHN M. KERR.

1865. Born North Carolina. Appointed North Carolina. 19.
Died in 1861 in North Carolina.

JOHN R. B. BURTWELL.

1870. Born Alabama. Appointed Alabama. 24.
Colonel, commanding Eleventh Alabama Cavalry, Roddey's
Brigade, District of Northern Alabama.

WADE H. GIBBES.*

1874. Born South Carolina. Appointed South Carolina. 28.
Major, 1864, commanding Gibbes's Battalion, Artillery Corps,
Army Northern Virginia.

FRANK HUGER.

1877. Born Virginia. Appointed at Large. 31.
Colonel, 1865, commanding Huger's Battalion of Artillery, Ar-
tillery First Corps, Army Northern Virginia.

EDWARD B. D. RILEY.

1880. Born Indian Territory. Appointed at Large. 34.
Lieutenant-Colonel, 1864. Chief of Ordnance, Hindman's Corps,
Army of Tennessee.

HAROLD BORLAND.

1887. Born North Carolina. Appointed Arkansas. 41.
Captain, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General to Brigadier-General
Chalmers, 1861, Army of the Mississippi.

1861 (May).

LLEWELLYN G. HOXTON.

1893. Born District of Columbia. Appointed at Large. 6.
Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding Hoxton's Battalion Artillery,
Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

NATHANIEL R. CHAMBLISS.

1896. Born Virginia. Appointed Tennessee. 9.
Major, June 9, 1862. Chief of ordnance, Hardee's Division, 1862;
in 1863-'64 commanding arsenal, Charleston, S. C.

CHARLES E. PATTERSON.

1903. Born Indiana. Appointed Arkansas. 16.
Killed April 6, 1862, at Shiloh.

CHARLES C. CAMPBELL.*

1911. Born Missouri. Appointed Missouri. 24.
Captain of artillery and Major First Missouri Infantry.

MATHIAS W. HENRY.

1931. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 44.
1861 (June.)

CLARENCE DERRICK.*

1936. Born District Columbia. Appointed at Large. 4.
Lieutenant-Colonel Twenty-third Virginia Battalion of Infantry.

GEORGE O. WATTS.*

1964. Born Kentucky. Appointed Kentucky. 32.
Lieutenant, Confederate States Army. Engineer officer to General Villepigue, Fourth Sub. District, District of Mississippi.

FRANK A. REYNOLDS.

1965. Born Virginia. Appointed New Mexico. 33.
Lieutenant-Colonel Thirty-ninth North Carolina Infantry, McNair's Brigade, Army of Tennessee.

TREATMENT AND EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

Official Report of the History Committee of the Grand
Camp, C. V., Department of Virginia.

By Hon. GEO. L. CHRISTIAN, Chairman.

Read at Wytheville, Va., October 23rd, 1902.

The previous reports of the History Committee have been published in the *Papers*. They should be separately presented together in a special publication, as a logical defence of the South, in motive and that which ensued. The actuating principle is made clear and fully justified in morality by luminous presentation, which is impreguably honorable to the action of the Southern States and their people and soldiers throughout a momentous and necessitous struggle. A parallel in history, if ever approached in exemplification, cannot in all time, be more convincingly supported by facts in which the Southern people of both sexes offered and sacrificed in the cause of right and humanity.

To the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia :

Your History Committee again returns its thanks to you, and the public, for the very cordial way in which you have shown your appreciation of its labors, as contained in its last three reports. It may interest you to know, that whilst these reports have been published and scattered broadcast over this land, no attempt has been made to controvert or deny any principles contended for, or fact asserted, in any of them, so far as we have heard. We think we can, therefore, justly claim that these things have been established:

1st. That the South did not go to war to maintain, or to perpetuate, the institution of slavery.

2nd. The right of secession (the real issue of the war), and that this right was first asserted at the North, and as clearly recognized there as at the South.

3rd. That the North, and not the South, was the aggressor in bringing on the war.

4th. *That on the part of the South the war was conducted according to the principles of civilized warfare, whilst on the part of the North it was conducted in the most inhuman and barbarous manner.*

The last of the above named was the subject of our last report, in which we drew a contrast between the way the war was conducted on our part, and the way it was conducted by our *quondam* enemies, which, we think, was greatly to the credit of the South. The subject of this report, the

“TREATMENT AND EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS,”

is really a continuation and further discussion of the contrast begun in that report and a necessary sequel to that discussion. The further treatment of this subject becomes most important too, from the fact that our people know very little about the true state of the case, whilst both during and since the war, the people of the North, with the superior means at their command, have denounced and maligned the South and its leaders as murderers and assassins, and illustrated these charges by the alleged inhuman and barbarous way in which they treated their prisoners during the late war: *c. g.*, the late James G. Blaine, of Maine, said on the floor of the United States Congress in 1876:

“Mr. Davis was the author, knowingly, deliberately, guiltily and wilfully of the gigantic murder and crime at Andersonville, and I here before God, measuring my words, knowing their full extent and import, declare, that neither the deeds of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, nor the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, nor the thumb-screws and engines of torture of the Spanish Inquisition, begin to compare in atrocity with the hideous crimes of Andersonville;”

and he quoted and endorsed a report of a committee of the Federal Congress made during the war, in which they say:

“No pen can describe, no painter sketch, no imagination comprehend, its fearful and unutterable iniquity. It would seem that the concentrated madness of earth and hell had found its final lodgment in the breasts of those who had inaugurated the rebellion, and controlled the policy of the Confederate Government, and that the prison at Andersonville had been selected for the most terrible human sacrifice which the world had ever seen.”

It is true that the statement made by Mr. Blaine was denied, and its falsity fully shown by both Mr. Davis and Senator Hill, of Georgia; and

the report of the Committee of the Federal Congress, and an equally slanderous and partisan publication entitled *Narration of Sufferings in Rebel Military Prisons* (with hideous looking skeleton illustrations of alleged victims), issued by the United States Sanitary Commission in 1864, were fully answered by a counter report of a committee of the Confederate Congress. And it is also true that in 1876, the Rev. John Wm. Jones, D. D., who was then editing the Southern Historical Society Papers, made a full and masterly investigation and report on this subject, vindicating the South and its leaders from these aspersions (for which work, as said in our last report, the Southern people owe Dr. Jones a lasting debt of gratitude.) (The letter of Mr. Davis, the report of the Committee of the Confederate Congress, with other valuable material collected by Dr. Jones, are all published in the first volume of the Southern Historical Papers, and also in a separate volume.) But whilst these publications were most satisfactory to us at the time, they, necessarily, did not contain the contemporaneous correspondence in reference to the exchange and treatment of prisoners, contained in the publication known as "Rebellion Official Records," published by the Federal Government since that time—a correspondence invaluable, as it makes the representatives of the two Governments, at the time, tell, in their own way, the true story of these events. It is from these letters and other contemporaneous orders and papers, that we propose to show *which side was responsible* for Andersonville, Salisbury, "The Libby," and "Belle Isle," in the South, and for Camp Douglas, Gratiot Street, Fort Delaware, Johnson's Island, Elmira, Point Lookout, and other like places in the North. In doing this we do not think it either necessary or proper to revive the tales of horror and misery contained in many of the personal recitals of the captives on either side, such as are collected in the works of Dr. Jones, the "Sanitary Commission," and others. Many of these are simply heart-sickening and disgusting; and, making allowances for all exaggerations necessarily incident to the surroundings of the writers, there is enough in them to convince any candid reader that there were cruelties and abuses inflicted on helpless prisoners, by petty officers and guards, that should never have been inflicted, and which we hope the higher officers of neither Government would have permitted or tolerated for a moment.

But what we are concerned about is, to show by these "official records" *that neither Mr. Davis, nor any Department or representative of the Confederate Government, was responsible for the estab-*

lishment of these prisons, and the sufferings therein, as heretofore charged by our enemies, and that the Federal Government, through Edwin M. Stanton, H. W. Halleck and U. S. Grant as its representative actors, was directly and solely responsible for the establishment of these places, and consequently for all the sufferings and death which occurred therein.

The reports and correspondence relative to the exchange and treatment of prisoners fill four of the large volumes of the "Rebellion Records," and whilst we have striven to tell the full story, or rather to omit nothing essential to the truth, it is simply impossible, within the limits of this report, to do more than call attention to some of the most important and salient features of the correspondence, etc., and only to an extent necessary to disclose the real conditions at the several dates referred to. This is all that we have attempted to do, but we have tried to do this faithfully.

THE POLICY OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT AS SHOWN BY ACTS OF CONGRESS, ETC.

To show the declared purpose and policy of the Confederate Government towards the prisoners of war from the beginning: As early as May 21st, 1861, two months before the first battle of Manassas, the Confederate Congress passed an act providing that—

"All prisoners of war taken, whether on land or at sea, during the pending hostilities with the United States, shall be transferred by the captors from time to time, and as often as convenient, to the Department of War; and it shall be the duty of the Secretary of War, with the approval of the President, to issue such instructions to the Quartermaster-General, and his subordinates, as shall provide for the safe custody and sustenance of prisoners of war; *and that rations furnished prisoners of war shall be the same in quantity and quality as those furnished to enlisted men in the Army of the Confederacy.*"

By an Act of February, 1864, the Quartermaster-General was relieved of this duty, and the Commissary-General of Subsistence was ordered to provide for the sustenance of prisoners of war, and according to General Orders No. 159, Adjutant Inspector General's Office, it was provided that "*Hospitals for prisoners of war are placed on the same footing as other Confederate States Hospitals in all respects, and will be managed accordingly.*"

GENERAL LEE'S ORDERS.

General Lee, in his testimony before the Reconstruction Committee of Congress, says of the treatment of prisoners on the field :

“The orders always were, that the whole field should be treated alike. Parties were sent out to take the Federal wounded, as well as the Confederates, and the surgeons were *told to treat the one as they did the other*. *These orders given by me were respected on every field.*”

And there is nothing in all the records, so far as we can find, which indicates that any Department of the Confederate Government, or any representative of any such Department, failed to carry out these provisions of the law, and these orders, *as far as they were able to do so*. Of course, there were times when, by reason of insufficient transportation, and insufficient supplies of food and clothing of all kinds, it was simply impossible to get proper supplies and in sufficient quantities to prevent great suffering among the prisoners in Southern prisons. But this was equally true of the Confederate soldiers in the field, and the assertion on page 68 of the before-referred-to publication by the Northern Sanitary Commission, headed by Dr. Valentine Mott, shows its partisanship and worthlessness as history, when it charges the Confederate authorities with “deliberately withholding necessary food from their prisoners of war, and furnishing them with what was indigestible and loathsome, when their own army was abundantly supplied with good and wholesome food;” * * * “of depriving their prisoners of their own clothing, and also of withholding the issue of sufficient to keep them warm when the soldiers of their own army were well equipped and well protected from exposure to the wet and cold.” The world now knows, that at the very time when these false charges were being formulated, the Confederate soldiers in the field were almost naked and starving, and that nearly ninety per cent. of the rest of their equipment had been captured from their enemy in battle.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

From the very beginning, the Confederate authorities were anxious to make an arrangement for the exchange of prisoners, and indeed that the war should be conducted in all of its features on the highest and most humane plane known to civilized nations. To that end Mr. Davis wrote Mr. Lincoln on July 6th, 1861, as follows:

"It is the desire of this Government so to conduct the war now existing as to mitigate its horrors as far as may be possible; and with this intent, its treatment of the prisoners captured by its forces has been marked by the greatest humanity and leniency consistent with public obligation. Some have been permitted to return home on parole, others to remain at large under similar conditions, within this Confederacy, and all have been furnished with rations for their subsistence, such as are allowed to our own troops."

This letter was sent to Washington by special messenger (Colonel Taylor); but he was refused an audience with Mr. Lincoln, and was forced to content himself with a verbal reply from General Scott to the effect that the letter had been delivered to Mr. Lincoln, and that he would reply to it in writing as soon as possible. *But no answer ever came.*

For nearly a year after the war began, although many prisoners were captured and released on parole, on both sides, the Federal authorities refused to enter into any arrangement for the exchange of prisoners, taking the absurd position that they would not treat with "rebels" in any way which would recognize them as "belligerents." The English government had already recognized us as "belligerents" as early as May, 1861. As the Earl of Derby tersely said in the House of Lords:

"The Northern States could not claim the rights of belligerents for themselves, and, on the other hand, deal with other parties, not as belligerents, but as rebels."

After awhile the pressure on the Federal authorities by friends of the prisoners was so great that they were induced to agree to a cartel for the exchange of prisoners on the very basis offered by the Confederates in the beginning. These negotiations were commenced on the 14th of February, 1862, General John E. Wool representing the Federal and General Howell Cobb the Confederates, the only unsettled point at that time being that General Wool was unwilling that each party should agree to pay the expense of transporting their prisoners to the frontier; and this he promised to refer to his Government. At a second interview on March 1st, 1862, General Wool informed General Cobb that his Government would not consent to pay these expenses, and thereupon General Cobb promptly receded from this demand and agreed to accept the terms offered by General Wool. General Wool had stated in the beginning that he *alone was clothed with full power* to effect this arrangement, but he

now stated that his Government "had changed his instructions." And so these negotiations were broken off, and matters left as before they were begun.

The real reason for this change was that in the meantime the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson had given the Federals a preponderance in the number of prisoners. Soon, however, Jackson's valley campaign, the battles around Richmond, and other Confederate successes, gave the Confederates the preponderance, and this change of conditions induced the Federals to consent to terms, to which the Confederates had always been ready to accede.

And so on July 22nd, 1862, General John A. Dix, representing the Federals, and General D. H. Hill, the Confederates, at Haxall's Landing, on James river, in Charles City county, entered into the cartel which thereafter formed the basis for the exchange of prisoners during the rest of the war whenever it was allowed by the Federals to be in operation. Article four of this cartel provided as follows:

"All prisoners of war, to be discharged on parole, in ten days after the capture, and the prisoners now held and those hereafter taken, to be transferred to the points mutually agreed upon, at the expense of the capturing party."

Article six provided that—

"The stipulations and provisions above mentioned are to be of binding obligation during the continuance of the war, it matters not which party may have the surplus of prisoners." * * * "That all prisoners, of whatever arm of the service, are to be exchanged or paroled in ten days from the time of their capture, if it be practicable to transfer them to their own lines in that time; if not, as soon thereafter as practicable."

Article nine provided that—

"In case any misunderstanding shall arise in regard to any clause or stipulation in the foregoing articles, it is mutually agreed, that such misunderstanding shall not interrupt the release of prisoners on parole, as herein provided; but shall be made the subject of friendly explanation, in order that the object of this agreement may neither be defeated nor postponed."

It is readily seen that both General Dix and General Hill acted with the utmost good faith in the formation of this cartel, with a common purpose in view, to the carrying out of which each pledged the good faith of his Government; and in Article 9 they made ample

provision to prevent any cessation in the work of exchanging promptly all prisoners captured during the war. And we now propose to show that this would have been the case but for the bad faith and bad conduct of the representatives of the Federal Government.

As was contemplated by the cartel, each of the two Governments appointed its Commissioners of Exchange to carry it into execution. On the part of the Federals, Major General E. A. Hitchcock was appointed, with two assistants, Colonel Wm. H. Ludlow, and Captain (afterward Brigadier-General) John E. Mulford, as assistants. On the part of the Confederates, the late Judge Robert Ould, of the Richmond (Va.) Bar, was the sole representative. The writer had the privilege of knowing both General Mulford and Judge Ould well, and, in his opinion, no better selections could have been made by their respective Governments. Judge Ould was a man of splendid judicial bearing, singular honesty of purpose and kindness of heart, with capacity both in speaking and in writing, to represent his Government with unsurpassed ability. General Mulford was a man of fair abilities, and of great kindness of heart. Of General Hitchcock and Colonel Ludlow, he can only speak from what they disclose of their characteristics in their letters. General Hitchcock exhibits a profound distrust of what he terms the "rebel" authorities in all of his letters, and frequently displays a temper and impatience, seemingly, not warranted by the surrounding circumstances. Colonel Ludlow, at times, exhibits great fairness; at other times, manifest unfairness, but always displays shrewdness and ability.

There is abundant evidence in these records to show that the true reason why Mr. Lincoln did not reply to Mr. Davis' letter of July 6th, 1861, hereinbefore quoted, was that he and the other authorities at Washington did not intend from the beginning to conduct the war, in any of its features, according to the recognized principles of civilized warfare, although they had adopted the rules of Dr. Leiber apparently for this purpose, as the law to govern the conduct of their armies in the field. As conclusive evidence of this, it was shown in our last report that on the very day of the date of the cartel, the Federal Secretary of War, by order of Mr. Lincoln, issued an order to the military commanders in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, directing them to seize and use any property belonging to citizens of the Confederacy which might be "necessary or convenient for their several commands," without making any provision for compensation therefor. About the same time, and, doubtless, by

the same authority, Generals Pope and Steinwehr issued their infamous orders, also referred to in our last report. All of these orders were so contrary to all the rules of civilized warfare, and especially to those adopted by the Federal authorities themselves, that on August 1st, 1862 (just ten days from the date of the cartel), the Confederate authorities were driven to the necessity of issuing an order declaring, among other things, that Pope and Steinwehr and the *commissioned* officers of their commands, "had chosen for themselves (to use General Lee's words) the position of *robbers and murderers*, and not that of public enemies entitled, if captured, to be treated as prisoners of war." Later on, in the fall of that year, came the barbarous orders and conduct of Generals Milroy, Butler and Hunter, which led to the proclamations of outlawry against these officers, and directing that they and their *commissioned* officers should not be treated, if captured, as prisoners of war, and, therefore, should not be exchanged, but kept in confinement.

In September, 1862, Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was issued, to take effect January 1st following, which caused Mr. Davis to issue another proclamation on December 23rd, 1862, directing that any Federal officer who should be arrested whilst either enrolling, or in command of negroes, who were slaves, should be turned over to the authorities of the several States in which the offenses were committed, and punished for the crime of inciting servile insurrection. These several proclamations of Mr. Davis created considerable uneasiness among the Federal authorities, and furnished the very pretext for which they were doubtless longing, for either violating, or suspending, the terms of the cartel. And so, on January 16th, 1863, we find Colonel Ludlow writing to his superior, General Hitchcock, as follows:

"I have the honor to enclose to you a copy of the *Richmond Enquirer*, containing Jeff. Davis' message. His determination, avowed in most insolent terms, to deliver to the several State authorities all commissioned officers of the United States that may hereafter be captured, will, I think, be persevered in. You will remember that after the proclamation of Jeff. Davis, of December 23d, 1862, I urgently advised another interview (the last one I had with Mr. Ould, and in which very important exchanges were declared). I then did so anticipating that the cartel might be broken, and wishing to make sure of the discharge from their parole of 10,000 of our men. This was effected, and in a manner so advantageous

to our Government that we gained in the count of 20,000 exchanged, about 7,000 men. I had almost equally good success in the exchange declared on November 11th, 1862. If an open rupture should now occur, in the execution of the cartel, we are well prepared for it. I am endeavoring to get away from the Confederate prisons all our officers captured previously to the date of the message of Jeff. Davis (the 12th instant), with what success I shall know early next week."

(See Series II, Vol. V., Reb. Rec., Serial 118, p. 181.)

This transaction, of which we find Colonel Ludlow thus boasting to his superior, will surely be sufficient to establish his reputation for *shrewdness* as a trader, or *exchanger*. So flagrant had been the violations of the cartel and the abuses committed by the Federals in pretending to carry it out (some of which are confessed, as we have just seen, by Colonel Ludlow), that on January 17th, 1863, Judge Ould wrote Colonel Ludlow, complaining in the strongest terms, and stating that if he (Colonel Ludlow) had any Confederate officer in his possession, or on parole, he would be exchanged for his equivalent. But that beyond that, he would not, and could not, parole *commissioned* officers then in his possession, but would continue to parole non-commissioned officers and privates. He said:

"This course has been forced on the Confederate Government, not only by the refusal of the authorities of the United States to respond to the repeated applications of this Government in relation to the execution of Munford, but by their persistence in retaining Confederate officers who were entitled to parole and exchange."

He said:

"You have now, of captures that are by no means recent, many officers of the Confederate service, who are retained in your military prisons East and West. Applications have been made for the release of some without success, and others have been kept in confinement so long as to justify the conclusion that you refuse both to parole and exchange." *Id.*, pp. 186-7.

Judge Ould then called Colonel Ludlow's attention to several instances of these abuses and mistakes, and asked that they be corrected. In his letter of January 25th, 1863, he says:

"If any injustice has been done to you by our agreement, about reducing officers to privates, or in any other subject matter, I will promptly redress it." * * "There must be many officers in your

and our possession who, by our agreement, made at the last interview, were declared exchanged. Such certainly ought to be mutually delivered up. The excess is on our side, but I will stand it because I have agreed to it. I must, however, insist upon the immediate delivery of such of our officers as are included in the agreement." P. 213.

On December 30th, 1862, the following order was issued by General H. W. Halleck, signing himself as "Gen'l-in-Chief:":

"No officers, prisoners of war, will be released on parole till further orders." *Id.*, p. 248.

This, he said, was done in consequence of the course then being pursued by the Confederate authorities. But notwithstanding this order, and this action of the Confederate authorities here complained of, exchanges seemed to have gone on, the Commissioner on either side constantly complaining that his adversary had broken the cartel. And on April 11th, 1863, we find Judge Ould again writing Colonel Ludlow, saying:

"I am very much surprised at your refusal to deliver officers for those of your own, who have been captured, paroled and released by us since the date of the proclamation and message of President Davis. The refusal is not only a flagrant breach of the cartel, but can be supported on no rule of reciprocity or equity." * * "You have charged us with breaking the cartel. With what sort of justice can that allegation be supported. when you delivered only a few days ago over ninety officers, most of whom had been forced to languish and suffer in prison for months before we were compelled, by that and other reasons, to issue the retaliatory order of which you complain? Those ninety-odd are not half of those whom you unjustly held in prison. On the other hand, I defy you to name the case of one who is confined by us, whom our Government has declared exchanged. Is it your idea that we are to be bound by every strictness of the cartel, while you are at liberty to violate it for months, and that, too, not only in a few cases, but hundreds?" * * * "If captivity, privation and misery are to be the fate of officers on both sides hereafter, let God judge between us. I have struggled in this matter as if it had been a matter of life and death to me. I am heart-sick at the termination, but I have no self reproaches." *Id.*, p. 469.

In Ludlow's reply to this letter, he simply says Judge Ould was mistaken in his charges and complaints, but he did not succeed in

pointing out one single instance in which Judge Ould was in error.

Notwithstanding all these charges and counter charges, exchanges still went on, and so we find Colonel Ludlow reporting to Secretary Stanton on May 5th, 1863, as follows:

"I have just returned from City Point, and have brought with me all my officers who have been held by the Confederates, and whom I send to City Point to-night. I have made the following declarations of exchanges:

(1) "All officers and enlisted men, and all persons, whatever may have been their classification or character, who have been delivered at City Point up to the 6th of May, 1863.

(2) "All officers who have been captured and released on parole up to April 1st, 1863, wherever they may have been captured." *
* * *Id.*, p. 559. See also p. 564.

It seems that the Confederate Congress had refused to sustain Mr. Davis, in his suggested retaliatory measures about the treatment of officers to the extent he had recommended, and so exchanges went on with the result as just above reported, up to May 6th, 1863, and with but few, if any, complaints against the Confederates of ill treatment to prisoners to that time. But how does the case stand, in this respect, at this time, with the Federals? We have only space here for two quotations to show this, and both of these are from their own witnesses, and it would seem that these would offset "Andersonville," "The Libby," or any other place this side of the infernal regions.

On February 9th, 1862, Judge Ould wrote Colonel Ludlow:

"I see from your own papers, that some dozen of our men captured at Arkansas Pass were *allowed to freeze* to death in one night at Camp Douglas. I appeal to our common instincts, against such atrocious inhumanity." *Id.*, p. 257.

We find no denial of this charge. On May 10th, 1863, Dr. Wm. H. Van Buren, of New York, on behalf of the United States "Sanitary Commission," reported to the Secretary of War the condition of the hospitals of the prisoners at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, and Gratiot street, St. Louis. In this report he incorporates the statements of Drs. Hun and Cogswell, of Albany, N. Y., who had been employed by the Sanitary Commission to inspect hospitals, and Dr. Van Buren commends these gentlemen as men of high character and eminent fitness for the work to which they had been assigned. It is from the statement of these Northern gentlemen

that we quote. They caption their report from Albany, April 5th, 1863, and say, among other things, as follows:

"In our experience, we have never witnessed so painful a spectacle as that presented by these wretched inmates; without change of clothing, covered with vermin, they lie in cots, without mattresses, or with mattresses furnished by private charity, without sheets or bedding of any kind, except blankets, often in rags; in wards reeking with filth and foul air. The stench is most offensive. We carefully avoid all exaggeration of statement, but we give some facts which speak for themselves. From January 27th, 1863, when the prisoners (in number about 3,800) arrived at Camp Douglas, to February 18th, the day of our visit, 385 patients have been admitted to the hospitals, of whom 130 have died. This mortality of 33 per cent. does not express the whole truth, for of the 148 patients then remaining in the hospital a large number must have since died. Besides this, 130 prisoners have died in barracks, not having been able to gain admission even to the miserable accommodations of the hospital, and at the time of our visit 150 persons were sick in barracks waiting for room in hospital. Thus it will be seen that 260 out of the 3,800 prisoners had died in twenty-one days, a rate of mortality which, if continued, would secure their total extermination in about 320 days."

Then they go on to describe the conditions at St. Louis, showing them to be even worse than at Chicago, and after stating that the conditions of these prisons are "discreditable to a Christian people," they add:

"It surely is not the intention of our Government to place these prisoners in a position which will secure their extermination by pestilence in less than a year."

See also report of U. S. Surgeon A. M. Clark, Series II., Vol. VI., p. 371. See also *Id.*, p. 113.

Is it not a little surprising, that when the representatives of this same "Sanitary Commission" published their savage and partisan report in September, 1864, as to the way their prisoners were being treated in Southern prisons, which report they had adorned with pictures of skeletons alleged to have come from our prison hospitals, they did not make some allusion to the condition of things as found by them in their own hospitals?

But as further evidence of violations of the cartel, it will be seen that on May 13th, 1863, Judge Ould wrote to Colonel Ludlow again

calling his attention to the "large number of our officers captured long since and still held by them"; threatened retaliation if the unjust and harsh course then pursued by the Federals towards our officers was persevered in, and concluded as follows :

"Nothing is now left as to those whom our protests have failed to release, but to resort to retaliation. The Confederate Government is anxious to avoid a resort to that harsh measure. *In its name I make a final appeal for that justice to our imprisoned officers and men which your own agreements have declared to be their due.*" *Id.*, p. 607.

Again, on the next day, he wrote, naming several of Mosby's men who had been carried to the Old Capitol prison. He then said:

"They are retained under the allegation that they are bushwhackers and guerillas. Mosby's command is in the Confederate service, in every sense of the term. He is regularly commissioned, and his force is as strictly Confederate as any in our army. Why is this done? This day I have cleaned every prison in my control as far as I know. If there is any detention anywhere, let me know and I will rectify it. I am compelled to complain of this thing in almost every communication. You will not deem me passionate when I assure you it will not be endured any longer. If these men are not delivered, a stern retaliation will be made immediately." *Id.*, p. 632.

And again on the 22nd, of May, 1863, he wrote, saying:

"You are well aware that for the last six months I have been presenting to you lists of Confederate officers and soldiers and Confederate citizens, who have been detained by your authorities in their prisons. Some of these, on my remonstrance, have been released and sent to us, but by far the greater number remain in captivity."

He then tells Colonel Ludlow that he is satisfied that he (Ludlow) has tried to have these prisoners released, but without avail, and then tells him again that the Confederates were compelled to notify him that they must resort to retaliation; but telling him further that he will be notified of each case in which this course is pursued.

On the same day he wrote another letter calling Ludlow's attention to the report that Captains McGraw and Corbin had been tried and sentenced to be shot for recruiting for the Confederates in Kentucky, and saying that if these men were executed the Confederate

authorities had selected two captains for execution in retaliation; and he concludes this letter with this significant language:

"In view of the awful vortex into which things are plunging, I give you notice, that in the event of the execution of these persons, retaliation to an equal extent at least will be visited upon your own officers, and if that is found ineffectual the number will be increased. The Great Ruler of Nations must judge who is responsible for the initiation of this chapter of horrors." *Id.*, page 690-1.

In a letter of January 5th, 1863, Judge Ould wrote:

"Nothing is nearer my heart than to prevent on either side a resort to retaliation. Even if made necessary by course of events, it is much to be deplored. These are not only my own personal views, *but those of my Government.*"

It is almost unnecessary to say that, of course, these complaints and threats and appeals, would not have been made, at the time, and in the manner they were made, had not just cause existed therefor, and that the Federal authorities were *solely responsible for the condition of affairs then existing*. (See another letter of the same date on the same page as to political prisoners.)

This being the condition of things, on May 25th, 1863, the following order was issued by the Federals:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25, 1863.

"*General Schofield*:

"No Confederate officer will be paroled or exchanged till further orders. They will be kept in close confinement, and be strongly guarded. Those already paroled will be confined.

"H. W. HALLECK,

"*General-in-Chief.*"

And similar orders were sent to all commanders of Federal forces throughout the country. *Ib.*, p. 696. See also pp. 706-7, 722.

It is surely unnecessary, then, after reading these letters, and this order, to say which side was responsible for violations of the cartel while it remained in operation, and for the suspension of its operations, as well as for the first maltreatment of prisoners.

With the exception of exchanges in individual cases, this suspension of the cartel continued. So that, on July 2nd, 1863, Mr. Davis addressed a letter to Mr. Lincoln (which we have never seen before), in which he said, among other things, after referring to the differ-

ences that had arisen between the Commissioners in carrying out the cartel, and the hardships incurred by reason of its suspension—as follows:

“I believe I have just ground of complaint against the officers and forces under your command for breach of trust of the cartel, and being myself ready to execute it at all times and in good faith, I am not justified in doubting the existence of the same disposition on your part. In addition to this matter I have to complain of the conduct of your officers and troops in many parts of the country, who violate all the rules of war by carrying on hostilities, not only against armed foes, but against non-combatants, aged men, women and children, while others not only seize such property as is required for the use of your troops, but destroy all private property within their reach, even agricultural implements, and openly avow the purpose of seeking to subdue the population of the districts where they are operating by starvation that must result from the destruction of standing crops and agricultural tools. Still again others of your officers in different districts have recently taken the lives of prisoners who fell into their power, and justify their act by asserting a right to treat as spies the military officers and enlisted men under my command who may penetrate into States recognized by us as our allies in the warfare now waged against the United States, but claimed by the latter as having refused to engage in such warfare. I have therefore on different occasions been forced to make complaints of these outrages, and to ask from you that you either avow or disclaim having authorized them, and have failed to obtain such answer as the usages of civilized warfare require to be given in such cases. These usages justify and indeed require redress by retaliation as the proper means of repressing such cruelties as are not permitted in warfare between Christian peoples. I have notwithstanding refrained from the exercise of such retaliation because of its obvious tendency to lead to war of indiscriminate massacre on both sides, which would be a spectacle so shocking to humanity, and so disgraceful to the age in which we live, and the religion we profess, that I cannot contemplate it without a feeling of horror that I am disinclined to doubt you would share. With the view then of making our last solemn attempt to avert such calamities, and to attest my earnest desire to prevent them, if possible, I have selected the bearer of this letter, the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, as a Military Commissioner, to proceed to your headquarters, under flag of truce, there to confer and agree on the subjects above mentioned; and I

do hereby authorize the said Alexander H. Stephens to arrange and settle all differences and disputes, which have arisen, or may arise in the execution of the cartel for exchange of prisoners of war, heretofore agreed on between our respective land and naval forces; also to prevent further misunderstandings, as to terms of said cartel, and finally to enter into such arrangement and understanding about the mode of carrying on hostilities between the belligerents as shall confine the severities of the war within such limits as are rightfully imposed, not only by modern civilization, but by our common Christianity." *Reb. Rec.*, Series II, Vol. VI, p. 75-6.

On the 4th of July, 1863, Mr. Stephens, accompanied by Judge Ould, took the foregoing and proceeded down the James river under flag of truce, for the purpose of delivering the letter and of conferring with Mr. Lincoln. They were stopped by the blockading squadron, under the command of Acting Rear Admiral S. P. Lee, near Newport News, and Mr. Stephens then communicated to Admiral Lee the nature of his mission. This communication to Admiral Lee was reported to the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Gideon Wells, and by the latter to the Secretary of War, Mr. Edwin M. Stanton. After Mr. Stephens had been kept for two days awaiting a reply, he was informed that the Secretary of War refused to permit him to proceed further on the ground, that "the customary agents and channels are considered adequate for all needful communications and conferences." See Mr. Stephens' report, *Id.*, p. 94.

Between the date of Mr. Davis' letter and the 6th of July, when the refusal came to allow Mr. Stephens to proceed further on his attempted mission of mercy and justice, Gettysburg had been fought, and Vicksburg had fallen, and these disasters to the Confederates had not only made the Federals arrogant, but had also given them for the first time since the cartel a preponderance of prisoners, and hence from that time forward, their interest and their policy was to throw every obstacle possible in the way of the further exchanges of prisoners.

The foregoing letter of Mr. Davis exhibits the loftiest statesmanship and Christian character, and should inspire us with a new desire to do honor to his memory, as well as fill us with pride that we had as our civil leader, one so noble, so humane, so just, and so true.

It is interesting to us to know that Mr. Davis and General Lee were in full accord in their views on the question of retaliating on prisoners for offences committed by others. On the 13th of July, 1864,

Mr. Seddon, the Confederate Secretary of War, wrote to General Lee calling his attention to the murder of two citizens, in the Valley of Virginia, by General Hunter's orders, or by his command, suggesting that some course of retaliation should be put in operation to prevent further atrocities of the kind, and asking General Lee "what measure of punishment or retaliation should be adopted?" (*Id.*, p. 464.) To this inquiry General Lee replied as follows:

"I have on several occasions expressed to the Department my views as to the system of retaliation, and revolting as are the circumstances attending the murder of the citizens above mentioned, I can see nothing to distinguish them from other outrages of a like character that have from time to time been brought to the attention of the Government. As I have said before, if the guilty parties could be taken, either the officer who commands, or the soldier who executes such atrocities, I should not hesitate to advise the infliction of the extreme punishment they deserve, but I cannot think it right or politic, *to make the innocent, after they have surrendered as prisoners of war, suffer for the guilty.*" * * *

On this letter, Mr. Davis makes this endorsement:

"The views of General Lee I regard as just and appropriate."

Contrast this letter and this endorsement with the treatment accorded by General Sherman to prisoners, as detailed by him on page 194, Vol. 2 of his Memoirs, and you will see the difference between the conduct of a Christian and a savage.

But we must proceed with the subject of the exchange of prisoners: Some time in the summer of 1863, General S. A. Meredith was appointed a Federal Commissioner of Exchange, and in September Judge Ould attempted to open negotiations with him for a resumption of the cartel. To this attempt by letter no reply was received. He renewed these efforts on October 20th, 1863, saying:

"I now propose that all officers and men on both sides be released in conformity with the provisions of the cartel, the excess on one side or the other, to be on parole. Will you accept this? I have no expectation of an answer, but perhaps you may give one. If it does come, I hope it will be soon." *Id.*, p. 401.

But nothing was accomplished by both of these efforts. Some time in November or December, 1863, General B. F. Butler was appointed the Federal Commissioner of Exchange. It will be remembered that this man had been outlawed by the Confederate

authorities prior to this time, and it was openly charged, and generally believed, that this appointment was made solely to make communication between the belligerents the more difficult by embarrassing the Confederates, and consequently to throw this additional obstacle in the way of further exchange of prisoners.

Immediately on taking charge, General Butler says he saw Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and suggested that the Confederate prisoners in their hands should be sheltered, fed, clad and otherwise treated as Federal prisoners were being treated by us; and this suggestion, he says, Mr. Stanton at once assented to. (See Butler's Book, p. 585.) In other words, he says, in effect, that because the Confederates, in their exhaustion and poverty, *could not* adequately supply the needs of their men in our prisons, therefore, he and the Federal Secretary of War thought it right as an act of revenge and retaliation to withhold these comforts and supplies from our men in their prisons when they had adequate means of all kinds to supply the needs of these men. Surely comment on this statement is unnecessary.

After Mr. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation went into effect, as we have said, on January 1st, 1863, the Federals enrolled a large number of slaves in their armies. This greatly embarrassed, as well as exasperated, the Confederates. We have heretofore stated the stand proposed by Mr. Davis, and recommended by him to the Confederate Congress, to turn over the officers of these colored troops to the State authorities in which any of them might be captured, to be tried in the courts of such State for the crime of inciting servile insurrection, and that Congress refused to sustain him fully in that recommendation. The question then arose as to exchanging Negro prisoners. The Federal authorities contended that where slaves were captured by them, or when they deserted and came to them and enlisted in their armies, they thereby became free, and should be placed on the same footing with their white soldiers, in respect to exchanges, as well as in all other respects. The Confederates, on the contrary, contended that whatever might be the effect on the *status* of the slave by going to the Federals and enlisting in their armies, yet should they be recaptured by the Confederates, that restored them to their former *status* as slaves, and they should then be returned to their masters or put to work by the Confederates, and their masters compensated for their labor. In those cases where the masters did not reside in the Confederacy,

or could not be ascertained, such Negroes were to be exchanged as other prisoners.

The letter from General Lee to General Grant, stating the Confederate position on this subject, is a masterpiece, whether considered from a legal, historical or statesmanlike point of view. See Series II, Vol. VII, Serial No. 120, p. 1010. General Grant in his reply, seeing that he could not answer the arguments of General Lee, contents himself with saying on this point:—

“I have nothing to do with the discussion of the slavery question; therefore decline answering the arguments adduced to show the right to return to former owners, such Negroes as are captured from our army.” *Id.*, p. 1018.

But to return to General Butler. He says he soon learned that the Confederates were anxious to exchange the prisoners held by them, and so he proposed to the Secretary of War “the plan of so exchanging until we had exhausted all our prisoners held by the Rebels, and as we should then have a surplus of some ten thousand to hold them as hostages for our colored troops, of which the Rebels held only hundreds, and to retaliate on this surplus, such wrongs as the Rebels might perpetrate on our soldiers.” (See *Butler's Book*, p. 585.)

At first Judge Ould refused to treat with General Butler at all, but in order to resume the cartel, which he was anxious to do, this position was soon abandoned, and so on the 30th of March, 1864, he, by appointment, conferred with General Butler on the subject of resuming the exchange. As the result of this interview, General Butler wrote the Secretary of War, that with the exception of the question about the exchange of Negroes, “all other points of difference were substantially agreed upon, so that the exchange might go on readily and smoothly, man for man and officer for officer of equal rank, and officers for their equivalents in privates, as settled by the cartel.” (*Butler's Book*, p. 590.) Judge Ould left General Butler on the 31st of March, with the understanding that Butler would confer with his Government about the points discussed, and then confer further with him.

“In the meantime the exchanges of sick and wounded and special exchanges were to go on.”

On the first day of April, 1864, General U. S. Grant appeared on the scene, and General Butler says:

"To him the state of the negotiations as to exchange was communicated, and most emphatic verbal directions were received from the Lieutenant-General not to take any steps by which another able bodied man should be exchanged until further orders from him." *Butler's Book*, p. 592.

And the reason assigned by General Grant for this course was that, *the exchange of prisoners would so strengthen General Lee's army as to greatly prolong the war, and therefore it was better that the prisoners then in confinement should remain so, no matter what sufferings would be entailed thereby.* "I said," says General Butler, "I doubted whether, if we stopped exchanging man for man, simply on the ground that our soldiers were more useful to us in Rebel prisons than they would be in our lines, however true that might be, or speciously stated to the country, the proposition could not be sustained against the clamor that would at once arise against the administration." * * * *Id.*, p. 594. And he adds:

"These instructions in the then state of negotiations, rendered any further exchanges impossible and retaliation useless."

This condition of affairs, for which, as we have seen, General Grant was solely responsible, continued, with little change, till the latter part of January, 1865. It was during this interval of nearly a year that the greatest sufferings and mortality occurred. Finally the clamor was so great for a renewal of the cartel that General Grant consented, and from that date exchanges continued to the end of the war, although when a large number of prisoners were sent to General Schofield, at Wilmington, on February 21st, 1865, he refused to receive them. Vol. VIII, p. 286.

On the 10th of January, 1864, in view of the large numbers of prisoners then held on both sides, and the sufferings consequently engendered thereby, Judge Ould addressed a letter to Major (afterwards General Mulford), proposing to deliver all prisoners held by us for an equivalent held by the Federals. But to this letter no reply was ever made. On the 22nd of August he wrote making the same offer to General Hitchcock, but received no reply to this letter either. And so on the 31st of August, 1864, Judge Ould published a statement setting forth in detail the efforts made by the Confederate authorities to carry out the cartel in good faith, stating how it had been violated from time to time, and finally suspended, *solely by the bad faith and bad conduct of the Federals.*

On the 1st of October, 1864, General Lee proposed to General Grant to renew the cartel, but no agreement could be reached on the subject, and so on the 6th of October, 1864, Judge Ould addressed a letter to General Mulford and proposed, in view of the probabilities of the long confinement of prisoners on both sides, "that some measures be adopted for the relief of such as are held by either party. To that end I propose," says he, "that each Government shall have the privilege of forwarding for the use and comfort of such of its prisoners as are held by the other, necessary articles of food and clothing." * * * P. 930.

Whilst this proposition was finally accepted by the Federals, it took a whole month to get their consent to it. General Mulford's reply is dated November 6th, 1864. As early in that year as January 24th, Judge Ould had written General Hitchcock, proposing that the prisoners on each side be attended by their own surgeons, and that these surgeons should "act as Commissaries, with power to receive and distribute such contributions of money, food, clothing, and medicines as may be forwarded for the relief of prisoners. I further propose," says he, "that these surgeons be detailed by their own Governments, and that they shall have full liberty at any and all times, through the agents of exchange, to make reports, not only of their own acts, but of any matters relating to the welfare of prisoners."

To this very important and humane letter, Judge Ould says, "no reply was ever made." I *Southern Historical Society Papers*, 128. If its terms had been accepted by the Federals (and nothing could have been fairer), what sufferings would have been prevented and how many lives would have been saved? But, as we now know, General Grant did not wish to keep these men from dying in our prisons. On the contrary, he preferred that the Confederates should be burdened with caring for them when living and charged with their death should they die, and in this way he would continue to "fire the Northern heart" against us. On the same principle, and for the same reason, he not only refused to agree to let us purchase medicine and other necessary supplies for these sick prisoners, but refused for months to receive from ten to fifteen thousand, which we offered to deliver up without receiving any equivalent in return. But above all these, he did not wish them exchanged, because of the recruits which would thereby come to General Lee's army.

Notwithstanding the fact, as shown by our last report, it was by General Grant's orders that General Sheridan devastated the Valley

of Virginia as he did, yet his considerate treatment of General Lee and his men at Appomattox and his fidelity to General Lee's parole there given, after the war, have caused us to think kindly of him and to place him in a different class from that in which we have placed Stanton, Halleck, Sherman, Sheridan, Pope, Butler, Hunter, Milroy, and other Federal officers, who took such delight in treating us with such wicked and wanton brutality during the war. But as has been recently said of him by a distinguished Northern writer, who was an officer in his army, and therefore knew him better than we did, General Grant was "of coarse moral as well as physical fibre;" and nothing demonstrates this more clearly than the cruel and heartless way in which he treated his own as well as our prisoners. He was so vindictive and cruel that on February 7th, 1865, he refused to make any arrangements with Judge Ould whereby our prisoners could receive contributions of assistance from friends at the North. (Vol. VIII., p. 140.) And, as we have just seen, he preferred that his own men should die in our prisons, rather than to relieve them, when we offered to deliver them to him without any equivalent in return, because of the great mortality at Andersonville, which we were unable to avert, and of which he was fully apprised.

At the expense of being tedious then, we have thought it right to give in much detail the facts in relation to the formation and operation of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners, and to show clearly from the records why this cartel was suspended, and who was responsible therefor. And we have done so, *because this conduct was the true cause of substantially all the sufferings and deaths which came to the prisoners on both sides during the war. That we have shown that the Federal Government, with Edwin M. Stanton, H. W. Halleck and U. S. Grant as its representatives, is solely responsible, we think cannot be denied, and that history will so attest.*

Mr. Charles A. Dana, the Federal Assistant Secretary of War, in an editorial in the New York *Sun*, commenting on the letter of Mr. Davis to Mr. James Lyons, written in reference to the strictures of Mr. Blaine, referred to in the early part of this report, said as follows:

"This letter shows clearly, we think, that the Confederate authorities, and especially Mr. Davis, ought not to be held responsible for the terrible privations, sufferings and injuries which our men had to endure while they were kept in Confederate military prisons. The fact is unquestionable, that while the Confederates desired to ex-

change prisoners, to send our men home, and to get back their own, General Grant steadily and strenuously resisted such an exchange."

* * *

" 'It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons,' said Grant, in an official communication, 'not to exchange them; but it is humane to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. If we commence a system of exchanges which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught they are no more than dead men.' * * *

"This evidence [says Dana] must be taken as conclusive. It proves that it was not the Confederate authorities who insisted on keeping our prisoners in distress, want and disease, *but the commander of our own armies.*" * * * "Moreover [says he] there is no evidence whatever, that it was practicable for the Confederate authorities to feed our prisoners any better than they were fed, or to give them any better care and attention than they received. The food was insufficient, the care and attention were insufficient, no doubt, and yet the condition of our prisoners was not worse than that of the Confederate soldiers in the field, except in so far as the condition of those in prison must of necessity be worse than that of men who are free and active outside."

This is the statement, as we have said, of the Federal Assistant Secretary of War, during the war, and, of course, he knew whereof he wrote. He was the man by whose authority General Miles put the shackles upon Mr. Davis, when he was in prison at Fortress Monroe, and was therefore prejudiced in the highest degree against Mr. Davis and the Confederate authorities generally. And his statement *must be taken as conclusive of this whole question.*

When we add to this the pregnant fact that the report of the Federal Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, dated July 19, 1866, shows that of the Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons only 22,576 died; whilst of the Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons 26,436 died, and the report of the Federal Surgeon-General Barnes, published after the war, showing that the whole number of Federal prisoners captured and confined in Southern prisons during the war was, in round numbers, 270,000 while the whole number of Confederate prisoners captured and confined in Northern prisons, was, in like round numbers, 220,000. From these two reports it will be seen that whilst there were 50,000 more prisoners in Southern than in Northern prisons, during the war, the deaths were four thousand less. The *per centum* of deaths in Southern prisons being under

nine, while the *per centum* of deaths in Northern prisons was twelve.

We think it useless to prolong this discussion, and feel confident that we can safely submit our conduct on this, as on every other point involved in the war, to the judgment of posterity and the impartial historian, and can justly apply to the Southern Confederacy the language of Philip Stanhope Wormsley, of Oxford University, England, in the dedication of his translation of Homer's *Iliad* to General Robert E. Lee, "the most stainless of earthly commanders, and, except in fortune, the greatest."

"Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel;
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

"Ah realm of tombs: but let her bear
This blazon to the end of time:
No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime."

HISTORIES NOW USED IN OUR SCHOOLS.

We have but little to add to what was said in our former reports concerning the histories now being taught in our schools, except to express our sincere regret that the State Board of Education, after first excluding it, reversed its action, and put on the list of histories to be used in our public schools, the work entitled *Our Country*, by Messrs. Cooper, Estill & Lemon. And with the profoundest respect for each member of the Board, we think they committed an unintentional mistake.

We understand the Board based its later action on the ground that the edition of this work, published in 1901, contained important amendments, as well as omissions, not found in that of 1896, which was, in our opinion, so justly criticised and condemned by the late Dr. Hunter McGuire and Rev. S. Taylor Martin, D. D., in their reports to this camp in 1899. Whilst it is true that this latest edition has been freed from many of the objections then urged against the former edition, and it is apparent that the authors have profited by these criticisms, and tried to adapt this "new issue" to the sentiments which gave them birth; yet there are such fundamental objections to this work still that should, in our opinion, have excluded it from our schools forever. In the first place we call attention to

the fact that the new edition does not show on the cover, or elsewhere, that it is a new edition at all. It is bound and labeled just as the former was; the preface in the new edition is dated in 1895, and is the same as that in the old; so that if the publishers were so disposed, they could easily palm off on the unwary teacher or child the *old* for the *new* edition.

But we have other objections to the book of a much more serious character. The first is *that the authors are the same in both editions*, and authors who could state the *causes of the war*, as stated in the first edition at Section 521, and then state them (when objected to) as in Section 520 in the new edition, are not, in our opinion, such historians as we should allow to write the history for our children, it matters not if they are Southern writers. This smacks too much of the methods pursued by the Grand Army Republic of "making history to order." As Dr. Martin wrote of the first edition, so think we of this. He said:

"The book is a feeble production. The controlling idea is evidently the production of a history that would be acceptable to both North and South."

To accomplish such a task is (as it should be) an *impossibility*. But we condemn this work more for what it fails to say about the causes of the war, than for any inaccuracies we have noticed in what it does say on that and other subjects. Its text is on the order of those who say "we thought we were right," rather than that "we were right." We did know we were right then, and we do know it now; and we are entitled to have this told to our children.

Writers at the North are almost daily saying to the world, that the Southern States had the right to secede. Even Goldwin Smith, the most learned and able, as well as the most prejudiced historian against the South, who has written about the war, said in the *Atlantic Monthly* of this year:

"Few who have looked into the history can doubt that the Union originally was, and was generally taken by the parties to it to be, a *compact*, dissoluble, perhaps most of them would have said, at pleasure, dissoluble certainly on breach of the articles of the Union."

And that liberal and cultured statesman and writer, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, in an address delivered by him in June last in Chicago (whilst as we understand him, not conceding the right of secession to exist in 1861), said, quoting from Donn Piet's *Life of General George H. Thomas*, as follows:

“To-day no impartial student of our constitutional history can doubt for a moment that each State ratified the form of government submitted in the firm belief that at any time it could withdraw therefrom.”

With our *quondam* enemies thus telling the world that we had the *right* to do what we tried to do, and only asked to be let alone, and when we know that when we did go to war, we only went to repel a ruthless invasion of our homes and firesides, *our case could not be made stronger*. And we *have the right, therefore, to insist that our children shall be told the truth about it, and we should be content with nothing less*.

Dr. Jones in his history says:

“The seceding States not only had a perfect right to withdraw from the union, but they had amply sufficient cause for doing so, and that the war made upon them by the North was utterly unjustifiable, oppressive and cruel, and that the South could honorably have pursued no other course than to resist force with force, and make her great struggle for constitutional freedom.”

Is there any doubt in the mind of any Southerner that this is the truth? If not, then let it be so told to our children. We suffered and did and dared enough to entitle us to have this done, and that we were unsuccessful makes it the more important that it should be done. A successful cause will take care of itself; an unsuccessful one *must rest only on its inherent merits*, and if it can't do this, then those who supported it were rebels and traitors. We feel, then, that we can't do better than to repeat here what we said in our report of 1900, on the importance of the trust committed to our hands. We then said:

“Appomattox was not a judicial forum; it was only a battlefield, a test of physical force, where the starving remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, ‘wearied with victory,’ surrendered to ‘overwhelming numbers and resources.’ We make no appeal from that judgment on the issue of force. But when we see the victors in that contest, meeting year by year, and using the superior means at their command to publish to the world that they were *right* and that we were *wrong* in that contest, saying that we were ‘rebels’ and ‘traitors’ in defending our homes and firesides against their cruel invasion, that we had no legal right to withdraw from the Union, when we only asked to be let alone, and that we brought on that

war; we say, when these, and other wicked and false charges are brought against us from year to year, and the attempt is systematically made to teach our children that these things are true, and therefore, that we do not deserve their sympathy and respect because of our alleged wicked and unjustifiable course in that war and in bringing it on—*then it becomes our duty*, not only to ourselves and our children, but to the thousands of brave men and women who gave their lives a ‘free-will offering’ in defence of the principles for which we fought to vindicate the justice of our cause, and to do this we have to appeal only to the bar of truth and of justice.”

Respectfully submitted,

GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN, *Chairman.*

R. T. BARTON,	CARTER R. BISHOP,	R. A. BROCK,
Rev. B. D. TUCKER,	JOHN W. DANIEL,	JAMES MANN,
R. S. B. SMITH,	T. H. EDWARDS,	W. H. HURKAMP,
JOHN W. FULTON,	M. W. HAZLEWOOD,	MICAJAH WOODS,
CHARLES M. BLACKFORD.	THOMAS ELLETT,	<i>Secretary.</i>

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK, VA., OCT. 19th, 1864.

Gallant, Victorious Charges, Inglorious Retreat and Defeat.

By SAMUEL D. BUCK, Baltimore, Md.,

Captain Company “H,” Thirteenth Virginia Infantry (First Colonel was A. P. Hill), Pegram’s Brigade, Early’s (Old) Division, Army of Northern Virginia.

Every Southern soldier in the trying days of 1861-’5, desired to do his best, and all attested their heroism. They are all accepted as incomparable in general exemplification, by the world. Comparison of deserts now will avail naught, to the disparagement of another. Officers and privates, every one, had their own opinions in the Southern army, and, freedom in criticism of military movement was constantly used, without ensuing penalty.

No one can appreciate the desperation of this grand movement without closely examining a war map. Having been born and reared almost within gunshot of this now historic battle-field, I can

see every road and defile as I write. To our right flows, at the base of the Massanutten Mountain, the north branch of the Shenandoah River, with no road between the river and the mountain, and in our front is the village of Strasburg (where I had gone to school), and just beyond flows Cedar Creek, upon whose banks was camped Sheridan's Army. The great question was: How can an army of ten thousand men surround one of forty thousand, well armed and entrenched? And yet, the task was undertaken and with more success than one would have supposed.

On the night of October 18th our Division (Pegram's), with Gordon's and Ramseur's, were on the march. Crossing the river at George A. Hupp's two miles south of Strasburg, we moved cautiously to the edge of the mountain, and after a few minutes rest we started in single file along the mountain side, which was only a pig's path, climbing over logs, stones, and many other obstacles. We pressed on as rapidly as possible and came out at Pitman's, just at the foot of the high peak of Massanutten Mountain, upon which we had a signal station. We were then on Sheridan's left flank, but the river flowed between us and had to be forded, so we continued our march upon a well-beaten road leading from Front Royal to Strasburg. Every tree was familiar to me, because as a boy I walked and rode almost daily over this section. We continued our march to Hite's lane, and here again I was on still more familiar ground—only a mile from this lane my mother and family lived. Just upon the hill in front stood my uncle John Buck's residence (where my wife was reared), and where so many of my earlier, happy days were spent. Now, I passed these dear old places without even stopping. Where I then used to hunt squirrels and birds, I now hunted men, and "the game" was plentiful. Here we halted for the men to "close up," and as soon as this was accomplished we hurried to the ford (Hite's ford, or Bowman's ford, as then known). Our cavalry charged across, captured the pickets, and the infantry followed, hurriedly, having quickly waded the river.

Gordon's men struck the extreme left of the enemy's line so suddenly that men were captured in their beds, not knowing or even supposing that we were nearer than Fisher's Hill. Gordon and Ramseur were in front, while we (Pegram's Division) were in reserve. Naturally, the enemy was demoralized. Gordon and Ramseur were driving everything before them, and while this was being done "Old Jube" Early had worked his way close to the enemy's front on Cedar Creek, and at daylight he struck them a tremendous

blow and drove them back upon us, only to be driven back again and pressed out of shape into a broken and a routed army. On they rushed, three miles or more, to Bell Grove, where a fresh division of the enemy was ready to meet us, and upon which many stragglers had already rallied.

Our division was ordered to attack, and we moved forward in perfect order, driving the enemy's skirmishers like dust before the wind, until we mounted the hill in our front, where we found a solid line of battle; but passing over the hill, surmounted by artillery, supported by infantry, was the time to try men's souls, and to my horror, the brigade stopped! Several officers stepped to the front of our regiment, and called on the "Thirteenth to follow," and every man sprang to his post. We charged over and down the hill side to Marsh Run, immediately in front of Mr. Sperrie's house, and within a few hundred yards of several pieces of artillery—having by our heavy fire been driven back on their infantry support. Colonel Hoffman, commanding the brigade, came up and ordered us to halt and reform for another charge. I approached him at once and begged him to move upon this battery—as we were—but he would not listen. Seeing the enemy again moving up to their artillery, and fearing if they reached it we would be driven back, I again appealed to Colonel Hoffman to charge them before they could open fire on us. The attention of Colonel Hoffman was gained at last, and showing him our position, I said: "Colonel, I can capture that battery with fifty men." Thereupon, with an oath of approval, Colonel Hoffman replied: "Well, Buck, take as many men as will follow you and try it." Not a moment was to be spared, as the enemy were bearing swiftly down on us. Throwing myself within a few yards of the front of the "old Thirteenth," I said: "Come on, boys, and we'll take the battery!" Those "boys" were grand men. They never faltered for an instant—and never failed to follow any man who would lead them—and with a shout they charged across the Run and up the hill and upon the guns of the enemy, and in a moment their guns were turned upon their former owners, who were soon in full retreat.

The brigade moved forward and our line was reformed for the third charge. General Pegram rode up to Colonel Hoffman and asked, "How are things going?" "First rate, General; we took that whole battery. No, *we didn't* take it, but d— me if Buck didn't take it with the Thirteenth! While I was forming the brigade he charged with part of the Thirteenth." General Pegram turned

and touched his hat, and then, turning to Colonel Huffman, said, in the presence of the regiment and many of the brigade: "If I live to get through this battle, that shall be called 'Buck's Battery'!" Very complimentary, so far as it went, but "Phil. Sheridan" recaptured that battery the same evening.

Our brigade now being in trim, we moved forward, driving everything before us and halting for nothing, until we passed through on the left of Middletown, where we formed with our right on the turn-pike at the toll-gate, and where we stayed all day, waiting for orders to move, or to be attacked. Our great victory was soon to be thrown away. While we rested, waiting for orders, Sheridan was moving up from Winchester with a fresh corps that had not fired a gun, and with as many men in it as we had in our army. Notwithstanding this, we would have whipped him, but, half of our army was unfortunately back, pillaging the captured wagons, hunting for clothing and shoes, as many were almost naked and barefooted. It was a burning shame, for had every man been at his post, Sheridan would have been driven back across the Potomac! How could such gallant soldiers forsake their colors at such a time? We had previously completely routed Sheridan, yet all was lost afterward, by straggling. The writer saw the attack when it was made on our left and felt that Gordon would hold on to his position, but it was impossible, with such odds against him. On our left all was confusion. General Early ordered our division to retire, and our brigade fell back through Middletown "in good order." Just at the edge of the town a cannon was stopped and ordered to open on the enemy, but it only fired a few shots and then started off, at full speed, without limbering up. But a rope was attached to the piece and to the caisson, and in this way the drivers started up the pike, while the gun would run from one side of the road to the other, knocking everything off the pike. General Pegram, seeing it, rode up in front of the horses and forced the drivers to stop and limber up, which was a great relief, as no one could march on the pike with a gun being dragged in this way. General Pegram—gallant, noble gentleman and soldier—kept in front, encouraging the men and keeping them in line, until we reached Cedar creek, which we crossed, every fellow making a rush for the bridge. This was terribly demoralizing, but at Stickley's shop General Pegram rallied about one hundred or more men and tried to check the enemy's cavalry, but they came upon us in such force that we had to break.

As they dashed upon us, I ran across the pike to a yard on the

south side and got down behind an ash-hopper, where I crouched a few minutes. It was now dark, and on the opposite side of the hopper sat a colonel of one of our regiments. We whispered to each other, and a plan was concocted for escape. The colonel was a very large man, but fleet of foot and followed well. Yankees was all around us, capturing men, but the dash for liberty was made and amid the shouts and shots of the enemy we two rushed across the lot, into the woods and down the hill to the river, making no stop for the water, but jumped in and I was soon across. The colonel, however, presumably struck deep water, and I had to leave him, as there was no time to turn back to help him, so on I pressed, crossing the river, beating my way up the side of the mountain—the way the army had passed in the morning—gathering stragglers as I went, and with them marched into camp, wet to the skin, with nothing to eat and the only bed the ground. Nevertheless, I slept like a log until 3 o'clock next morning when a start was made up the Valley. I afterwards heard that my mother and sisters walked all over the battle-field the next day, hunting for me, expecting that I had been killed. It was rather gratifying to know that they did not find me.

General Early deserved great credit for this battle, having won a victory second to none during the war, though all was lost afterwards, but by no fault of his. He deserved better results. Some of General Gordon's admirer's claim that he had planned that battle and would have won the victory had General Early not come upon the field. I do not believe it, however, never did, and never will. And since General Early says it was not so, there cannot be a doubt about it, and the gallant Gordon makes no such claim. Sheridan's ten thousand cavalry on our flanks caused our disaster, and not much credit to Sheridan either, for such a success, when he had enough troops to surround us at any time. Even as it was, had this battle been fought before our men learned the danger of a flank movement, we would not have been whipped. Early in the war, men were not, as a rule, demoralized because of a flank fire; while before its close it became a by-word—"flanked"—which meant much, and men would run like cattle. One frightened man, hallooing "we are flanked," would demoralize an army, and all such men should have been shot upon the spot, because the shooting of such creatures might be the salvation of an army. Nothing ever demoralized the Yankees so much as the cry "Jackson is on our flank."

In the battle of Cedar Creek, much of our loss was caused on the retreat, by the breaking of the bridge over a little stream south of

Strasburg, and but for this mishap our loss in artillery would have been small.

As we were returning to Fisher's Hill, after the battle, as before stated, we passed many wagons and some artillery, standing in the road, and there was no sign of the enemy.

We fell back with our 1,500 prisoners, notwithstanding the fact that Sheridan had enough cavalry to surround us; more cavalry than we had infantry! Strange to say, we were not at all annoyed by them on our retreat.

After a few days rest, we started after Sheridan's army again, and advanced to Newtown, where we formed line of battle and invited attack. We were in no condition to attack, as we had but 10,015 men in all against Sheridan's 35,489. Yet, he would not attack us, so we fell back to Fisher's Hill, and later to New Market (on November 14th), and from there we went to Petersburg, to join General Lee.

I agree with General Early, that Sheridan should have been cashiered, rather than promoted, for not capturing our army; and I go still further, and say that General Early should have had the thanks of the country for his fine generalship in saving our army, and for the grand success which he made against such odds. And it can be further said of General Early, that not a battle did he ever fight on equal ground; the enemy always having from three to five men to his one.

Our army in the Valley had killed, wounded and captured more of the enemy than we ever had—rank and file—in battle. We were worn out by the odds we had against us. At Winchester we fought with less than 15,000 troops. Sheridan's own report admits that he had 43,000. The same proportion held good in the battle of Cedar Creek, yet people of so-called common sense ridicule General Early and praise Sheridan. This should be reversed. Every schoolboy should be taught the truth about this and also concerning our late terrible war; and taught that the North only triumphed by force of numbers, and not prowess, as they would have you believe. Even Horace Greeley, in his *American Conflict*, admits that we were always outnumbered from four to five to one!

Early, with an army of 10,000 in the Valley, kept fully 40,000 of the enemy from Lee's front. Pond's "Valley Campaign" admits the Federal loss at Cedar Creek in killed, wounded and missing 5,764. Besides this, Wright's Corps was recalled from Ashby's Gap, on its way to Grant, and but for this (for us) unfortunate rein-

forcement to Sheridan, we would have driven him across the Potomac River.

Early killed 1,938, wounded 11,893, and captured 3,121—total 16,952. This is the Federal report. See Pond's "Valley Campaign," pages 267 and 269. Sheridan's army, on September 30th, 1864, numbered 56,764, and the Army of West Virginia, 21,275. Pond states, page 267, that Early's force numbered 10,015, which is about correct. But Early contended that he had less than that. I am satisfied to take *their* figures, which pretty clearly demonstrate the valor of the so-called "rebels."

Narrative of Events and Observations Connected with the Wounding of

GENERAL T. J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON.

By Major MARCELLUS N. MOORMAN, Stuart Horse Artillery, Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

Collated from His Diary and Memory.

The afternoon of May 1st, 1863, my Battery, of the Stuart Horse Artillery Battalion, was on the extreme left of our troops, then confronting Hooker's army, near the old Catherine Furnace. Late that afternoon we were ordered to shell a piece of woods in our front. In order to do this we were turned into a very narrow old road, through a dense forest which ran perpendicular to the woods about to be shelled. The leading guns coming up, I at once rode forward to find a position, as I was still so closely confined with the scrub oak, that I could not unlimber. As I reached the guns in front, the Federal artillery opened, apparently all over the woods. Unable to move forward, I returned to my guns, where I found Generals Jackson, Stuart and Wright; shrapnell and canister raining around them from the enemy's guns. Stuart remarked: "General Jackson, we must move from here." But, before they could turn, the gallant Channing Price, Stuart's Adjutant-General, was mortally wounded and died in a few hours. My battery lost six men without being able to unlimber. We retired from this point and bivouacked for the night.

By day the following morning I was ordered to move with General Fitz. Lee's Cavalry. On we pressed through byways and highways, covering the troops of Jackson, until finally reaching the plank road a halt was made, General Fitz. Lee being present. In a short time General Jackson arrived at the head of his columns. Some disposition of troops, both of cavalry and infantry, having been made, General Lee remarked: "General Jackson, if you will ride with me I can show you the enemy's right." They rode off in the direction of Chancellorsville. Soon the order came to move across to the old turnpike, which was done. There the head of the column was turned to the right, and going possibly less than a mile in the direction of Chancellorsville, I was halted, and unlimbered one section—two guns—in the road. General Rodes, who was just behind, was ordered to align his division upon my guns.

The two wings of Lee's army now occupied the same road; Lee upon the east, fronting, and Jackson on the west, in rear of Hooker's army. The cavalry having cleared the front, I was thinking it a little strange to receive no orders (my command being attached to the cavalry) to retire with the cavalry, and seeing General Jackson sitting near by, I approached him, saluted, and asked if I was expected to move with his line. "Yes, Captain," said he, "I will give you the honor of going in with my troops." (Jackson had been my old instructor at the V. M. I.) I remained talking with him during the formation of his lines; Rodes' Division leading, Colston's two hundred yards in their rear, and A. P. Hill only partially deployed, two hundred yards in rear of Colston.

Hearing such heavy artillery firing, just opposite, in the direction of Salem Church, I ventured to ask the General who it was. He asked, "How far do you suppose it is?" I replied, "Five or six miles." He then said, with characteristic sententiousness, "I suppose it is General Lee." He then asked me the time of day. "Five forty, General." "Thank you; time we were moving," was the General's laconic reply. I at once mounted and went to my guns. In a few minutes the clarion notes of the bugle from Major Blackford's skirmish line, some hundred and fifty yards in advance, rang out the command "Forward," when Jackson's twenty-five thousand veterans stepped forth into the dark shadows of the wilderness, in search of the right flank of Hooker's army; keeping two guns with the front line of battle, and two with the second, alternating the sections as the leading guns would come into action. On we pressed

through the carnage and destruction we had wrought, till a halt in the line was made.

It was now night, and dark, except the glimmer of the moon through the tangled woods. Being so ordered, I opened my guns down the road in the direction of Chancellorsville, which drew a rapid reply from a six gun battery. During this artillery duel, Rodes's and Colston's Divisions, which had become intermingled during the constant fighting, were ordered to withdraw and reform, and A. P. Hill's Division was sent to the front. General Lane, with the leading brigade of Hill's Division, came up in rear of my guns and halted, withdrawing to the edge of the woods. General Hill seeing his brigades not moving, sent forward his Adjutant-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Palmer, to know the cause of the delay. General Lane, in a letter to me, says: "In reaching the advance guns of Moorman's Battery, both sides opened their artillery and I ordered my command to lie down on the side of the road. General A. P. Hill sent his Adjutant-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Palmer, to know why I did not form my line of battle, and my reply was, because I do not wish to lose my command. I am unwilling to attempt to form my line in the dark, under such a fire and in such woods. Tell General Hill I believe the enemy is simply responding to our guns. If he will order our guns to cease firing the enemy will stop, and I will then form my line. The order was given through Colonel Palmer; your guns ceased firing and so did the enemy's, just as I expected, and I then formed my line. Two regiments on the right of the road, the Thirty-seventh and Seventh North Carolina, two on the left, the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth North Carolina, with one, the Thirty-third North Carolina, thrown well forward to the Van Wort house as skirmishers. My brigade were the only troops in line of battle at the time. Pender's and McGowan's Brigades of A. P. Hill's Division were in the road in rear of mine, and it was there, whilst being carried to the rear, that Jackson gave his order, so often quoted, to Pender: 'Hold your ground, General Pender!' Pender did not form on the left of the road until after Jackson and A. P. Hill had been wounded and I had withdrawn the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth North Carolina Regiments and put them on my right, where they repulsed Sickles's formidable midnight attack and captured the colors of the Third Maine Regiment."

Just as Lane had established his line and come up to the pike in search of General Hill for orders, up rode General Jackson, who said to Lane: "Push ahead, General Lane," and passed on. Col-

Colonel Crutchfield, his chief of artillery, halted as they reached my guns, some fifty yards in advance of Lane's line, and said to me: "Captain, you can limber up and mount your men, and as soon as my guns arrive, which I have ordered in, you can retire and join your command."

It will be observed that there was an interval of many minutes between the withdrawal of Rodes and Colston and the establishment of Lane's brigade, during which there were no troops upon the firing line except my battery.

As General Jackson passed on, General Lane at once rode to the right of his brigade to move it forward. Colonel Hill, commanding the right regiment, the Seventh North Carolina, asked Lane to wait a few minutes, as he had heard a noise upon his right flank and must find out what it was. Lane said: "Send down and see." Colonel Hill at once sent Lieutenant Emack and four men in the direction of the noise. He had gone but a short distance through the woods when he walked right into the 128th Pennsylvania Regiment. Emack at once threw up his sword and said: "Men, Jackson has surrounded you; down with your guns, else we will shoot the last one of you." Down went the guns, and the lieutenant marched the captured regiment into his brigade. Now, where was Jackson at this time? He had reached Lane's picket line and was talking with the officer in charge, awaiting Lane's advance, when some Federal soldier on horseback rode up in front of the picket line and asked for General Williams (of Hooker's Army.) The sergeant of the picket upon the right of the road, knowing him to be a Federal inquiring for a Federal General, responded by firing at him, which was taken up both right and left, until the entire picket line was blazing away in the darkness. Now, Jackson turned to move back to his lines, being on the right of the road and the line of battle not coming forward as he had ordered. (Lane having been detained by the noise on his right and the capture of the Federal regiment.) Just at this moment Lane's regiments on the right of the road, the Thirty-seventh North Carolina and Seventh North Carolina opened one sheet of fire into the faces of my horses as they stood fronting the line, I having limbered up to move to the rear, being between the picket line and the battle line, was only awaiting the arrival of Crutchfield's guns; and I will say, just here, that not a gun of Crutchfield's had fired a shot or had arrived at the front, upon this road, up to the wounding of Jackson. My horses wheeled, breaking several poles. I at once rushed to the two regi-

ments firing and asked: "What are you firing at? Are you trying to kill all my men in front of you? There are no Yankees here." The officer in charge gave the command to cease firing. The firing having ceased I returned to my guns, thinking I had quieted the line. Jackson had in the meantime crossed to the left of the road, getting out of the line of fire of the two right regiments, the Seventh North Carolina and the Thirty-seventh North Carolina, and had nearly reached my guns, keeping on the edge of the woods, when Major John Barry, commanding the Eighteenth North Carolina, on the left of the road, for some reason, I know not what, ordered the Eighteenth North Carolina to fire. The Twenty-eighth North Carolina at once joined in the firing. It was this volley from the Eighteenth North Carolina that wounded Jackson. I say so for the reason that he was in front of the right of that regiment, which rested on the pike. But censure not this gallant regiment, who would have laid down their lives for their beloved commander! Remember, we had been fighting for hours, when this new line deployed through a dense forest, and knowing nothing of Jackson's movements, believed they were firing upon the foe. My men informed me at once that General Jackson was wounded, just in the edge of the woods, and that one of my men, John Webb, had the General's little sorrel. A moment or two more, and the Federals opened upon us at least twenty, some say forty, guns, with shell, canister and solid shot, a most terrific fire, carrying a besom of destruction which seemed to sweep the very rocks from the old pike. We, on our side, became quiet, the Yankees slowed down and soon ceased firing. I then replaced my poles and righted up my guns, except one caisson, and seeing Crutchfield's guns moving up, I withdrew some 150 or 200 yards to the rear and halted, sending back Dick Perkins with a pair of horses for the disabled caisson. As I halted, Major Rogers came up, wounded, was taken from his horse and placed in the ambulance. Then came up Colonel Crutchfield (an intimate friend of mine and schoolmate), and recognizing me, said: "Captain, please assist me to dismount." I asked: "How are you wounded, Colonel?" He replied: "My thigh is broken." I had him taken off and placed in the ambulance. Just as I turned to my horse a litter came up, borne by four men, several others following. Knowing that Jackson had been wounded, I asked: "Whom have you there?" The General in his laconic style spoke up, "Tell him it is an officer." At once recognizing his voice, I said: "Hold the

ambulance, men; take Major Rogers out and put General Jackson in with Colonel Crutchfield."

A few years ago, Major Hotchkiss asked me if it was my ambulance. My reply was, from the authority I was taking over it, I would suppose it was, but would not say with absolute certainty, for the question had never occurred to me. A few days after, meeting one of my old men, Lud. Hall, I asked him if he was with me at Chancellorsville when General Jackson was wounded, and he replied that he was. Then I made the inquiry, "what do you remember about it?" "Well," he said, "I remember that he was shot right by the battery, John Webb caught the horse, and we put him in *our* ambulance and sent him to the hospital."

Waiting a reasonable time for the disabled piece, I ordered a sergeant to ride back and ascertain why the caisson was not brought out. The reply was: "The Captain promised to send back a pair of horses, why doesn't he do that?" The sergeant replied: "He did send young Perkins with his team." "Well, he has gone somewhere else, or is killed. We are ready and waiting," was the response. The sergeant rode back, secured other horses and brought out the piece. Some eight months afterward, when Perkins returned to the battery, having been exchanged, I asked him how he was captured. He said: "Captain, I had almost reached our line of battle, when some one stepped out of the bushes and ordered me to halt. I replied: "Don't bother me, I am going after my piece." He sprung at me, seizing my horse, ran a pistol up into my face, saying: "Open your mouth and I will blow your head off." Thinking it prudent to see what this meant, I dismounted, when he took me by the arm, saying: "Take those reins in your hands and come along." We turned right back into the bushes, I leading the horses, and in a few minutes I found myself in the Yankee lines.

But to return, I retained the three horses—Jackson's, Crutchfield's and Rogers'—until we reached the vicinity of Orange Courthouse, some eight or ten days later, where I turned them over to General Stuart; Webb retaining the yellow nose-band from the bridle of the General's little sorrel, as a relic.

This is a plain statement of the facts, recorded in my memory, which passed under my personal observation, and they accord in all material points with the statements of General Lane and Major Hotchkiss.

No action during the war made as indellible an impression upon

me as the work of that day and night, May 2, 1863, and I was in it from start to finish.

In a letter written by Major Jed. Hotchkiss, a staff officer of General Jackson's, of date October 8th, 1898, to Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's chief surgeon, a copy of which I hold, he says: "It seems to me that this description of affairs by General Lane, when carefully considered, with the topography, coincides with Major Moorman's description, as well as my own, about as well as any three descriptions could." In a letter to myself from Major Hotchkiss, of date December 3rd, 1898, he says: "I am glad that you confirm my own recollections as to where Jackson was wounded, &c., &c. I think I may say, that we have now the last words upon this subject, and that I can write a condensed account of that sad affair that will be final." Hotchkiss unfortunately died a short time after this date.

M. N. MOORMAN,
Stuart Horse Artillery.

Lynchburg, Va., November 15th, 1902.

BALTIMORE, November 22, 1902.

Winfield Peters, Esq:

Dear Sir,—I have read Major Moorman's article (which I herewith return to you) on Chancellorsville with great interest. I have a very great familiarity with the country about which he writes, from the fact not only of my having been in the battle of Chancellorsville on the evening of 2nd of May and morning of 3rd of May, 1863, as adjutant of the Stonewall Brigade, then commanded by General Paxton; but also from the fact that in '96, with four Federal officers who belonged to the Eleventh Army Corps (Howard's Corps) and three Confederate officers—viz: Major Blackford, Colonel Palmer and General Lane—I visited the field and spent the night at Talley's, which is on the road down which Major Moorman's battery moved and which marked the headquarters at the extreme right wing of Hooker's Army—General Devens having that as his headquarters.

A year or two ago, with one of my sons, I visited Mr. Stringfellow, who lives on the northwesterly side of the Rapidan River. With him we drove across the Rapidan (the Germanna) ford, then over the road followed by Grant in his 1864 campaign to Wilderness tavern and store, and thence over the road across which General Jackson formed his three divisions when he made the attack of

the evening of 2nd May, 1863. We went over that road all the way by Chancellorsville to Fredericksburg. The details given by Major Moorman correspond exactly with my general understanding of all that happened at and about the time of General Jackson's being wounded and unhorsed. I was under the very severe artillery fire which occurred later in the evening, perhaps about nine o'clock, our brigade having moved up towards the front and having been aligned on the left-hand side of the Plank road or turnpike, the two roads which run from Orange Courthouse at that point having run together.

Major Moorman gives very interesting details with which, of course, I am not entirely familiar. I recall very distinctly that the fact that General Jackson was wounded was known through the command, certainly by me, with amazing rapidity. During this last summer I met old Sickles at Saratoga and had quite a conversation with him on the events of that night. I asked him what he would have done if General Jackson had attacked him during the night? His reply was, with his usual pomposity of manner, that he would have crushed him. The idea of Dan Sickles ever living to crush "Stonewall" Jackson amused me very much.

I am, very truly,

RANDOLPH BARTON,
Late Captain C. S. Army.

[From the *Sunny South*, November 30, 1902.]

LAST FORLORN HOPE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

By WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

When the tidings of Lee's surrender at Appomattox reached the Confederates in Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana, they swore that they would die in the last ditch rather than stack arms under the Stars and Stripes. Kirby Smith was in command of the department, and under him were Generals Buckner and Magruder, to say nothing of that born soldier, General Joe Shelby, with his 1,000 Missouri rough riders, the very flower of the army.

Backing these generals were 50,000 trained soldiers, the finest fighting material in the world.

Their equipment was superb. They had not been reduced to rags and starvation, like their comrades east of the Mississippi under Lee and Johnston. They had not felt the federal blockade. After Ap-pomattox they were in splendid fighting condition and eager for the fray.

Perhaps the situation needs a word or two of explanation.

At that time the French had been occupying Mexico nearly four years. Maximilian was on the throne, trying to permanently establish his empire, and Marshal Bazaine was backing him with 75,000 soldiers, with expected reinforcements from France.

King Cotton was still a power west of the Mississippi. Arkansas, Texas and part of Louisiana produced immense crops, which were easily transported across the Rio Grande and marketed for gold. The federals were unable to prevent this traffic and for some reason did not try very vigorously.

Arms, supplies, luxuries and money poured into Texas. In every town the stores were filled with foreign goods, and gold and silver jingled in every pocket.

The State was a vast arsenal. In every direction one could see inexhaustible supplies of ammunition, improved foreign muskets, rifles and artillery, clothing, provisions and medicine. Stacks of guns and packs of cannon were rusting from disuse.

Texas was able to furnish the whole Confederate army with a brand-new equipment. Only the blockade east of the Mississippi stood in the way.

General Shelby knew these conditions, and he believed that President Davis, who had not then been captured, would make his way to Texas, with many of his ablest generals, and in a month or two probably 100,000 soldiers would succeed in following him.

Shelby applied to Kirby Smith to make an aggressive fight. The commander listened, assented and did nothing.

Then the daring Missourian held a conference with several other generals and it was agreed to make a determined stand for the Confederacy, under the leadership of General Simon Bolivar Buckner, a soldier with all the dash and glitter of Murat, and none of his fighting qualities.

Buckner agreed to the plan, everybody favored it. The next thing was to get rid of Kirby Smith.

Shelby hunted up the old man, and told him all about the conference.

"The army has lost confidence in you," he said.

"I know it," replied Smith. "What would you advise?"

"Resign in favor of Buckner," was the prompt answer.

It was a bitter pill, but Smith swallowed it. He wrote out his resignation, leaving Buckner commander-in-chief of the department.

Another disappointment followed. The spectacular Buckner never raised a hand. He even failed to press the negotiation for the alliance which Shelby wanted to make with Maximilian.

The Missouri general then proceeded to act for himself. He recognized his command, and out of the government stores equipped 1,000 picked men with new uniforms, guns, pistols, swords, ammunition, wagons, provisions, horses, mules, tents and as many cannon—fine Napoleons—as they could take on their march.

On their way through Texas to the Rio Grande the Confederates found many strong bodies of armed robbers terrorizing the country. They occasionally halted, or turned aside, to meet these desperadoes, and in a short time killed and dispersed the most dangerous of them.

At Austin there was a Confederate sub-treasury with over \$300,000 in gold and silver. Shelby's troopers galloped into the city after midnight, just in time to find a gang of robbers battering down the treasury doors and helping themselves to the treasure.

The fight that ensued was hot and merciless. The Confederates gave no quarter. They shot down the bandits in the treasury vault, in the corridors, and in the streets. Then, by torchlight, they picked up the scattered gold, even taking it from the pockets of the dead.

Early the next morning the State authorities were invited to count the money. It was found to be all right, and as it belonged to the Confederate government, and Shelby was in command of the only existing body of recognized Confederates, he was urged by the officials to take all he might need for his little army's support. He flatly refused, and resumed his march.

At San Antonio the general and his men rested a few days. The town overflowed with luxuries from every market, imported into Mexico by the French and exchanged for cotton. Brandy and champagne were the daily beverages of rough fellows who had never before drank anything better than corn whiskey.

On the way to San Antonio, and after reaching that place, Shelby was joined by such gallant Confederates as Ex-Governor Polk, Generals Kirby Smith, Hindman, Magruder, Lyon, Clark, Prevost, Bee, Watkins, Price, Governors Reynolds and General Parsons, Commodore Maury, and a lot of colonels, congressmen and soldiers.

Crossing the river the little army had many bloody encounters with Mexicans and Indians, coming out victorious in every fight.

Shelby's messengers could get no satisfaction from Maximilian, and at last the order came from Bazaine for the Confederates to report to him in the city of Mexico.

The story of that adventurous march cannot be told in this brief article. It was one of the most heroic on record, full of romance and adventure.

At the capital Shelby, his officers, soldiers and his distinguished Confederate companions were cordially received.

Maximilian heard Shelby with close attention, and Bazaine was evidently very much interested. In fact the marshal was not unwilling to support Shelby's scheme.

The Emperor, however, had faith in his people. He believed that his empire was safe, and he was averse to anything that would lead to trouble with the United States.

With profuse thanks, he declined to help the Confederates to regain control of the department west of the Mississippi in return for their general's pledge to bring 100,000 southerners to fight for the empire.

Maximilian had been advised by his counsellors that it was not safe to trust Americans—Yankees, as they were called in Mexico. He had been taught to believe that the new-comers would finally turn against him and take control of the government.

Disappointed and helpless, in a strange land, with his companions dependent upon him, what could Shelby do but accept the emperor's offer of a big tract of land at Cordova for his colony?

Bazaine gave him \$50,000 in gold to aid the new settlement, and the general and hundreds of his friends began their life as colonists under the empire.

Gradually the settlers returned to the United States, and their leader followed their example, not however, before he had, at the risk of his life, befriended Maximilian in a vain effort to save him from his Mexican murderers.

With other notable bits of history connected with Shelby's expedition this narrative has nothing to do. The purpose of the writer is simply to give a flashlight glimpse of the last desperate effort of the Confederates to recover and hold a part of their territory under a government of their own.

What would have been the ultimate result if the movement had been successful in its day and time does not admit of much specula-

tion. Sooner or later the fragment of Dixie, protected by the bayonets of Shelby and Bazaine, would have come back into the Union, as the result of conquest or through amicable agreement. Doubtless this will be the judgment of the great majority of my readers.

LEE, DAVIS AND LINCOLN.

Tributes to them by Charles Francis Adams and Henry Watterson.

LEE'S STATUE IN WASHINGTON URGED—MAGNANIMITY OF LINCOLN.

He Could not have Offered to Pay for the Slaves of the South.

The thirteenth annual banquet of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, held Monday night, January 26, 1903, at the Waldorf-Astoria, was made memorable by eloquent eulogies of the great figures of the South and North during the Civil War, delivered by men who themselves had fought in the armies opposing them.

Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, a soldier of the Union, responded to the toast of "Robert E. Lee," and Colonel Henry Watterson, a soldier of the Confederacy, paid tribute to the character of Abraham Lincoln.

TOAST TO ROBERT E. LEE.

The opening toast, "To the President and the Army and Navy of the United States: A Prince among the Rulers of the World and but the Servant of a Free People," was followed by the toast to General Lee, "Nature Made Him and then Broke the Mold." In responding, Mr. Adams said:

"A New Englander by birth, descent, tradition, name and environment, closely associated with Massachusetts, I was a Union soldier from 1861 to 1865, and the one boast I make in life was, and is, and will ever be, that I also bore arms and confronted the Confederacy and helped to destroy it. Formerly of the Army of the Potomac, through long years I was intent on the overthrow of the Army of Northern Virginia. So far, moreover, as that past is con-

cerned, having nothing to regret, to excuse or to extenuate, I am yet here on this day to respond to a sentiment in honor of the military leader once opposed to us—a Virginian and a Confederate.

LEE'S METHOD OF WARFARE.

"I shall confine myself to that one attribute of Lee which, recognized in a soldier by an opponent, I cannot but regard as his surest and loftiest title to enduring fame. I refer to his humanity in arms and his scrupulous regard for the most advanced rules of civilized warfare.

"On this point two views, I am well aware, have been taken from the beginning and still are advanced. On the one side it is contended that warfare should be strictly confined to combatants and its horrors and devastations brought within the narrowest limits; that private property should be respected, and devastation and violence limited to that necessary to overcome armed opposition at the vital points of conflict. This by some. But, on the other hand, it is insisted that such a method of procedure is mere cruelty in disguise; that war at best is hell, and that true humanity lies in exaggerating that hell to such an extent as to make it unendurable. By so doing it is forced to a speedy end. On this issue I stand with Lee. Moreover, looking back over the awful past, replete with man's inhumanity to man, I insist that the verdict of history is distinct—that war is hell at best; then make it hell, indeed. That cry is not original with us. Far from it. It echoes down the ages.

LEE'S ORDER TO SPARE PROPERTY.

"No more creditable order ever issued from a commanding general than that formulated and signed by Robert E. Lee at the close of June, 1863, he advanced on a war of invasion. 'No greater disgrace,' he then declared, 'can befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenseless. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our movement. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men.'

"In scope and spirit Lee's order was observed, and I doubt if a hostile force ever advanced in an enemy's country or fell back from it in retreat, leaving behind it less cause of hate and bitterness than did the Army of Northern Virginia in that memorable campaign

which culminated at Gettysburg. Because he was a soldier Lee did not feel it incumbent upon him to proclaim himself a brute or to exhort his followers to brutality.

LEE'S STATUE IN WASHINGTON.

"I have paid my tribute. One word more and I have done. Some six months ago, in a certain academic address at Chicago [see *ante*, pp. 1-33], I called to mind the fact that a statue of Oliver Cromwell now stood in the yard of Parliament House, in London, close to that historic hall of Westminster from the roof of which his severed head had once looked down, and asked, 'Why should it not also be so with Lee?' Why should not his effigy, erect on his charger and wearing the insignia of his Confederate rank, gaze from his pedestal across the Potomac at the Virginia shore, and his once dearly loved home at Arlington?

"My suggestion was met with an answer to which I would now make reply. It was objected that such a memorial was to be provided for from the national treasury, and that Lee, educated at West Point, holding for years the commission of the United States, had borne arms against the nation. The rest I will not here repeat. The thing was pronounced impossible.

"Now let me here explain myself. I never supposed that Robert E. Lee's statue in Washington would be provided for by an appropriation from the national treasury. I did not wish it; I do not think it fitting. Indeed, I do not rate high statues erected by act of congress, and paid for by public money. They have small significance. Least of all would I suggest such a one in the case of Lee. Nor was it so with Cromwell. His effigy is a private gift, placed where it is by an act of Parliament. So, when the time is ripe, should it be with Lee, and the time will come. When it does come, the effigy, assigned to its place merely by act of congress, should bear some such inscription as this:

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

Erected by Contributions
of Those Who,

Wearing the Blue or Wearing the
Gray, Recognize Brilliant Military
Achievements and Lofty Character,
Honor, Greatness and Humanity
in War, and Devotion and
Dignity in Defeat.

IF LINCOLN HAD LIVED.

In responding to the toast to Abraham Lincoln, "He was not for an age, but for all time," Colonel Henry Watterson incidentally said:

"Jefferson Davis, than whom there never lived, in this or any other land, a noblier gentleman, and a knightlier soldier; Jefferson Davis, who, whatever may be thought of his opinions and actions, said always what he meant and meant always what he said; Jefferson Davis declared that next after the surrender at Appomattox, the murder of Abraham Lincoln made the darkest day in the calendar for the South and the people of the South. Why? Because Mr. Davis had come to a knowledge of the magnanimity of Mr. Lincoln's heart and the generosity of his intentions.

"If Lincoln had lived there would have been no era of reconstruction, with its repressive agencies and oppressive legislation. If Lincoln had lived there would have been wanting to the extremism of the time the cue of his taking off to spur the steeds of vengeance. For Lincoln entertained, with respect to the rehabilitation of the Union, the single wish that the Southern States, to use his homely phraseology, 'should come back home and behave themselves;' and, if he had lived, he would have made this wish effectual, as he made everything effectual to which he seriously addressed himself.

FOR PURCHASE OF SLAVES.

"The story that he offered payment for the slaves, so often affirmed and denied, is in either case but a quibble with the actual facts. He could not have made such an offer, except tentatively, lacking the means to carry it out. He was not given the opportunity to make it, because the Confederate Commissioners were under instructions to treat solely on the basis of the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy. The conference came to naught. It ended where it began. But there is ample evidence that he went to Hampton Roads resolved to commit himself to that proposition. He did, according to the official reports, refer to it in specific terms, having already formulated a plan of procedure. This plan required no verification. It exists and may be seen in his own handwriting."

The final toast of the evening was to "The Silent Brigade," all rising, and a bugler sounding "taps."

[From the Baltimore (Md.) *Sun*, June 14, 1903.]

THE OLD SYSTEM OF SLAVERY.

Its Compensations and Contrasts With Present Labor Conditions.

It is a graceless task, in this twentieth century, to say anything that looks like a defense, or even an apology, for slavery; but the proverb tells us to give even the devil his due, and on that ground, at least, those who most hate the memory of slavery may listen to the following suggestions. They are submitted to the readers of *The Sun* that the children of the slaveholders in Maryland and Virginia may be saved from being betrayed into the error of regarding with reprobation the conduct of their parents in holding slaves.

Those who rejoice most in the emancipation of the negroes must find a serious check in their exultation if they open their eyes to some of the chief changes in the condition of the negro race since its emancipation.

The negro slave was a highly valuable member of the body politic; a tiller of the soil whose services could be counted on when the crop was pitched, and a laborer who furnished to all his fellows, young and old, sick and well, a more liberal supply of the necessities of life than was ever granted to any other laboring class in any other place or any other age. And in what the Economists call the distribution of the wealth that was produced by the negro's labor and the skill of the master who guided and restrained him, the share the master took was small indeed compared with what the Captains of Industry took in the free society of the same day. Compared with the share those captains take now, the modest share taken by the masters was what the magnates of to-day would scorn to consider. The negro lived, too, in cheerful ignorance of the ills for which he has been so much pitied. One is startled now to hear the cheerful whistle or the loud outburst of song from a negro that once was heard on every hand, night and day. Nor was his attitude one of mere resignation to his lot. That it was one of hearty good will to the masters was conclusively shown during the war between the States. A distinguished Northern writer has lately invited attention

to the indisputable fact that the negroes could have ended the war during any one day or night that it lasted. And the kindly attitude of the negro to the master was shown not negatively only, not by forbearance only. Not only did a vast majority of them stay at their posts, working to feed and watching to protect the families of the absent soldiers—when all the able-bodied white men were absent soldiers—but after their emancipation ten thousand examples occurred of respectful and grateful and even generous conduct to their late masters, for one instance, where a revengeful or a reproachful or even a disrespectful demonstration was made. Of the few survivors of those who stood in the relation of master and slave, a considerable number still maintain relations of strong and often tender friendship. John Stuart Mill worshipped liberty and detested slavery, but he confessed that the good will of the slaves to the masters was to him inexplicable. And all this is none the less true, if all be granted as true about the abuses of slavery that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe painted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and in the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." Abuses no less vile and on a far greater scale have occurred and still occur in England and America, with all their boasts of freedom, not to speak of late occurrences in South Africa and in the Philippines.

To-day the negro is a formidable danger to the State and to society, and a danger that threatens only too surely to become constantly a greater danger. Elaboration of this proposition is unnecessary.

The curious may still see a manuscript letter in which Peter Minor, of Petersburg, Virginia, frankly tells his nephew John Minor, of Fredericksburg, that the Virginia Legislature did right in rejecting a bill the nephew had proposed for the emancipation of the negroes, and says that they had as well turn loose bears and lions among the people. The Virginians of that day were as ardent lovers of all attainable liberty as the Virginians of the sixties, whose conduct in the war between the States has at last extorted high praise even from such a representative of the best product of New England as Mr. Charles Francis Adams, son of Mr. Lincoln's Minister to England. The Virginians of a still earlier day, with other Southern leaders, notably the Georgians, had striven often and in vain to get the importation of slaves stopped, but Parliament before the Revolution and Congress afterwards listened to the owners of the slave-ships of Old England and New England and continued the slave trade. Many of the fortunes that now startle us with their splendor in New-

port, R. I., had their origin in the slave trade, and the social magnates who have inherited these fortunes might take with perfect right as their coat of arms a handcuffed negro, the design which Queen Elizabeth gave to Captain John Hawkins for his escutcheon, when she knighted him as a reward for the benefit that he had conferred on Christendom in originating the slave trade from the coast of Africa to America. John Fiske tells us the story.

But the Virginians knew the negro. Although his industrial education on the Southern plantations had raised him far above the bloody and cannibalistic barbarism of his home in Africa, the Virginians knew that to emancipate him as the chivalrous young legislator proposed would be to "turn loose lions and bears among them," as old Peter Minor said. They foresaw one of the consequences of emancipation—the danger to which a hundred thousand husbands and fathers of the South must to-day leave their homes exposed if they leave them ungarded for an hour. Each day's newspapers make it impossible to deny this state of things. All Christendom is crying shame on the barbarous lynchings that are occurring in the States of the North as well as of the South, but even New England must concede that the provocation in the North is trifling compared with that in the South. Since President Roosevelt has twice suggested the barbarities practiced by Filipinos as palliation for the guilt of the tortures which so many of his soldiers have been convicted of using on "insurgent" Filipinos, none should forget the provocation, without a parallel in history, for the lynchings in the Southern States.

A suggestion from Grover Cleveland has great weight with many good and wise men, but some curious and interesting recollections are suggested by his recommendation in a late address "that technical schools for negroes be dotted all over the South." A very elaborate exposition of the need for technical education of the people in place of the kind that has been till now given was published some years since as a report of the Department of Education at Washington with all the authentication that the Government could give it, and its recommendations have been largely adopted. In setting forth the need for this great change this report declares that the existing public school system is such a failure that something radically different must be substituted for it. The concession of failure is hardly less complete than that lately made by another authority of the very highest rank, President Eliot, of Harvard University, in addresses made to two great educational assemblies in two New England States.

Incidentally the report makes another concession, and it is, as said above, curious and interesting to compare it with what Mr. Cleveland now proposes as the cure for the country's grievous embarrassment about the emancipated negro.

The authoritative document referred to above, issued by the Government in Washington for the instruction of the people of the United States expressly declares that the best technical education that the world has ever seen or can ever hope to see was the education that was given by their masters to the negroes before their emancipation. There was good reason why it should be so. Every boy and every girl was set to such work as each was best fitted for and taught to do it well; for the teaching was not done by a salaried official with the inefficiency so familiar to us all, but by a person strongly prompted by interest to make the teaching successful and having power to enforce exertion in the pupil, while he or she was at the same time strongly restrained by self-interest from impairing the health of the pupil by work at too early an age, or too hard work or too dangerous work at any age. Is not this in strange contrast with the "free" labor of to-day, when such strong protests are urged every day against child labor, overwork and dangerous work in the factories and the mines of the North and the South?

One of the worst of the many reproaches brought against the slaveowner by the abolitionist was the allegation that he denied his slaves education. Is it not curious to observe that the highest authorities now say that it is necessary to change the existing system of education to one radically different, and to learn that the highest authority in the United States, the Department of Education, has conceded that the technical education to which we are turning had attained its highest perfection in the system of slavery which has disappeared?

Another truth about slavery seems to have escaped the observation of all. No one will deny that the evils of drunkenness are among the greatest that society has to encounter. It is needless to recite them. It is no less incontestible that nineteen-twentieths of these evils fall on the laboring class. The drunken laborer brings the miseries of cold and hunger and death from want upon mothers, sisters, wives, widows and children. Drink hurt the health of an exceedingly small number of the negro slaves and the life of almost none. And when disabling sickness or death from that or from any other cause did come, it made no difference at all in the supply of

food, clothing, fire, doctors or nurses to the aged, the women or the children.

Some tender hearts who do not deserve to be called sentimental will be revolted at the claims suggested in this paper of such benevolent functions for slavery, but only by closing their eyes to the truth can they deny the claims.

CHARLES L. C. MINOR,
1002 McCulloch street, Baltimore.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, January 18, 1903.]

THE LAST TRAGEDY OF THE WAR.

Execution of Tom Martin at Cincinnati, by the Order of
General Hooker.

By Captain JAMES DINKINS.

During General Hood's campaign into middle Tennessee, in November, 1864, a young cavalryman by the name of Thomas Martin, whose home was in Kentucky, decided to steal away and pay his family a visit. The army passed within fifty miles of his home, and he doubtless thought he would be able to visit his parents and get back before being missed.

Soon after his arrival at home, however, the Federals made him a prisoner and charged him with being a guerrilla.

He was sent to Cincinnati and confined in a cell. Not long afterwards he was brought before a court-martial and convicted of having been a guerrilla and sentenced to be shot.

Tom Martin was a mere boy, and was illiterate, unable to read or write, but he protested his innocence and insisted that he was a regular Confederate soldier.

At the time the sentence was rendered no one expected (so it is claimed) that it would be carried into execution.

The members of the court, as well as General Willich (at that time Military Commandant of Cincinnati), did not for a moment expect that the boy would be executed.

The Federal authorities stated that the sentence had been rendered

in order to deter the guerrillas in Kentucky, who often raided the Ohio border.

As an evidence that General Willich did not think the sentence would be carried out, he gave the boy his freedom, under promise that he would not leave the city. After wandering about Cincinnati for a few days, and finding no one whom he knew, Tom Martin returned to General Willich and asked permission to remain around his headquarters. The General readily assented, and soon became attached to the boy. He used him as a sort of messenger, for which service he gave him board and a small remuneration in money.

Previous to this time Major-General Joseph Hooker, of the Federal Army, had been relieved of his command by Sherman, and was assigned to the Department of Ohio. Hooker was in an ugly frame of mind, due doubtless to his own deficiencies. He had failed to meet the expectations of his superiors, and was defeated on every turn. He realized that naught remained to him but retirement.

Time passed on, the surrender occurred, and the day when Hooker would leave the Department was approaching.

He called to one of his staff officers and asked him to read over the papers on file, so that he might dispose of them.

In going over the papers those relating to the boy, Martin, were found. The case had passed out of Hooker's mind, but he inquired to know whether the sentence had been executed.

Learning that it had not, he sent for General Willich and asked for all the facts, and General Willich related them as above described.

The following day, a short time before his removal, General Hooker issued an order directing that Tom Martin be shot on the 5th of May, then only a few days off.

General Willich, be it said to his praise, was dumfounded. To shoot the boy who had been his attendant for several months, to whom he had become much attached because of his faithful conduct and reliability, was too much for the brave and just old soldier of many wars and many battles.

With tears in his eyes (it was said) and distress in his heart, he rushed to the office of Judge Stallo (subsequently United States Minister to Rome) and sought his aid in saving the boy's life. Judge Stallo in turn sought Judge W. M. Dickson and beseeched his interference.

Meanwhile General Hooker had left the city to attend the funeral of Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., and the day set for the murder was near at hand. General Hooker could not be reached, so it was

decided by General Willich and his friends to appeal to the President. They sent a telegram to a prominent man in Washington, urging him to go at once and lay the matter before Mr. Johnson, requesting him to pardon the boy.

To this there was no reply, and no relief came.

Preparations were made for the execution, and when the day arrived Tom Martin was carefully dressed in a nice suit of clothing, provided by General Willich, and after being bound hand and foot, was placed in a wagon, which was guarded by a company of cavalry, and started for the place of execution.

It was a mournful procession. The men detailed to guard the boy had been accustomed to see him daily about headquarters, and they all loved him. They had listened to his stories about the great Forrest, and of the bravery of his comrades in the Confederate Army.

They looked upon him as an ardent little Southern boy, and treated him with all tenderness. Each of them felt as if he was about to commit a crime which he could not avoid, and for which they were not responsible.

Tom Martin expressed the greatest regret at his fate, but said he was not afraid.

Father Garesche, a priest in charge of one of the churches in Cincinnati, as soon as he heard of the awful fate of the boy, repaired to him, and was his faithful comforter during all that ordeal. Father Garesche was a distinguished prelate; his brother, Colonel Garesche, was Chief of Staff to General Rosecrans, and was killed at Stone River, near Murfreesboro. He, therefore, felt more than an ordinary interest in the little soldier.

The procession moved out on the road leading to what is known as Walnut Hill. To the south of the road and in a ravine, as the cortege turned to the right, stood in solemn silence a regiment of infantry, facing the road, and two companies on either flank, thereby forming a hollow square.

Within this square stood a squad of sixteen soldiers at carry arms. The wagon moved up opposite, and the poor boy was taken out and told to kneel. Tom Martin asked that he be unbound, and the cords were removed and his hands fell by his side, but there was not a tremor in his body. His eyes were bandaged with a handkerchief and the squad of soldiers, with fifteen loaded rifles, faced him at eight paces distant.

General Willich, early that morning, telegraphed to Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, imploring him to save the boy, and gave orders

for the procession to move slowly, hoping to receive a pardon before arriving at the place selected.

He posted his orderly, well mounted, at the telegraph office, with instructions to wait until the last minute for a message.

Anxiously the kind-hearted old soldier looked for an answer.

At length he was rewarded. To his great joy he saw the courier in the distance, coming at full speed, holding in his outstretched hand a paper.

It was this telegram:

“WAR DEPARTMENT,

“WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5, 1865.

“Major-General Joseph Hooker:

“Suspend the execution of Thomas Martin, to be executed in Cincinnati this day, until further orders.

“By order of the President.

“(Signed) E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War.*”

Immediately there was great rejoicing. The soldiers who were to shoot the boy now congratulated him on his escape, and carried him back to the city in triumph.

There were two persons in that memorable incident who gave grateful and heartfelt thanks for the preservation of the boy—General Willich and Father Garesche—but they were not demonstrative, like the soldiers.

Tom Martin knew that he owed everything to General Willich, and voluntarily promised that he would serve him in any capacity as long as he lived.

Two weeks subsequent to this time, General Hooker returned, and was told that the President had suspended the execution. He thereupon flew into a rage, and sent officers post-haste to bring General Willich and Judges Stallo and Dickson before him. The gentlemen entered the room in which General Hooker walked back and forth, more in the likeness of a hyena than that of a man. He was under great excitement, which he was unable to suppress, and possibly did not care to.

He first addressed Judge Dickson, and said:

“I was very angry at you, sir, on my return, and had ordered your arrest, but out of consideration for the past, I have called you here.”

Judge Dickson replied:

"You surprise me, General Hooker; what do you mean?"

"Why, sir, on my return to the city I found my administration of this Department had been interfered with; that Martin, the guerilla, whom I had ordered shot, had not been shot; that Mr. Stanton had suspended my order. I telegraphed him, demanding why he interfered. He replied that it was in response to yours and Judge Stello's telegram. Your work, sir. I demanded of Stanton to send me a copy of the telegram, and I know all you did."

"Well, General," said Judge Dickson, "was it not all right?"

"No, sir. No, sir; it was not all right."

"Why, sir, when I was in command of the Army of the Potomac Lincoln would not let me kill a man."

"Lee killed men every day (not a word of truth in this), and Lee's Army was under discipline; and now, sir, Lincoln is dead and I will kill this man. Yes, sir, I will. The order is given to shoot him to-morrow, and he will be shot, and don't you interfere, either of you."

"Did Stanton order you to shoot him?" asked Judge Dickson.

"No, sir; he left the matter in my hands, and I demand that he be shot—and shot he will be."

"Well, General," replied Judge Dickson, "even if the boy was a guerrilla, the war is over and the papers this morning tell us that the Government has given all rebels the same terms given General Lee. Will it not be shocking to shoot this poor boy?"

"It makes no difference," answered Hooker. "I will kill him; yes, sir, and that to-morrow."

The following day the same solemn procession moved out to the ravine, and the boy, bound hand and foot, knelt beside his coffin while a squad of soldiers fired ounce balls through his breast. The faithful priest took charge of his body and gave it a religious burial. And thus it was that Tom Martin, of Kentucky, was the last victim of the war. A poor, ignorant boy, but he died like a man. The Northern papers condemned the cowardly and brutal murder; but some excused it by saying that Hooker was oppressed with the thought that Mr. Lincoln's humanity had thwarted his career, and for that reason it was a relief to sacrifice the boy, and he determined that the opportunity should not escape him.

We all remember the order Hooker issued Thursday, April 30, 1863, at Chancellorsville, when he was in command of the Army of the Potomac. He said:

"The enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from be-

hind his defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

His force was 154,000 strong and 470 cannon, while General Lee's force amounted to less than 60,000 men and 170 guns. Hooker paraphrased his order in boastful conversation with his subordinate officers. He said: "The Rebel Army is now the legitimate property of the Army of the Potomac. They may as well pack up their haversacks and make for Richmond, and I shall be after them." Now, listen; four days from that time he had deserted his defeated Army, recrossed the Rappahannock river and begged Major-General Couch to take command and withdraw what was left of his troops.

General Lee defeated him ingloriously, but he laid the blame on Mr. Lincoln.

But while all this is understood, and while some people may seek to excuse him on the ground of disappointment and jealousy, yet there looms up to view the cold fact of the murder of that boy. It was a murder; and it must strike every honest man as unnecessary and so unjust. We feel, therefore, that the name and deeds of Joseph Hooker are execrable, and should be so regarded by our people.

We would be shirking a duty if we failed to express our condemnation of this inhuman act.

Joseph Hooker we know was not the only person of weight in the Federal Army at that time who deserves to be held up before the people of this country and exposed to the light, which will bring to the surface their bloody deeds. But their exposure will come, and the world will pass judgment, and history will record their infamous acts.

Let us, therefore, do our duty, and see that American children are taught the truth about these facts.

There were good and noble generals in the Federal army, but Joseph Hooker had no place among them.

[From the New Orleans (La.) *Picayune*, January 18, 1903.]

WAR TIMES IN NATCHEZ.

By **Mrs. G. GRIFFING WILCOX.**

Grand, exclusive, heroic Natchez, with her terraced hills and fragrant gardens, colonial mansions and prehistoric memories, was gorgeous in gala day attire.

The Stars and Stripes floated from the domes and windows of all public buildings, and were stretched over the street crossings.

General Tuttle, mounted on his milk-white steed, and escorted by his staff, paraded the principal thoroughfares.

Handsomely-uniformed soldiers, arrayed in the paraphernalia and insignia of office, were moving hither and thither, reminding one of a vast assemblage of strange bright birds driven hence by terrific storms on foreign shores, but alas! the storm was in our own beautiful and loved Southland, and we were compelled, perforce, to look upon and admire the brilliant plumage of these strange, bright birds, who brought not the rich tidings of all glorious things, but sad disaster, on their starry wings.

The scenes enacted during the memorable struggle between the North and South are still fresh in the memories of the older inhabitants of this heroic old city, who still recount to patient listeners the thrilling experiences of many of the citizens of Natchez in those historic times, those dark days from 1861 to 1865, when the horrors of civil war were felt throughout the land, and the iron heel of the invader was often endured, and hunger and suffering ensued wherever his footprints were left.

Nearly every family in the South has its story of sorrow, suspense, anxiety and the hardships and makeshifts of sudden poverty incident to invasion, to relate.

Many of them were made to realize the stern truth of General Sherman's utterance, "War is hell."

When Natchez was first garrisoned by the Union troops it was deemed necessary by General Tuttle to erect fortifications on the site occupied by the Susette homestead, one of the most magnificent residences of the city. The mansion was situated in a famous grove of forest trees, among which were grand old live oaks, elms and

magnolias, planted more than half a century ago. The grounds were surrounded by one of the handsomest iron fences in the State.

The interior of the Susette home was furnished with exquisitely hand-carved Italian marble mantels. There were cut-glass window panes and a rosewood stairway. Most of the expensive furniture had come from Paris. Included in the dining-room appointments was silver plate of four generations back.

Federal soldiers had stripped the house of many of its costly furnishings, but it is due to the memory of General Tuttle to say that he did not approve of such conduct on the part of his command. On the contrary, he showed a regard for personal property.

The rules of war are in most cases iron-clad, and the edict had gone forth that the "Susette mansion must be blown up with gunpowder and other combustibles, to clear the way for the fort." Excavations were immediately made under and around the grand old edifice. These, together with the cellar, were filled with such immense quantities of powder that when the match was applied to the fuse the explosion was so terrific that half of the window panes in the town were shattered and broken.

Such is war.

That a correct idea may be had of the high intellectual standard and courage of the citizenship of Natchez, it will be in order to recall the fact that it sent to the front in the Civil War an unusual number of Confederate soldiers who won distinction on the field of battle, and one of whom, without previous military experience or training, attained the rank of major-general. There were five others who gained the stars and wreath of brigadier-general in the Confederate Army.

In this aristocratic and time-honored little city resided Judge John H. Fulton, long and favorably known as one of the most esteemed landmarks of Natchez and Adams county.

Around his extensive cotton plantation, situated some fifteen miles distant, and his beautiful city home, there clusters much of interest that occurred during the war, which will bear relating even at this remote date.

Judge Fulton was exempt from military duty, and remained at home during the war, but was nobly represented in the Confederate ranks by three gallant sons, of whom he was justly proud.

William G. Fulton, the eldest, marched to the front with the pride and idol of Natchez, the intrepid William T. Martin.

The other two were fighting under that typical Confederate Gen-

eral, Earl Van Dorn, whose chivalry was only equaled by his unswerving courage.

Edmund, the youngest of the family, five years of age, was, of course, still in the home nest, but proved to be the innocent cause of much suffering to his patriotic father.

It occurred in this wise: Judge Fulton's sons had obtained, for the first time during the struggle, furloughs to visit home and parents, and were staying at the plantation home of their father. Their presence at this place was kept a profound secret, on account of the proximity of the Union troops stationed at Natchez.

Judge and Mrs. Fulton were domiciled in their city home at this time, but made frequent visits to the plantation during the stay of sons, and at each trip managed to carry through the lines numerous contraband articles, such as firearms, ammunition, Confederate gray cloth, hats, boots and many other things so much needed by the Confederate soldier.

Mrs. Fulton would purchase these articles in Natchez and conceal them beneath her clothing, with what she designated her "smuggling string." Thus habilimented she would seat herself, with little Edmund on her lap, accompanied by the Judge, in her carriage, and pass the guards without arousing the slightest suspicion. The vehicle was always thoroughly searched, but, finding nothing objectionable, was allowed to pass the pickets.

By dint of these frequent trips, Judge Fulton's sons were well equipped and supplied with all things needful to the outer as well as the inner man.

At the expiration of their leaves of absence they each returned to their respective commands, much improved in appearance, after their pleasant and profitable visit to home and friends.

Judge and Mrs. Fulton were well satisfied with their exploits, as stratagems of war, and thought all was well, but alas! the sequel proved otherwise.

A short time subsequent to these events General Tuttle and his staff had occasion to visit, on official business, the city home of Judge Fulton. During their stay these Union officers were politely and hospitably entertained, as was the wont of the Southern gentleman.

During the evening, while Judge Fulton was busily engaged in discussing important matters of business with General Tuttle, one of the staff officers had placed little Edmund Fulton on his knee, while an animated conversation was passing between them.

Mrs. Fulton caught the words "smuggling string," "pistols," "cartridges" from Edmund.

She knew intuitively that the nature of their recent trips to the plantation home were being divulged by the artless child.

She trembled perceptibly at the thought of the consequences of this revelation, but continued the pleasant discourse with the Union officer with whom she was at the time speaking.

General Tuttle took his departure, apparently much gratified at the hospitality he had received at the home of the Fultons.

A few hours later a squad of soldiers, commanded by a Union officer, arrived at the house with a warrant for the arrest of Judge Fulton. He was taken and placed in prison, where he languished for eleven weary months, as the result of Edmund's communications to the Federal officer.

Mrs. Fulton was allowed the privilege of furnishing her husband his meals during his confinement, and of making his quarters as comfortable, under the circumstances, as possible.

This humane treatment was a grand departure from the usual ironclad rules of war, and it was through the clemency of General Tuttle that a release was eventually secured for this grand old patriot.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, April 6, 1902.]

CAROLINA CADETS.

Part They Played in the War Between the States.

ACCOUNT OF LIEUTENANT IREDELL JONES.

Many of the Boys Served as Privates in the Ranks, With Self-Sacrificing Devotion and Patriotic Zeal.

The following in reference to the South Carolina College Cadets in the Confederate war has been handed to the bureau by one familiar with the subject:

It is to be regretted that the very interesting historical account of the South Carolina College Cadets, written by Lieutenant Iredell

Jones, and published in the *News and Courier*, December 19, 1901, could not have been made complete.

Upon the refusal of Governor Pickens to muster into service the company of South Carolina Cadets, of which Professor Charles S. Venable was captain, many of the students, when the college closed after the June examinations (1861), went to the front and joined themselves to other South Carolina companies then in service in Virginia.

Among these was Lieutenant Jones, who was subsequently wounded at the battle of First Manassas, and so was unable to return to college when the exercises were resumed in October, 1861. His absence from college at that time furnishes a sufficient reason for his not having a more familiar knowledge of that company to which he refers as Company No. 3.

In October, 1861, the college was opened at the appointed time, and many of the students returned to their post. Several of those who had, during the summer vacation, joined other commands, remained permanently in the army. Upon the opening of the college the company was again organized with the following list of commissioned officers, viz: E. Dawkins Rodgers, captain; William T. Gary, first lieutenant; Washington A. Clark, second lieutenant, and George M. Stony, third lieutenant.

Unfortunately no roll of this third company has been preserved. The list, however, of non-commissioned officers was, with some exceptions, about the same as that company which went to Charleston in April. The rank was very largely recruited by students who had then for the first time entered college. The war fever was then intense, and so the company devoted very much of their time to drill and preparations for field service into which they were eager to go.

On November 7th the Union fleet, consisting of seventeen vessels, under the command of Commodore Du Pont, and a large army, under General Sherman, entered Port Royal harbor. The Confederate works on Hilton Head were, after an action which lasted for four hours, reduced and captured. This put that entire portion of the coast of the State in the possession of the Federal army, and created panic among the people. We were totally unprepared to meet such an attack and the loss to the Sea Island planters of that section, who were large patrons of the South Carolina College, was very great; in fact in many instances the loss was total. Many of the planters escaped, leaving everything behind, and so that entire

section was given up to the enemy. This created intense feeling over the State, in which the college students participated.

On the next day, November 8th, the company, by a unanimous vote, offered their services to Governor Pickens for coast defence. The faculty of the college, however, violently opposed this movement, and used every argument in their power in order to influence Governor Pickens not to accept the company. On the afternoon of the same day the company left Columbia for Charleston on their way to Port Royal to report to General Drayton, who was then in command of the forces at that place. Upon reaching Charleston, however, the company was detained there by the Governor, with a flattering statement that they were retained as his body guard. The company was then temporarily stationed on the Washington race course, and attached to one of the Charleston regiments then in camp and under the command of Colonel Peter C. Gaillard.

Dr. LaBorde, in his *History of the South Carolina College*, on page 459, gives this account of the incident:

"November 8. A committee of the students presented a communication to the faculty from the Governor of the State, expressing his willingness to allow the College Cadets to report to General Drayton for military duty, provided they bear the permission of any of the faculty.

"The faculty unanimously resolved that they had no authority to disband the college. There was a general meeting of the students, and they resolved to leave for the scene of war. The president waited on the Governor and made the most strenuous efforts to prevent it. But it was in vain."

The Federal forces, however, did not press their victory as vigorously as was expected, and so military operations on the coast of the State were rather inactive for several months. During this time the College cadets remained in camp in the ordinary routine of daily drill and camp life, but all were preparing for the more active duties of the field, which they felt in view. The professors, however, in the meantime, anxious to preserve the life of the College, spared no efforts to insure their return upon the opening of the College in January. The quiet which ensued the fall of Port Royal afforded the Governor a good pretext, and so on the 10th day of December the company was mustered out of service and the students ordered to prepare themselves to return to College on the 1st of January. The students, however, felt that the time had come when

duty required that they should be at the front, and so, fired by their patriotic zeal, most of them at once joined other commands and became regularly enlisted in the army.

The action of the Governor at this time in disbanding the company defeated the hopes which the students had entertained of going to the front in a body. In fact, the faculty of the College, as well as State officials, deemed it inexpedient that they should do so, fearing that the ardor of youth would prove rather a disadvantage, and preferred that the students should go as individuals and be incorporated in commands under older heads.

Upon the opening of the college in January, 1862, but few of the students returned. Of this an interesting account will be found in Dr. LaBorde's history of the college on page 471. The exercises of the college were continued, however, with rather unsatisfactory results through the months of January and February, and until the 8th of March, 1862, on which day the college was closed for the war. (See LaBorde's *History of South Carolina College*, pages 471, 472.)

It was the ambition of the students to go to the front in an organized body, and it will be seen that three separate attempts were made to accomplish this end. In these efforts they were defeated by the more conservative views of the faculty and trustees, who, in their desire to save and preserve the college, thought it best that it should be otherwise. The privilege of displaying their patriotic zeal in an organized body was thus denied them, but history will show an equal patriotism on the part of the individual student. Many gave their lives a sacrifice for the cause. Many rose to positions of distinction.

Many as privates in the rank served their country with a self-sacrificing devotion and patriotic zeal worthy of the cause for which they were willing to lay down their lives.

[From the Baltimore, Md., *Herald*, February, 1902.]

BLACK HORSE TROOP.

Some Reminiscences of this Famous Command.

One of the most gallant and picturesque contingents of the Army of Northern Virginia was that famous company of cavalry known as the Black Horse Troop, which won such bright laurels for its daring exploits and the valuable aid it rendered the Confederate commanders in some of the greatest engagements of the Civil war.

In many respects, it was a remarkable body of men, composed as it was of handsome, strapping, debonair Virginians, admirably horsed and equipped, in whose nature the spirit of chivalry was an abiding trait that marked the fight of their banner from the outbreak to the close of the rebellion.

Recruited from the best blood among the young planters and yeomanry of the Piedmont region, as a company they were practically "free lancers;" courage came easy to them, and no braver band of cavaliers ever followed the plumes of Rupert or of Arthur. They wielded their sabres like the cuirassers of old, and used their pistols with the truth and nerve of expert marksmen. So familiar were they with the country in which they operated that they kept the enemy constantly speculating on their movements by checkmating him at every point in the game of war, and achieved such prestige by their strange lobiquity and strategem that the name of their little legion among the enemy became a watchword for danger and a signal for action.

The Black Horse was organized at Warrenton in 1859, just two years before the war cloud broke over the land, and first figured at Harper's Ferry in the John Brown raid.

Colonel John Scott, of Fauquier, was its first captain, and gave the troop its name. Colonel Scott, who had retired from active life, was for a generation a conspicuous figure in that section of the State as Commonwealth's Attorney, and is known as the author of *The Lost Principle* and a *Life of Mosby*.

On the 16th of May, 1861, at the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, reorganization was affected with requisitions from the Warrenton Rifles and the Powhatan Guards, of Southwestern Virginia.

The following officers were sworn in:

William H. Payne, Captain; Robert Randolph, A. D. Payne, Charles H. Gordon, James H. Childs, Robert Mitchell, and Richard Lewis, Lieutenants; Willington Millon, Madison C. Tyler, George H. Shumate, and N. A. Clopton, Corporals; William Johnson, Bugler; William E. Gaskins, Quartermaster; Rev. A. D. Pollock, Chaplain.

The company then numbered ninety-six men. Its fine appearance soon attracted the attention of the great cavalry leaders under Lee, and it was appointed to serve as a body guard to General Joseph E. Johnston. It was subsequently incorporated into the regular cavalry service, and permission was given to recruit as a battalion.

At the battle of Bull Run the Black Horse won its first spurs. Sir William Russell, who represented the *London Times* as war correspondent, wrote such a graphic and amusing account of the terror which the black horses of the Virginians inspired, that he afterward became known in both armies by the sobriquet of "Bull Run Russell." In the crowd of northern civilians who went from Washington to view the first great battle on Virginia soil was "a lady with an opera-glass," writes Russell. "When an unusually heavy discharge raised the current of her blood, she exclaimed:

" 'This is splendid! Oh, my! Is not that first-rate? I guess we will be in Richmond this time to-morrow.' "

Continuing, the English chronicler says:

"The politicians who had come out to see the triumph of the Union arms, exclaimed:

" 'We have them whipped at all points. We have taken all their batteries. They are retreating as fast as they can, and we are after them.' "

"The Congressmen shook hands and cried out:

" 'Bully for us! Bravo! Didn't I tell you so?' "

"Later in the day, however, these sanguine claims were changed to tones of dismay. The 'Black Horses' had made their appearance and created such consternation among McDowell's men that they were magnified into thousands.

"Another glimpse of the black horsemen was followed by shouts from the terrified Federals, 'Cavalry! Cavalry!' Then some one raised their fears by remarking, 'There will be cavalry after them soon enough; 20,000 of the best horsemen in the world in old Virginia.' The ensuing pandemonium has few parallels in warfare, and

above the din could be heard the voices of McDowell's men, 'We are whipped! Whipped like h—l!'

"In the famous charge at the battle of Williamsburg, with all the color-bearers and buglers at the head of the column, with not a saber or pistol drawn in the whole regiment, and impeded by a dense wood, where they had run into the mouth of McClellan's army of 50,000 strong, the sable plumes of the Black Horse waved, and when Colonel Wickham was disabled, General (then Major) William H. Payne, took command, and was himself next day badly wounded."

Details were at that time made from the Black Horse to carry dispatches between the general commanding and Fort Magruder. Judge James Keith, now president of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, who was a private in the company, made many marvelous escapes from capture and greatly distinguished himself.

General Longstreet, wishing men for picket duty, after failing to secure a satisfactory guide in that region was much annoyed, when General Stuart remarked that he could always count on the Black Horse in emergencies. "Send to it," Stuart said, "and you will be furnished with a guide to any point in Virginia." It so happened that some of the men had attended William and Mary College as students, and knew the roads as well as their own, in Fauquier.

The Black Horse took part in the raid around McClellan simply for observation, and it was a miracle that they were not all captured.

No historian could follow them in the role they played in the Seven Days' Fights. General Lee, learning that Burnside had moved by sea from North Carolina, to reinforce Stuart with his brigade, of which the Black Horse was a part, ordered them to make a reconnoissance in that direction.

The Black Horse saw some very active service and gained information that proved most valuable to the army. They afterward helped to drive Pope across the Rappahannock, and now, being in that part of the State where most of them were raised, the troop was called upon to supply scouts to the different commanders, and in the enemy's future movements upon General Pope's forces, was of great service. Stonewall Jackson soon discovered of what good stuff the Black Horse was composed and detailed the company to act at his headquarters as couriers.

Lieutenant A. D. Payne was sent back with half of the troopers to meet General Lee, who was following Jackson when marching against Pope's big army. It is said that the Black Horse looked

like a company of holiday soldiers, so gay were they in demeanor, and so well groomed were their horses.

At the second battle of Manassas they were engaged in carrying General Jackson's orders to and fro between the various commanders of the troops in action, thus bearing their part in that famous struggle, when a number of the corps were seriously wounded and several killed. Two privates of the Black Horse offered their beautiful chargers to Generals Lee and Jackson when they marched into Maryland. In the first Maryland campaign, before Jackson's corps entered Boonsboro', he sent a squad of the Black Horse, commanded by Lieutenant A. D. Payne, through the town to picket the approaches from the opposite direction. Young Payne had nineteen men, and the charge was against twenty times that number, and General Jackson was saved from capture. It was a desperate attack, but the enemy was deceived and routed. Payne remarked to his men before the charge: "We must relieve our General at all hazards. I rely upon your courage to save him."

In the winter of 1862-'63 the Black Horse occupied their native heath and scouted every foot of the counties of Fauquier and Stafford, reporting all the movements of the enemy to Lee and Jackson, who complimented them for their effective service.

They took part in the various engagements of Stuart with Pleasanton's Cavalry, and in the fight at Waynesboro' against Sheridan's cohorts the Black Horse was the leading squadron. It was in this battle that one of Sheridan's captains displayed great valor, wounding four of the Black Horse with his sabre; and leading a charge, his men following but a short distance, the gallant Yankee captain galloped ahead without looking back, and was unaccompanied into the very head of the Confederate column. Not wishing to cut down so dashing a fellow, who had put himself in their power, no one fired on him. He was knocked from his saddle, however, and might have been dispatched but for Captain Henry Lee, who, observing a Masonic sign, rushed to his assistance and protected him.

Hugh Hamilton, an old Black Horse man, and the present Treasurer of Fauquier county, in relating reminiscences of those times to the writer, said, with a smile beaming over his bland but determined features: "When we boys were not in the thick of the fight, or engaged in carrying news and scouting, we were by no means supine. When there were no Yankees to watch or chase we would have fun over an impromptu fox hunt, or take possession of some private race track and stake our best riders and swiftest horses against each other

in match races. Our mounts were the best that money could buy, and as they were individual property, we had to replace them in the event of loss—which was generally done by capture from the enemy.”

The Green family furnished a liberal quota to the Black Horse, and they gave a good account of themselves. All three had figured in the great tournaments for which the Warrenton county was famous in ante-bellum days; and when called upon to enter the lists which involved life and property, their nerve, zeal and splendid horsemanship proved them to be not drawing-room knights, but soldiers in the Spartan sense of the word.

The Martin family also had three brothers in the troop, who acquitted themselves with dash and courage. There was none braver in the command than “Josh” Martin, to whose memory the women of Warrenton have erected a monument.

When General Payne, who had been a colonel on Governor Wise’s staff, was wounded, Lieutenant Robert Randolph, of the distinguished family of that name, assumed command, and shortly afterward lost his life. “Bob” Randolph, as he was affectionately called by his comrades, came of virile stock, and was as valiant a soldier as ever fought and died for the doctrine of States’ rights.

Upon the promotion of General Payne he was succeeded to the captaincy by his kinsman, Lieutenant A. D. Payne, who continued in command until the surrender. Captain Payne, whose untimely death, in 1893, was lamented throughout Virginia, had achieved distinction and success as a lawyer, and a brilliant tribute to his memory by the members of the Warrenton bar appears on the minutes of the Fauquier courts.

R. S. P.

[From the Baltimore, Md., *Sun*, June, 1902.]

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND.

The Fortieth Anniversary.

By Prof. JAMES MERCER GARNETT, LL.D.

Old Confederates may recall that this week is the anniversary of the very days of the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, just forty years ago—June 26 to July 1, 1862.

It was on Thursday afternoon, June 26th, that General A. P. Hill opened the series with his battle at Beaver Dam creek, near Mechanicsville. It was not intended that this battle should begin until General T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson had gotten into position with his forces from the Valley. To deceive McClellan, General Whiting had been sent to Staunton by rail with reinforcements for General Jackson, but these were at once recalled, and Jackson's foot cavalry, then encamped near Weyer's Cave, was marched with all haste to Richmond to turn McClellan's right flank. We lost no time on the way until near Richmond, when we were considerably delayed by the obstruction of the roads, and on one occasion by taking the wrong road, so that it was not possible to reach the vicinity of Richmond by June 26th, as had been agreed upon by Lee and Jackson in their midnight interview a few days before, Jackson having left his troops and ridden to Richmond with one courier for this interview. Discretion would seem to have dictated postponing the first attack until the next day to give time for General Jackson to get into the desired position, but valor got the better of discretion this time, and, though the attack was made by General A. P. Hill with characteristic impetuosity, it was but to be repulsed that afternoon with the loss of many brave men.

That night General Fitzjohn Porter withdrew his forces to the previously selected, almost impregnable position at Gaines' Mill, which he would have done anyhow, for General Jackson's movement necessitated that. Here the Federal troops were found in their excellent array next morning. General Jackson's forces were compelled to halt awhile this day at a certain cross-roads to allow Gen-

eral D. H. Hill's troops to take the extreme left, so that the battle on the right had already opened and had been under way for some time before General Jackson's two divisions—his old division, which had just completed the whole of the memorable Valley campaign, and General Ewell's division, which had participated in all of it except the battle of McDowell and the advance to Franklin—got into position.

The attacks of Longstreet and A. P. Hill, Whiting, and Hood, though sometimes repulsed, finally carried the apparently impregnable position. Hood's Texans claimed to have made the breach.

It was late in the evening before Jackson's old division, in which the writer served as a staff officer of the "Stonewall" Brigade, then commanded by General Charles S. Winder, of Maryland, that type of gallant officer and courteous gentleman, was brought into action. Shortly before dark General Lee ordered a charge to be made across the whole field. I can only speak particularly of what fell under my own observation. Into the woods and through the swamp we went, the men wading waist-deep and the water reaching the saddle girths of the horses. Emerging on the other side we came upon a fierce battle raging all around. Some of the troops were still lying down, and on giving the command, by General Winder's direction, that it was General Lee's order that all troops on the field must charge, one regimental commander replied that if I would bring him the order from his brigade commander he would obey it. There was no time to waste in that way, so I left him to his own cogitations and rode on. The cannon around the McGhee house "volleyed and thundered," and as it was now dark the flashes of the guns seemed to be directly in our faces, and it was easy to hear the orders of command from the enemy's officers. Poor Mitchell, of our staff, a gallant youth who had joined us but a few days before as a volunteer aide to General Winder, was killed in this charge. Night fell with the entire field in the possession of the Confederate troops and large supplies of small arms and cannon. That night General John F. Reynolds (afterward killed at Gettysburg), commanding a brigade of Pennsylvania reserves, was brought to our headquarters, having unwittingly ridden into our lines, so close together were the opposing armies.

Next day, by direction of General Jackson, on whose staff I had formerly served, I was directed to take charge of all ordnance stores on that portion of the field. In discharge of this duty, and with a proper regard for No. 1, I supplied myself with an excellent artillery officer's saddle, which was about to be appropriated by an infantry-

man, and a dark blanket, with "P. R." in the centre, that served me in good stead for the rest of the war, and went home with me from Appomattox.

As the Federals had destroyed the bridges over the Chickahominy, we were detained this day (Saturday, June 28th), and Sunday, too, in reconstructing them. It must be premised that at this stage of the war we had no regular pioneer corps, and bridges were built for General Jackson's command by detailed men under Captain Mason, an old railroad contractor. It was he of whom it is said that on one occasion, when General Jackson told him he would soon send him drawings for a certain bridge, which drawings his engineer officer was making, he replied: "Never mind about the 'picters,' General; the bridge is ready." Although he did not know much about "picters," he had had considerable experience in bridge-building. The bridge was finished Sunday, but not in time for us to cross in the face of the enemy and assist Magruder in his fight that afternoon near Savage Station. Next morning we were over bright and early, passed through Savage Station, where the hospitals were filled with Federal wounded, and marched on to White Oak Swamp. Here was a most unaccountable delay. Of course, the bridge had been destroyed, and it was not possible to cross without one, for General Franklin, commanding McClellan's rear guard, had lined the hills with cannon, supported by infantry, and an artillery duel went on all day across the swamp, but that did no good and little harm. Here we lay from about noon doing nothing but chafing under the delay, which has never been satisfactorily explained. Jackson's staff officers attributed it to his own physical fatigue, saying that he went to sleep and they could not arouse him, but I have never understood why the army could not have marched a little farther up the swamp to the right and forced a crossing at Brackett's Ford, even in the face of the enemy. There was undoubtedly much wondering and objugation. "Old Jack" certainly did not come up to the Valley.

We had to lie there all day and let Longstreet and A. P. Hill fight the notable battle of Glendale, or Frazier's farm, on that memorable Monday, June 30th, without our assistance, which aid would have insured an early victory and perhaps destroyed half of McClellan's army, the leading corps having already gone on to Malvern Hill. Why the troops on the extreme right did not come to their assistance—Magruder, Holmes, and Huger—it is not for me to say. I am writing only as to my own experience. Perhaps the detour was

too great, or the enemy in their front too threatening, but whatever it was, we missed it, and the result was the battle of Malvern Hill next day, Tuesday, July 1st.

It is hard to write about the battle of Malvern Hill, which seems to the subordinate a perfectly useless fight. General D. H. Hill, it is said, advised against it, and it would have been well for us if his advice had been taken. But "Mars' Robert" had unbounded confidence in his men, and, as at Gettysburg, thought them invincible. He had good reason for this confidence in the men, but where the field is extensive and out of view, it is hard to secure the necessary co-operation between the several parts of a large army. Certainly it was not secured that day, and the battle was fought by detachments, which were successfully repulsed.

Our brigade, consisting of the Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-seventh, and Thirty-third Virginia regiments, lay under arms in the woods most of the day, losing a few men and officers from the gunboat shells, and it was late in the evening before the brigade was sent into action. We marched through a field on the right, in which was a deserted house that was supposed to be General D. H. Hill's headquarters, but if it had ever been, he and his staff were wise to have deserted it, for it seemed to be the central target of all McClellan's artillery—at least we thought so from the numbers of shot and shell that were falling around it. We could not find General D. H. Hill, to whom we were directed to report, so we marched down a hill, across a stream, and up the hill on the other side to find ourselves on the edge of a large plateau filled with Federal infantry and artillery. But it was then dusk, and perhaps it was fortunate for us that we could not see how many they were.

The bullets, shot, and shell fell thick and fast. Our men fired perfectly at random and in the air, and I heard that one man shot off the head of a comrade in front of him, but I will not vouch for the truth of the story. However, such was the danger that General Winder's aide-de-camp remarked to me: "You look out for me, and I'll look out for you, and let us both look out for the General." It was a very pertinent remark, for any one might have been killed there in the dark, and no one else would have been the wiser until daylight. When the fire slackened somewhat I moved a short distance to the right to see what might be the prospects of a flank movement, and I approached near enough to hear the commands of the Federal officers, but seeing a dark body of troops that seemed to be coming in my direction, I beat a hasty retreat. We fired

until about 10 o'clock at night without doing a particle of good as far as I could see—except keeping up a noise and perhaps deterring a Federal advance—when we were withdrawn and bivouacked in the woods for the night, tired, worn out, disgusted, and with nothing to eat, but glad to have gotten off with our lives.

Next morning the whole plateau was silent and deserted, all of McClellan's army gone. It doubtless would have gone anyhow without a fight, as he was making for Harrison's Landing, to accomplish his celebrated "change of base." He conducted his retreat well, and as a "stern chase" is always a "long chase," we did not attempt to follow.

After a short rest we marched for Westover, but took the wrong road, so that McClellan's army was all collected between Westover Heights and the banks of the James river before we got there. Here, unfortunately, the cavalry, which had reached there first with some artillery, could not resist the temptation to let fly a few shots, which had no other effect than to disclose to the enemy our presence, and, of course, the cavalry was soon driven off and the heights were occupied by a large body of troops. A surprise being now out of the question, no attack was made, and the army soon withdrew to the vicinity of Richmond, not caring to stay longer in that malarial region, which, as it was, proved very deleterious to the health of the troops.

Thus ended the Seven Days' battles, and thus Richmond was relieved from the presence of McClellan's army. This was a great feat to have accomplished—the driving of McClellan's army from within five miles of Richmond to the James river, at Westover, with great loss of life and military stores; but if General Lee's plans had been carried out that army would have been destroyed. Not as much was effected as was hoped for, but it is easy to be wise after the fact, and much, very much, was accomplished.

Richmond breathed free, and the Army of Northern Virginia, after a little rest and recuperation, buckled on its armor to meet its old foe, reinforced by Pope's army, on the plains of Manassas.

The garrulity of an old soldier is proverbial, and anniversaries bring reminiscences, especially of wartimes. If the younger people will read and study the civil war, which appears now to some to be "ancient history," they will learn what war was forty years ago.

[From the *Richmond Dispatch*, February 10, 1893.]

THE FIRST FEDERAL TO ENTER RICHMOND.

Who Was Entitled to this Distinction?—Major A. H. Stevens.

In reference to an article in your paper of recent date, "The First to Enter Richmond," I would say much has been written from time to time on this point, and I would herewith quote from the *Century Magazine* for June, 1890:

"Major Atherton H. Stevens, Jr., of the Fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry, raised the first national flag over the State-House in Richmond on the occasion referred to. Major Stevens was provost-marshal of the Twenty-fifth Corps, commanded by General Weitzel. Major Stevens was that morning in command of the most advanced party of the Union army. It was to him the Mayor surrendered the city. After receiving the surrender, Major Stevens galloped into town at the head of a 'small detachment,' and, ascending to the roof of the State-House, hoisted two small national flags—in fact, the guidons of the squadron of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, which he commanded.

"It was several hours after that before Lieutenant de P. came on the ground, in company with Weitzel's staff. This officer (Lieutenant de P.), accompanied by myself, went to the roof to hoist the flag brought by him. We found the guidons at the masthead; these we lowered and replaced them with this flag, which was, by the way, I believe, the same one that had been first hoisted at Mobile on the capture of that city.

"There was no personal risk whatever in raising the second flag, but at the time when the small detachment galloped in, the streets were filled with disorderly characters, and the chances were thought to be many of a collision with them, or a shot from an ambushed enemy. Therefore, whatever credit may be due to the officer who first raised the national flag over Richmond should be given him

ungrudgingly. That officer was Major Atherton H. Stevens, Jr., of the Fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry.

“LOOMIS L. LANGDON,
“Colonel First United States Artillery, Late Chief of
Artillery, Twenty-fifth Corps, San Francisco.”

The following is from Greeley's *The American Conflict*:

“Major A. H. Stevens, Fourth Massachusetts, and E. Graves, of Weitzel's staff, had already hoisted two cavalry guidons over the imposing Capitol of Virginia, wherein the Confederate Congress had, since July, 1861, held its meetings; but these, being scarcely visible from beneath, were now supplanted by a real American flag,” etc.

Yours respectfully,

FRED. S. STEVENS.

(The above confirms the recollection of a Richmond lady, who witnessed the hauling down of the Confederate flag and the running up of the Stars and Stripes from the western slope of Strecker's hill on the day the Federal troops came into Richmond. This very subject was under discussion by the writer with the lady a few nights ago, and she insisted that the flag was a small one, and to her it looked like a yellow flag. I tried to convince her that the distance made the flag look small and that the color was not yellow. She backed down as to the color, and remarked that the smoke and flames of the burning city may have made the flag look yellow, but stuck to her recollection that the flag was a small one. The above account seems to confirm the lady's recollection, and as the command was cavalry, it may be that the company's guidon was yellow, or trimmed with yellow, thus agreeing with her account entirely.)

[From the Richmond, Va., Dispatch, June 23, 1902.]

COMPANY D, FIFTH VIRGINIA.

Roster of the Famous "Buckingham Yancey Guard."

IN THE FRONT AT GETTYSBURG.

One Member of the Company Was Next to Lieutenant Martin, Who
Was Leading the Charge -Sketches of Survivors.

Roster of Company "D," Fifth Regiment Virginia Infantry, known as the "Buckingham Yancey Guard," Floyd's Brigade, afterwards Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia:

OFFICERS.

Camm Patteson, captain.

First Lieutenant, R. C. Nicholas, dead.

Second Lieutenant, James P. Ferguson. He was killed at the battle of Fort Donelson under circumstances of great gallantry. When he went to the surgeon, knowing that his wound was fatal, his windpipe having been severed, the physician at once stopped waiting upon and dressing the wound of a private soldier. "No," said the gallant lieutenant, "finish with him; I will wait my turn." No braver man ever gave his life to the cause.

Third Lieutenant, John P. Jones, living in Albemarle; honored by all who know him. His rare and exceptional bravery entitles him to special mention.

Orderly Sergeant, Mathew Brown. Died a year or two since from the effect of a wound received in the famous charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg.

Second Sergeant, Vincent A. Tapscott. A gallant non-commissioned officer, now living in California.

David Stinson, third Sergeant. Died from camp fever.

Fourth Sergeant, Richard Brown.

First Corporal, T. B. Norvell.

Second Corporal, Alexander C. Goolsby. Killed at the battle of Sailor's Creek, near the close of the war. He was known to be one of the bravest and best soldiers in the Army of Northern Virginia. His death was peculiarly pathetic, as he had been engaged in almost every battle of his company, and had escaped without a single wound.

Third Corporal, Edward Jones, killed in the battle at Gettysburg.

Fourth Corporal, Newton Brown, dead.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

Samuel F. Abraham, right arm lost at the second famous battle of Cold Harbor, where the company decimated by previous engagements had only eleven men for duty, all of whom were killed or wounded with the solitary exception of Vincent A. Tapscott, who escaped only by the fact that he was sent to the rear for more ammunition. This was the battle in which, as Swinburne, the northern historian, states, of the Federals 6,500 were killed outright in less than sixty-eight minutes, and over 13,000 were wounded. During the same battle the Confederate loss amounted to about 3,500 killed and wounded. It would seem improbable that he exaggerated the loss of his own people. It was the same battle in which the Federals made five distinct charges and although General Ulysses S. Grant placed himself at their head on horseback and urged his troops to make the sixth charge, they declined, and as the historian, Swinburne, truly states, this declination ought not to be the subject of unfavorable comment upon their courage. The writer has been unable to find any parallel in history to the great mortality in this battle.

William B. Abraham, killed in battle, and said to be the youngest soldier in the Confederate army, and it is probably true.

Reuben T. Adcock.

Henry Adcock.

Ezekiel H. Adcock, died from camp fever.

Bartlett Amos.

George Austin. He was the son of a member of Congress and died a school teacher in West Virginia. At Fort Donelson he distinguished himself by successfully going after water amid a storm of bullets. The boys always laughingly said that he "staggered so that the Yankees could not hit him."

John Agee.

FOUGHT WITH FORREST.

Richard Brown, No. 1. He was a member of the Ambulance Corps, and his head was shot entirely from his body by a shell from the gunboats just prior to the chief engagement at Fort Donelson when Colonels N. B. Forrest and John Scott with two regiments of cavalry, doubled by having an infantryman mounted behind a cavalryman, went forward to feel the enemy and find his position. It was our first acquaintance with Colonel N. B. Forrest, who so greatly distinguished himself by refusing to surrender, and by carrying successfully his command over the sunken marsh, a deed which will live in song and story forever, and is without parallel in history, and is surpassed if at all only by his own efforts at a later date. It may not be out of place to state here that the triumph of the fort over the Federal gunboats at Fort Donelson was absolute and complete. If Colonel N. B. Forrest had been in full command at Fort Donelson, it is almost certain that history would have been differently written.

Pleasant Bradford. Died from camp fever.

Reuben R. Brown. Shot through the head in Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg, but is still living, though suffering even now from his desperate wound.

William R. Brown. Died from camp fever.

Frank Brown.

Henry Bryant. Dead.

James Bryant. Still living, but blind. He was said to be the best shot in the western Confederate army.

James Bryant, No. 2. Dead.

James Banton.

William Banton.

William L. Branch.

Jacob Baber.

John Beazley.

James Beazley.

Robert H. Burton. Killed at the battle of Fort Donelson.

Valentine H. Cunningham.

Francis Curd. Wounded in battle.

Alexander Coffee.

William Caroll.

Robert Cobbs. Dead.

John Dolan. Wounded at Fort Donelson—the first man wounded in the company. He was struck from a long distance by a spent ball and knocked down. He took it to be a joke, and jumped up and said: “Look here, boys; I don’t mind joking a bit, but this is carrying the thing too far, and the first one of you that hits me again that way I mean to knock him down.” The boys laughed, and he soon found out better. Poor, old man, he is still living now, and suffers to this day from that spent ball, which raised a great black spot but did not break the skin. Nevertheless, it turned out to be a most serious wound.

Joseph Coffee.

James Dameron.

D. Dameron. Dead.

Thomas Cameron. Dead.

John T. Denton. Dead.

James Eads. He is still living, and was also a soldier in the Mexican war.

Thomas E. Ferguson.

William Gallaway. Killed in battle.

G. D. Glover. Dead.

Thomas Gunter. Dead.

Thomas Goode. Dead.

R. B. Gunter. Dead.

Joseph Goode. Dead.

Thomas J. Hudson.

Marion Hackett. Missing and supposed to have been killed in the battle of Gettysburg.

Benjamin Jones. Killed in one of the battles before Richmond.

Addison H. Lane.

Alfred Moseley. Lost his life from illness and hardship in the retreat from Fort Donelson.

Andrew J. McCauley. A gallant young soldier; killed in battle.

Philip Moon. Dead.

Hartwell Moore. Dead.

Robert Moore. A nurse left at Russellville, Ky., but took part in the fight at Russellville, Ky., of the two Generals Crittenden, two brothers on opposite sides, and escaped by galloping across the bridge at Nashville, Tenn., while it was burning.

Edward Maxey. Dead.

E. L. Maxey. Dead.

D. G. Mooney. Dead.

George D. Maxey. Dead.

Robert Miles.

Harmon Maxey.

Charles Maxey. A gallant soldier, who participated in almost every battle in which his company was engaged, and lived a long time after the war.

Willis F. Moseley. A nephew of the late Alexander Moseley, of the *Richmond Whig*. He was a particularly gallant soldier, who seemed to love war for its own sake. He performed many gallant feats at Fort Donelson, and diversified the occasion by setting his hook and catching a large catfish during the very height of the battle. He stated that the infantry was too slow for him, and when we returned to Virginia he joined the cavalry. The same day, while riding side by side with General J. E. B. Stuart, on his splendid stallion "Juba," just as they cleared a brick wall in one of the battles around Winchester, Va., he was shot down, but recovered and afterwards performed many acts of heroism. He lost his life by an accident after the war.

W. W. Newton.

Richard Brown, No. 2. A gallant soldier now living in California.

William P. Newton.

David R. Patteson. Died from camp fever.

Reuben B. Patteson, who was the assistant surgeon of the Nineteenth Mississippi Infantry Regiment, but resigned to become a captain and quartermaster of the Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiment. He lost his life from exposure prior to the battle at Fort Donelson.

Cornelius Patteson.

Thomas A. Patteson.

Charles R. Patteson. Dead.

James H. Hugh. Lost his right arm in battle.

William Robertson. Dead.

Zachariah Robertson. Dead.

Jacob H. Rudicill.

William B. Sergeant. An excellent soldier. Almost a physical giant in size, who lost his life from exposure upon the retreat from Fort Donelson. The dreary march from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, to Chatanooga, was attended with great suffering and hardship. When the wayworn survivors again first reached dear old Virginia a

regimental band played the old tune, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia Shore," and hardly a dry eye could be seen in the entire assemblage.

James Spencer. Dead. Many of these soldiers marked "dead" I am sure were either killed in battle or died from their wounds. James Spencer was a true and gallant Confederate soldier.

LED AT GETTYSBURG.

Charles R. Steger. The foremost man in the great charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg except the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Rawley Martin, of another regiment who wears that distinguished honor. Charles R. Steger was sitting straddle of a cannon on the heights cheering with all his might, and states that the Federal army had commenced to retreat when he was grabbed in the collar and jerked down. Stephen A. Duncan, a gallant soldier of another command was near him.

John Steger. Wounded and lost his left leg at the battle of Gaines' Mill.

Lewis Tindall. Killed at the second battle of Cold Harbor. His life had previously been saved by a Bible sent him by his mother which had been placed over his heart. He was among the very bravest of the brave.

Jefferson Walker. He was a native of Florida, and promoted to the rank of lieutenant in another company and fell in the forefront of battle. Nature seems to have vied with herself in endowing alike his body and his mind.

John C. Williams. Dead.

John W. Yancey. Dead.

Thomas W. Fox.

William Bishop. Killed at the second battle of Cold Harbor.

Benjamin Hudnall. Died from measles.

Leonard Powell. Killed in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

Curtis N. Branch. Wounded at Gaines' Mill.

W. H. Maxey.

G. E. Newton.

W. A. Stinson. Died from camp fever.

James Trevillian. Dead.

Neece Henry.

Robert Ragland. Dead.

William Scruggs.

Richard Elsom.

William Wood.

Albert B. Wingfield.

Charles Ragland.

Samuel McGuire.

Robert R. Cunningham.

John Davis. Wounded in battle, and is to-day a great sufferer from the effect of these wounds.

W. H. Nicholas.

Lorenzo D. Nicholas. Dead.

George Tapscott.

Jessie D. Childress.

George H. Winfree.

A GALLANT TRIO.

A number of those marked dead were either killed in battle or died from their wounds. The lapse of forty years and more makes it hard to have a proper record. This, however, is substantially correct. I have derived great benefit and assistance from Samuel F. Abrahams, a brave and intrepid soldier, who lost his right arm at the second battle of Cold Harbor, and who will take pleasure in answering any inquiries which may be made. His description of the second battle of Cold Harbor is extremely interesting and is worthy of a niche in the temple of history, as is also the description of Stephen A. Duncan and Charles R. Stegar, of General Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg. Roanoke, Va., is the address of Mr. Samuel F. Abrahams; Manteo, Buckingham county, Va., is the address of Mr. Stephen A. Duncan, and Beesville, Buckingham county, Va., is the address of Mr. Charles R. Stegar. It will be difficult to find three braver or better Confederate soldiers.

CAMM PATTESON,

Late Captain of Company D, Fifty-sixth
Regiment of Virginia Volunteer Infantry,
Confederate States Army.

Buckingham county, Va., June 6, 1902.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times*, November 28, 1902.]

ELLIOTT GRAYS OF MANCHESTER, VA.

Roll of, With History of the Company.

NAMES IN BRONZE OF CHESTERFIELD TROOPS ON MONUMENT AT CHESTERFIELD C. H.

Judge William I. Clopton and Captain James A. Lipscomb, of Manchester, this morning left for Chesterfield Courthouse to superintend the placing of the figure of the Confederate soldier on the monument at that place. The monument will be unveiled some time next year. On each side of the monument bronze plates will be placed, containing the names of the members of the companies of Chesterfield county and Manchester, who fought in the Civil war.

Judge William I. Clopton, who was one of the commanding officers of the Manchester Artillery, has been appointed chairman of the special committee to inspect the rolls of the different companies to see that persons who did not serve in the war, or who deserted, shall not have their names inscribed on the plates.

CERTIFIED LIST.

A certified roster of the Elliott Grays, Company I, Sixth Regiment, Virginia Volunteers, Mahone's Brigade, has been furnished the Confederate monument committee of Chesterfield county, of which Judge Clopton is chairman. This list was furnished by Captain John S. Whitworth, who is now master mechanic of the Norfolk and Carolina Railroad at Norfolk, upon request of Judge Clopton. With the exception of about one or two, every member of this company was wounded during the Civil war. There are now only between thirty and forty of the gallant little band now living.

ROSTER OF THE COMPANY.

The following is the complete list of men and officers who actually served in the war, and whose record is without a discreditable word:

Captain John S. Whitworth, Lieutenants Emmett J. Mann, Henry Fitzgerald, James D. Craig.

Sergeants William Walsh, James F. Roper, William F. Bass, Abe Fitzgerald.

Corporals Andrew A. Waugh, William J. Anderson, George B. Bass, George Tolby.

Privates A. Adams, M. L. Adams, George C. Anderson, James S. Baird, W. B. Bowman, Thomas F. Brown, J. D. Bockwell, Leroy Bass, G. W. Browder, W. E. Browder, Thomas Browder, J. W. Browder, James H. Belcher (transferred to navy September 16, 1862), William Brooks, William Caudle, T. B. Cersley, J. T. Cottrell, John A. Cersley, T. W. Crow, James W. Cersley, W. D. Craig, E. Chandler, Richard Cottrell, J. W. Craig, John Duck, Henry D. Eggers (transferred to navy November 11, 1862), John E. Eggers (transferred to navy November 11, 1862), James Edmunds, William Evans, Michael Foster, William Foster, J. W. Harding, P. Hardgrave, M. Holland, R. J. Hancock, Richard Johnson, Henry A. Jordan, T. W. Jones, R. J. Lufsey, B. F. Lipscomb, William M. Mays (killed at Spotsylvania Courthouse), Joseph F. Moore (killed at Spotsylvania Courthouse), J. L. Maxey, J. W. Moore, Henry Marx, V. W. Nosworthy, J. T. Owens, Joseph H. Perdue, R. L. Pollard, E. B. Pierce, C. R. Pollard, Frank Puckett, Charles H. Rushbrook, W. S. Smith, John Smith, Robert I. Sadler, Charles C. Swan, Jeter Snead, Joseph Snead, W. J. Stywald, S. E. Sizer (killed second Bull Run, 1862), J. W. Stegal (killed at Petersburg, June 22, 1863), Talton Tibbs, J. Booker Tibbs, George A. Thadford, William H. Tolby, W. M. Taylor (killed at Sharpsburg), John Taylor, Robert Taylor, William Walthall, Thomas J. Waymack, Andrew J. Wells, Daniel Wren, William Young, Samuel W. Pollard, Henry H. Pollard, Beverley Smith, Emmett Gill.

Transferred to the navy, Benjamin Crowfield (killed at Crater), John Ryan, Isaac Thompson, Robert Tarrance, W. H. Kidd, Lewis Kidd.

Musicians, Charles W. Mosby, William S. Crawford.

A number of men deserted during the war. Some were captured and brought back under guard, but some were never caught.

HISTORY OF COMPANY.

The company was mustered into service May 9, 1861, and was ordered to proceed to Norfolk at once, without arms. It was assigned to the Naval Hospital, and put in charge of a battery of sixteen 32-pounders. The company remained here until Norfolk was evacuated, when the company left Manchester.

ARMED WITH BOARDING PIKES.

When the company left Manchester each man was armed with a bowie knife.

After being at Norfolk a few weeks the men were armed with boarding pikes—that is, a wooden pole about eight feet long, with a spike in the end of it, and at the close of six months they received in addition old bore muskets, the locks of which had been changed from flint and steel to percussion.

It was with these poor weapons that the dauntless few faced the splendidly-equipped troops of the North in the seven-days' fight around Richmond. It was not until almost the end of the war that they received the Enfield rifles.

The company served with distinguished valor in nearly all of the engagements of Northern Virginia, and was one of the few companies that had representatives at the surrender at Appomattox. It was stationed on the right of Mahone's Brigade, forming a line of battle when the order to surrender was received.

BEST DRILLED COMPANY.

During the time that this company was stationed at Norfolk it became the best-drilled company in the regiment, and on several occasions won prizes from the other companies. Among the trophies captured by this company was a very handsome silk flag, which was given by the ladies of Norfolk for the best-drilled company at that place. This company did all its drilling by signs and tap of the drum.

FIRST MAN WOUNDED.

Henry A. Jordan, now justice of the peace in Manchester, was the first man in this gallant company to be wounded. He was shot in his left leg while skirmishing in White Oak Swamp and seriously wounded, from which wound he has never entirely recovered.

FIRST KILLED.

Charles Rushbrook, of Manchester, was the first man killed in the company. He was shot down at Malvern Hill.

When this company was first organized and mustered into service Louis F. Bossieux was captain, but after being at Norfolk a short while he resigned, in 1862, and Third Lieutenant John S. Whitworth was elected captain, which position he filled with honor and distinction all through the war. At Petersburg he was shot, the ball going

in at his neck and coming out his back, under his shoulder blade. Captain Whitworth still has the bullet, which he keeps as a memento of the war.

At present there are only two men living in Manchester who went entirely through the war with the company. They are Messrs. M. L. Adams and George C. Anderson.

[From the Richmond, Va , *Dispatch*, July 21, 1902.]

THRILLING CHAPTER

In the History of the Confederate States Navy.

WORK OF SUBMARINE BOATS.

W. A. Alexander Tells the Story of Captain Hunley and His Brave Assistants—How the *Housatonic* Was Destroyed in Charleston Harbor.

Visitors to the Spanish Fort, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, may still see, half submerged in the weeds and flowers growing on the bank of bayou St. John, a rusty vessel of curious shape. It is built of iron, about twenty feet long, and besides a propeller at the stern, is adorned on either side by strangely-shaped board metal fins. This boat is, or ought to be, one of the most interesting relics of the Civil war. It was, as stated in the accompanying narrative, built during the war by Captain Hunley as a submarine torpedo-boat, and though never used in battle is the prototype of the vessel which subsequently destroyed the Federal cruiser *Housatonic*. Although within recent years a great deal has been written and stated about submarine war ships, the fact remains that these Confederate boats are the only ones which have ever successfully endured the test of actual combat. The narrative printed herewith is the first complete account of the building of these remarkable craft and of the experiments which were made with them.

THE NARRATIVE.

Having often read what purported to be a history of the Confederate submarine torpedo-boat *Hunley* and its operations, the accounts in every instance containing much of error, I have decided to write out the facts in regard to this boat and her career.

Shortly before the capture of New Orleans by the United States troops, Captain Hunley (not Hundley), Captain James McClintock and Baxter Watson were engaged in building a submarine torpedo-boat in the New basin of that city. The city falling into the hands of the Federals before it was completed, the boat was sunk, and these gentlemen came to Mobile. They reported, with their plans, to the Confederate authorities here, who ordered the boat to be built in the machine shops of Parks & Lyons, Mobile, Ala.

The writer was a member of Company B, State Artillery, Twenty-first Alabama Regiment, Captain Charles Gage, and was detailed to do government work in these shops.

Messrs. Hunley, McClintock and Watson were introduced to me by Parks & Lyons, who gave me orders to carry out their plans as far as possible.

We built an iron boat. The cross section was oblong, about 25 feet long, tapering at each end, 5 feet wide, and 6 feet deep. It was towed off fort Morgan, intending to man it there and attack the blockading fleet outside, but the weather was rough, and with a heavy sea the boat became unmanageable and finally sank, but no lives were lost.

We decided to build another boat, and for this purpose took a cylinder boiler which we had on hand, 48 inches in diameter and 25 feet long (all dimensions are from memory). We cut this boiler in two, longitudinally, and inserted two 12-inch boiler-iron strips in her sides; lengthened her by one tapering course fore and aft, to which were attached bow and stern castings, making the boat about 30 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 5 feet deep. A longitudinal strip 12 inches wide was riveted the full length on top. At each end a bulk-head was riveted across to form water-ballast tanks (unfortunately these were left open on top); they were used in raising and sinking the boat. In addition to these water tanks the boat was ballasted by flat castings, made to fit the outside bottom of the shell and fastened thereto by "Tee" headed bolts passing through stuffing boxes inside the boat, the inside end of bolt squared to fit a wrench,

that the bolts might be turned and the ballast dropped, should the necessity arise.

In connection with each of the water tanks there was a sea-cock open to the sea to supply the tank for sinking; also a force pump to eject the water from the tanks in the sea for raising the boat to the surface. There was also a bilge connection to the pump. A mercury gauge, open to the sea, was attached to the shell near the forward tank, to indicate the depth of the boat below the surface. A one and a quarter shaft passed through stuffing boxes on each side of the boat, just forward of the end of the propeller shaft. On each end of this shaft, outside of the boat, castings, or later fins, five feet long and eight inches wide, were secured. This shaft was operated by a lever amidships, and by raising or lowering the ends of these fins, operated as the fins of a fish, changing the depth of the boat below the surface at will, without disturbing the water level in the ballast tanks.

The rudder was operated by a wheel, and levers connected to rods passing through stuffing boxes in the stern castings, and operated by the captain or pilot forward. An adjusted compass was placed in front of the forward tank. The boat was operated by manual power, with an ordinary propeller. On the propeller shaft there were formed eight cranks at different angles; the shaft was supported by brackets on the starboard side, the men sitting on the port side turning on the cranks. The propeller shaft and cranks took up so much room that it was very difficult to pass fore and aft, and when the men were in their places this was next to impossible. In operation, one half of the crew had to pass through the fore hatch, the other through the after hatchway. The propeller revolved in a wrought iron ring or band, to guard against a line being thrown in to foul it. There were two hatchways—one fore and one aft—16 inches by 12, with a combing 8 inches high. These hatches had hinged covers with rubber gasket, and were bolted from the inside. In the sides and ends of these combings glasses were inserted to sight from. There was an opening made in the top of the boat for an air box, a casting with a close top 12 by 18 by 4 inches, made to carry a hollow shaft. This shaft passed through stuffing boxes. On each end was an elbow with a 4-foot length of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch pipe, and keyed to the hollow shaft; on the inside was a lever with a stop-cock to admit air.

The torpedo was a copper cylinder holding a charge of ninety pounds of explosive, with percussion and friction primer mechanism,

set off by flaring triggers. It was originally intended to float the torpedo on the surface of the water, the boat to dive under the vessel to be attacked, towing the torpedo with a line 200 feet after her, one of the triggers to touch the vessel and explode the torpedo, and in the experiments made in the smooth water of Mobile river on some old flatboats these plans operated successfully, but in rough water the torpedo was continually coming too near the rough boat. We then rigged a yellow-pine boom, 22 feet long and tapering; this was attached to the bow, banded and guyed on each side. A socket on the torpedo secured it to the boom.

Two men experienced in handling the boat, and seven others composed the crew. The first officer steered and handled the boat forward, and the second attended to the after-tank and pumps and the air supply, all hands turning on the cranks except the first officer. There was just sufficient room for these two to stand in their places with their heads in the hatchways and take observations through the lights of the combings.

ALL HANDS ABOARD.

All hands aboard and ready, they would fasten the hatch covers down tight, light a candle, then let the water in from the sea into the ballast tanks until the top of the shell was about three inches under water. This could be seen by the water lever showing through the glasses in the hatch combings. The seacocks were then closed and the boat put under way. The captain would then lower the lever and depress the forward end of the fins very slightly, noting on the mercury gauge the depth of the boat beneath the surface; then bring the fins to a level; the boat would remain and travel at that depth. To rise to a higher level in the water he would raise the lever and elevate the forward end of the fins, and the boat would rise to its original position in the water.

If the boat was not under way, in order to rise to the surface, it was necessary to start the pumps, and lighten the boat by ejecting the water from the tanks into the sea. In making a landing, the second officer would open his hatch cover, climb out and pass a line to shore. After the experience with the boats in Mobile bay the authorities decided that Charleston harbor, with the monitors and blockaders there would be a better field for this boat to operate in, and General Maury had her sent by rail to General Beauregard at Charleston, S. C. Lieutenant John Payne, Confederate States navy, then on duty at Charleston, S. C., volunteered with eight others of

the navy to take the boat out. The crew were about ready to make their first attack; eight men had gotten aboard, when a swell swamped the boat, drowning the eight men in her. The boat was raised, Lieutenant Payne and eight others again volunteering. She was about ready to go out, when she was swamped the second time. Lieutenant Payne and two of the crew escaped, but six men were drowned in her.

General Beauregard, then turned the boat over to a volunteer crew from Mobile, known as the "Hunley and Parks crew." Captain Hunley and Thomas Parks (one of the best of men), of the firm of Parks & Lyons, in whose shop the boat had been built, were in charge, with Messrs. Brockbank, Patterson, McHugh, Marshall, White, Beard, and another, as the crew, and until the day this crew left Mobile it was understood that the writer of this was to be one of them, but on the eve of that day Mr. Parks prevailed on the writer to let him take his place. Nearly all the men had had some experience in the boat before leaving Mobile, and were well qualified to operate her.

After the boat had been made ready again Captain Hunley practiced the crew diving and rising again on many occasions, until one evening, in the presence of a number of people on the wharf, she sank and remained sunk for some days, thus drowning her crew of nine men, or a total up to this time of three different crews, or twenty-three men.

Lieutenant George E. Dixon, like myself, was a mechanical engineer, and belonged to the same regiment, the Twenty-first Alabama. He had taken great interest in the boats while building, and during their operations in Mobile river, and would have been one of the "Hunley and Parks" crew had there been a vacancy. As soon as the news that the boat had been lost again was verified, we discussed the matter together and decided to offer our services to General Beauregard, to raise and operate the boat for the defence of Charleston harbor.

Our offer was accepted and we were ordered to report to General Jordan, chief of staff. The boat was raised, and the bodies were buried in the cemetery at Charleston. A monument with suitable inscription marks the spot. There had been much speculation as to the cause of the loss of the boat, for there could have been no swamping as in the other two cases, but the position in which the boat was found on the bottom of the river, the condition of the apparatus discovered after it was raised and pumped out, and the posi-

tion of the bodies in the boat, furnished a full explanation for her loss. The boat, when found, was lying on the bottom at an angle of about 35 degrees, the bow deep in the mud. The holding-down bolts of each cover had been removed. When the hatch covers were lifted considerable air and gas escaped. Captain Hunley's body was forward, with his head in the forward hatchway, his right hand on top of his head (he had been trying, it would seem, to raise the hatch cover). In his left hand was a candle that had never been lighted, the sea cock on the forward end, or Hunley's ballast tank, was wide open, the cock-wrench not on the plug, but lying on the bottom of the boat. Mr. Parks' body was found with his head in the after hatchway, his right hand above his head. He also had been trying to raise his hatch cover, but the pressure was too great. The sea cock to his tank was nearly empty. The other bodies were floating in the water. Hunley and Parks were undoubtedly asphyxiated, the others drowned. The bolts that held the iron keel ballast had been partially turned, but not sufficient to release it.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS.

In the light of these conditions, we can easily depict before our minds, and almost as readily explain, what took place in the boat during the moments immediately following its submergence. Captain Hunley's practice with the boat had made him quite familiar and expert in handling her, and this familiarity produced at this time forgetfulness. It was found in practice to be easier on the crew to come to the surface by giving the pumps a few strokes and ejecting some of the water ballast, than by the momentum of the boat operating on the elevated fins. At this time the boat was under way, lighted through the dead-lights in the hatch-ways. He partly turned the fins to go down, but thought, no doubt, that he needed more ballast and opened his sea cock. Immediately the boat was in total darkness. He then undertook to light the candle. While trying to do this the tank quickly flooded, and under great pressure the boat sank very fast and soon overflowed, and the first intimation they would have of anything being wrong was the water rising fast, but noiselessly, about their feet in the bottom of the boat. They tried to release the iron keel ballast, but did not turn the keys quite far enough, therefore failed. The water soon forced the air to the top of the boat and into the hatchways, where Captains Hunley and Parks were found. Parks had pumped his ballast tank dry, and no

doubt Captain Hunley had exhausted himself on his pump, but he had forgotten that he had not closed his sea-cock.

We soon had the boat refitted and in good shape, reported to General Jordan, chief of staff, that the boat was ready again for service, and asked for a crew. After many refusals and much dissuasion General Beauregard finally assented to our going aboard the Confederate States navy receiving ship *Indian Chief*, then lying in the river, and secure volunteers for a crew, strictly enjoining upon us, however, that a full history of the boat in the past, of its having been lost three times and drowning twenty-three men in Charleston, and full explanation of the hazardous nature of the service required of them, was to be given to each man. This was done, a crew shipped, and after a little practice in the river we were ordered to moor the boat off Battery Marshall, on Sullivan's Island. Quarters were given us at Mount Pleasant, seven miles from Battery Marshall. On account of chain booms having been put around the ironsides and monitors in Charleston harbor to keep us off these vessels, we had to turn our attention to the fleet outside. The nearest vessel, which we understood to be the United States frigate *Wabash*, was about twelve miles off, and she was our objective point from this time on.

In comparatively smooth water and light current the *Hunley* could make four miles an hour, but in rough water the speed was much slower. It was winter, therefore necessary that we go out with the ebb and come in with the flood tide, a fair wind, and dark moon. This latter was essential to our success, as our experience had fully demonstrated the necessity of occasionally coming to the surface, slightly lifting the hatch-cover, and letting in a little air. On several occasions we came to the surface for air, opened the cover, and heard the men in the Federal picket boats talking and singing. Our daily routine, whenever possible, was about as follows:

Leave Mount Pleasant about 1 P. M., walk seven miles to Battery Marshall on the beach (this exposed us to fire, but it was the best walking), take the boat out and practice the crew for two hours in the Back bay. Dixon and myself would then stretch out on the beach with the compass between us and get the bearings of the nearest vessel as she took her position for the night; ship up the torpedo on the boom, and, when dark, go out, steering for the vessel, proceed until the condition of the men, sea, tide, wind, moon, and daylight compelled our return to the dock; unship the torpedo,

put it under guard at Battery Marshall, walk back to quarters at Mount Pleasant, and cook breakfast.

TERRIBLE DIFFICULTIES.

During the months of November and December, 1863, through January and the early part of February, 1864, the wind held contrary, making it difficult, with our limited power, to make much headway. During this time we went out on an average of four nights a week, but on account of the weather, and considering the physical condition of the men to propel the boat back again, often, after going out six or seven miles, we would have to return. This we always found a task, and many times it taxed our utmost exertions to keep from drifting out to sea, daylight often breaking while we were yet in range. This experience, also our desire to know, in case we struck a vessel (circumstances required our keeping below the surface), suggested that while in safe water we make the experiment to find out how long it was possible to stay under water without coming to the surface for air and not injure the crew.

It was agreed by all hands, to sink and let the boat rest on the bottom, in the Back bay, off Battery Marshall, each man to make equal physical exertion in turning the propeller. It was also agreed that if any one in the boat felt that he must come to the surface for air, and he gave the word "up," we would at once bring the boat to the surface.

It was usual, when practicing in the bay, that the banks would be lined with soldiers. One evening, after alternately diving and rising many times, Dixon and myself and several of the crew compared watches, noted the time and sank for the test. In twenty-five minutes after I had closed the after manhead and excluded the outer air the candle would not burn. Dixon forward and myself aft, turned on the propeller cranks as hard as we could. In comparing our individual experience afterwards, the experience of one was found to have been the experience of all. Each man had determined that he would not be the first to say "up." Not a word was said, except the occasional, "How is it," between Dixon and myself, until it was as the voice of one man, the word "up" came from all nine. We started the pumps, but I soon realized that my pump was not throwing. From experience I guessed the cause of the failure, took off the cap of the pump, lifted the valve, and drew out some seaweed that had choked it.

During the time it took to do this the boat was considerably by

the stern. Thick darkness prevailed. All hands had already endured what they thought was the utmost limit. Some of the crew almost lost control of themselves. It was a terrible few minutes, "better imagined than described." We soon had the boat to the surface and the manhead opened. Fresh air! What an experience! Well, the sun was shining when we went down, the beach lined with soldiers. It was now quite dark, with one solitary soldier gazing on the spot where he had seen the boat before going down the last time. He did not see the boat until he saw me standing on the hatch combing, calling to him to stand by to take the line. A light was struck and the time taken. We had been on the bottom two hours and thirty-five minutes. The candles ceased to burn in twenty-five minutes after we went down, showing that we had remained under water two hours and ten minutes after the candle went out.

The soldier informed us that we had been given up for lost, that a message had been sent to General Beauregard at Charleston that the torpedo boat had been lost that evening off Battery Marshall with all hands.

We got back to the quarters at Mount Pleasant that night, went over early next morning to the city (Charleston) and reported to General Beauregard the facts of the affair. They were all glad to see us.

After making a full report of our experience, General Rains, of General Beauregard's staff, who was present, expressed some doubt of our having stayed under water two hours and ten minutes after the candle went out. Not that any of us wanted to go through the same experience again, but we did our best to get him to come over to Sullivan's Island and witness a demonstration of the fact, but without avail. We continued to go out as often as the weather permitted, hoping against hope, each time taking greater risks of getting back. On the last of January we interviewed the Charleston pilots again, and they gave it as their opinion that the wind would hold in the same quarter for several weeks.

On February 5, 1864, I received orders to report in Charleston to General Jordan, chief of staff, who gave me transportation and orders to report at Mobile, to build a breech-loading repeating gun. This was a terrible blow, both to Dixon and myself, after we had gone through so much together. General Jordan told Dixon he would get two men to take my place from the German artillery, but that I was wanted in Mobile. It was thought best not to tell the

crew that I was to leave them. I left Charleston that night and reached Mobile in due course. I received from Dixon two notes shortly after reaching Mobile, one stating that the wind still held in the same quarter, etc., the other telling the regrets of the crew at my leaving and their feelings towards me; also that he expected to get men from the artillery to take my place. These notes, together with my passes, etc., are before me as I write. What mingled reminiscences they bring!

TWO VOLUNTEERS.

Soon after this I received a note from Captain Dixon, saying that he had succeeded in getting two volunteers from the German artillery, that for two days the wind had changed to fair, and he intended to try and get out that night. Next came the news that on February 17 the submarine torpedo boat *Hunley* had sunk the United States sloop-of-war *Housatonic* outside the bar off Charleston, S. C. As I read I cried out with disappointment that I was not there. Soon I noted that there was no mention of the whereabouts of the torpedo boat. I wired General Jordan daily for several days, but each time came the answer, "No news of the torpedo boat." After much thought, I concluded that Dixon had been unable to work his way back against wind and tide, and had been carried out to sea. I held this opinion until I read the account of the sinking of the *Housatonic*, by an officer of that vessel, published in the *Army and Navy Journal*, and afterwards the finding of the torpedo boat on the bottom with the wreck of the *Housatonic*. The plan was to take the bearings of the ships as they took position for the night, steer for one of them, keeping about six feet under water, coming occasionally to the surface for air and observation, and when nearing the vessel, come to the surface for final observation before striking her, which was to be done under her counter, if possible.

The account of the sinking of the *Housatonic* by the submarine torpedo boat, as given in the *Army and Navy Journal*, by one of the officers of that vessel, says: "It occurred February 17, 1864, at 8:45 P. M., about two and a half miles off Charleston bar. It was moonlight, with little wind, or sea. The lookout observed something moving in the water, the chain was slipped, and the engines backed when the crash came, the ship sinking in three minutes after being struck."

After the close of the war, the government divers working on the wreck of the *Housatonic*, discovered the torpedo boat with the wreck.

With this data the explanation of her loss is easy. The *Housatonic* was a new vessel on the station, and anchored closer in than the *Wabash* and others. On this night the wind had lulled, with but little sea on, and although it was moonlight, Dixon, who had been waiting so long for a change of wind, took the risk of the moonlight and went out. The lookout on the ship saw him when he came to the surface for his final observation before striking her. He, of course, not knowing that the ship had slipped her chain and was backing down upon him, then sank the boat a few feet, steered for the stern of the ship and struck. The momentum of the two vessels brought them together unexpectedly. The stern of the ship was blown off entirely. The momentum carried the torpedo boat into the wreck. Dixon and his men, unable to extricate themselves, sinking with it.

W. A. ALEXANDER.

Mobile, Ala., June, 1902.

[From the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, November, 1902.]

JOHNSTON'S LAST VOLLEY.

A Veteran Describes His Experiences in Durham at the Close of the War.

A Baltimore correspondent of the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, writes as follows:

Mr. David M. Sadler, who lives at 907 Arlington avenue, in this city, claims that he was one of those who fired the last volley of Johnston's army, and he also tells of a daring project of General Joe Wheeler's at the close of the Civil war. Sadler is an Arkansas man, and was in the first battle at Wilson Creek, Mo., August 10, 1861. From that time he served continuously to the end of the struggle, having had but one twelve-hour leave, and never having missed a day from the service.

He was with Wheeler on his last raid in Tennessee, and followed

the trail of Sherman's march to the sea. The Eleventh Texas, of which he was a member, was, he says, on rear guard at Branchville, S. C., and at Raleigh, ending its career at what was then known as Durham's Station.

The last shot, as described by Mr. Sadler, was fired in North Carolina, near Durham, after the preliminaries for the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston to General William T. Sherman had been arranged. The Eleventh Texas was a part of General Harrison's Brigade, and had dwindled from a full regiment down to only 105. Describing his experience at Durham, Mr. Sadler says:

"We had been on rear guard for three or four days and nights, and on the morning of April 26, 1865, just at dawn of day, a scout came into camp. They had found a barrel which contained some gallons of apple jack and had put some in a water bucket and the balance in a wash tub.

"We had camped along a hedge row, into which we had crawled to sleep. We were not up when the scout came in and called out 'Apple Jack!' but we were very soon out, and before the cups had gone around the outer pickets fired. Of course, we could not pour the jack out; it was too rich for Yanks. So we drank it in a hurry, and mounted our horses. The enemy was on us, and the scrap began. We divided our command into two squadrons—about fifty men each. The squadron next to the enemy would stay in line until the enemy would charge. Each man would empty one six-shooter, then fall back behind the other squadron and take a position. We were more or less exhilarated—probably more than less. The enemy came up vigorously, swift, and strong, in charge after charge—for we did not have to wait long for them. Business was good.

"In the course of an hour there developed a third squadron, which was more than exhilarated, fairly lubricated; for, when a squadron would fire, which would always check the enemy, the lubricated squadron would countercharge, and sometimes in close six-shooter range. The enemy came in right along, seemed to be looking for business, and we did not have to wait long at any time until ten or eleven o'clock.

"My squadron took a position behind a small field on the left-hand side of the road—the field was, say 150 or 200 yards wide. We were on a hillside, six miles from Chapel Hill. We had waited longer than usual, when a Yank hallooed on the other side of the field:

“ ‘Hello, Johnny; don’t shoot! We want to make peace with you.’ We halloood back: ‘All right.’ Then he rode out in the fence corner in plain view and halloood:

“ ‘Johnny, what command is that?’

“ ‘The Eleventh Texas.’

“ ‘He halloood back: ‘What is the matter with you boys this morning?’

“ ‘We are drunk and reckless, and if you want to fight come over!’

“ ‘I thought there was something the matter, for we never saw you boys so lively before; go into camp, the war is over for to-day.’

“ ‘He turned and went away.

“ ‘In a few minutes we turned out of line and went back. Soon we came to General Wheeler and other officers, and went into camp on a hillside among small trees. Towards night word came that General Johnston had surrendered and that in the morning we would have to stack arms. Our camp was turned into a camp of mourning; men and officers mingled their tears together. Old, weather-beaten and battle-scarred soldiers who had prided themselves on their six-shooters, horses, and valor as soldiers, threw their belts aside as something to get rid of, and wept like whipped children.

“ ‘The colonel came out and made a speech. Among other things he said: ‘Napoleon boasted that his Old Guard had been under fire a hundred times, but he could boast of this regiment as having been under fire in battles and skirmishes more than three hundred times.’ ”

But Mr. Sadler has an even more interesting reminiscence than this, and one that I have never seen in any history—nothing less than a proposal by General Joe Wheeler to recapture President Jefferson Davis, rush him rapidly through Texas, and place him on Mexican soil, where he would be safe from harm.

Mr. Sadler says that on the day of Johnston’s surrender the news spread through the camp at Durham that General Wheeler wanted volunteers to escort Mr. Davis to Mexico. War-worn as were these old veterans, he could have secured all of them if necessary. But he chose only 151, most of them from the Eleventh Texas. The speech of General Wheeler to this little band of followers Mr. Sadler quotes as follows:

“ ‘The Confederate Government for the present is powerless to act, but its head is alive and shall not die. We will take President

Davis across the Mississippi river and carry on guerrilla warfare; make raids back across the river, in the spring visit our old stamping-grounds, strew flowers on the graves of our fallen comrades, and gather supplies for a winter campaign and skirmish on the prairies of Texas with rifle artillery, and, if we have to, will cross the Rio Grande into Mexico, for the enemy shall never have the head of the Confederacy."

HAMPTON'S WORDS.

Mr. Sadler says this band, travelling in a direct line, would have crossed the Catawba river at Beatty's Ferry, but in the night they took the road to Beatty's Ford, which delayed them a day or two. They saw Wade Hampton in Yorkville, S. C. When they mounted their horses to go he was standing in the door of a broad granary and said: "May God speed and bless you on your errand, and my prayers are that you may be successful in your undertaking."

"We went on towards Washington," said Mr. Sadler, "and on the morning of May 3d, about 10 o'clock, were within three miles of the place. Men were going in every direction; some paroled, some were not, but each one was making for home. Everybody inquired of everybody for news, and we were fairly well posted as to movements, etc., and from them we learned that President Davis had left Washington nearly two days before and gone in a southerly direction, and that the enemy came the previous day about 3 P. M. We turned into a woods, along a fence, into what seemed a swamp in wet weather. We fed our horses and ate something ourselves. We had gotten some paroles from the soldiers. Writing material was gotten out, and several men went to writing or copying paroles. Each man got one. General Wheeler took parole as Lieutenant Sharp of Company C, Eleventh Georgia. He was mounted on a spotted stud that was captured from General Kilpatrick near Fayetteville, on the Cape Fear river, North Carolina.

"Then General Wheeler gave us a few parting words, in which he said that we no longer owed allegiance to the Confederacy; that we were free to go and shift for ourselves; that our cause for the present was lost. Look for the worst, but hope for the best.

"Then camp began to break up; probably one man would shake hands with a few chums, mount his horse and go, or probably six, eight or ten would go together. In my squad there were seventeen, and, after we got away from camp, we held a counsel of war. We

determined to go south of Washington and scout around and try to find President Davis. But we got no trace of him.

“Once we thought we were on his trail. We learned that there was some high official with several wagons and ambulances southwest of us. We hurried forward and overtook the train on the Ocmulgee river. It proved to be General Braxton Bragg. We inquired of him, but he knew nothing of Mr. Davis. We went on past him on the river road to a bridge. We could see the bridge for a mile or more. When we got within a few hundred yards of the bridge we halted and held a counsel as to what to do, for there was a Yankee picket on the far end of the bridge. Whilst we were talking as to what was best to do, General Bragg’s wagons came up and turned into the woods and went into camp. The picket was watching us. All at once he turned his horse and galloped away. We galloped down and across the bridge and left the road. When we got on high ground we could see the Yanks in Bragg’s camp.”

Then they abandoned the pursuit of Mr. Davis and headed for Texas.

This reminiscence of Mr. Sadler gives us a new light on the character and daring of that little Alabamian who has been fighting from the time he put on long pants and hasn’t stopped it yet. He was the inspiration of the army in Cuba, and a prominent officer said not long ago that he believed if it had not been for Wheeler, Shafter would have been badly beaten at Santiago.

What a life that little General has led! His biography, told in the plainest language, would make the average romance seem commonplace.

[From the New Orleans (La.) *Picayune*, November 9, 1902.]

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

An Eyewitness’ Thrilling Story of the Great Conflict, as
Seen From the Federal Side.

The following article was written by a newspaper correspondent present on the Federal side at the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863. It appeared September 28, 1863, in the Cincinnati

Commercial, and is now reprinted as an interesting contemporary historical document, shedding light on the progress of the battle, and proving conclusively that the Army of Tennessee won a great victory on that bloody field. What the result might have been, had the Confederates pressed their advantage, no one can say.—Editor *Picayune*.

Morning broke cold and dim. A rank fog obscured the camp fires and transformed the flitting figures around them into gnomes. The rattling of wagons, the vehement rumbling of caissons, and the low, monotonous word of command were heard in all directions. A heavy white frost—the first, I believe, of the month—shone icily on the grass, as the glow of the muffled flames touched it redly.

The line of battle was fully established by seven o'clock. The divisions were not in the same order as they went into the fight on Saturday. Some had rallied, and in going back had deflected to the right or left, leaving gaps which other divisions must close. I do not believe that any mortal man can give the order of each brigade, as it was left by the ebb of Saturday's battle. But during the night the divisions had regathered their estray, but unshattered regiments, and stood ready once more to test the powers of the foe.

Thomas still held the left with Palmer's and Johnson's Divisions attached to his corps and thrown in his center. Brannan was retired slightly, his regiments arrayed in echelon. Van Cleve was placed on the west side of the first road, in the rear of the line, and held in reserve. Wood, Davis and Sheridan followed next, the latter holding the extreme right. General Lytle still held the position at Gordon's Mills, although now dangerously isolated from the right.

Thus it will be seen that three-fourths of the army was concentrated on the left, with the view of holding that vital point. The right was much too weak, but it was a question between defeat and destruction. We could afford to have our right shattered, but the left center must have all the troops they required, or the army was ruined—totally, irreparably lost.

Before the sun rose I rode slowly through the trains towards General Rosecrans' headquarters. They had been established the previous day at a loghouse, known as the residence of the widow Glenn. It was surrounded by corn fields, and commanding a view slight enough of itself, but more extensive than could be found in other places. The battle field was almost one vast forest. It was interspersed with fields and clearings, but it was seldom that the troops

held any position on open ground. When they were not drawn up in the forests, they skirted the borders of a clearing. A charge across one of these must carry the opposite wood, or the column fall back under cover in confusion. Nothing could live in these open fields on Saturday under the solid sheet of musket balls that tore across them hour after hour.

Arriving at headquarters, I found the staff servants rolling up the blankets, and the orderlies bridling their horses. Headquarters, like the army itself, must go further to the left. The widow Glenn's house had been selected the previous day, because it was thought that it would be near the center of the line of battle; but one day's fighting had completely unmasked it, leaving it just on the verge of our extreme left. The day before it was far to the rear of the line; now it was surrounded by grim lines of troops standing to arms, chattering with the penetrating cold of early morning, but grasping their guns firmly. A battery was driving through the garden and wheeling into position, and a moment after I saw it was General Lytle's. His brigade soon marched up and took position near the house. This startled, while it relieved me. We could not then afford to let a brigade lie idle—at such an important ford as Gordon's Mills. The enemy were at liberty to crush our right, and we were powerless to avert it. The only hope was that they would not attempt it, that they would mass everything on the right, just as we had massed it on the left.

General Rosecrans shortly afterwards emerged from the house. He was enveloped in a blue army overcoat, his pantaloons stuffed in his boots, and a light brown felt hat of uncertain shape was drawn over his brow. A cigar, unlit, was held between his teeth, and his mouth was compressed as if he were shortly biting it. He stalked to a heap of embers where I was standing, and stood a moment silently by my side. An orderly brought a raw-boned, muscular, dappled gray horse to him, and mounting it without a word, he rode down the lane toward the road, his staff clattering after him, and understanding his mood, perhaps, as silent as himself.

I knew, for I had seen old Rosecrans often and under widely differing circumstances, that he was filled with apprehensions for the issue of the day's fight. I recognized a change instantly, although I could hardly say in what it consisted. Rosecrans usually is brisk, nervous, powerful of presence, and to see him silent, or absorbed in what looked very much like gloomy contemplation, filled me with indefinable dread. Remember, this was but for an instant,

and when the leader thought he was entirely unobserved. Rosecrans is too good a soldier to let his face reflect to his men, either his hopes or his forebodings.

An hour passed by and the battle had not been revived. The troops, wearied of standing, in expectant phalanx, reclined on the ground, but where they could regain their places at a single bound. Eight o'clock came, and the sun had lifted the fog and sent a grateful warmth to the long, shivering lines of humanity. A few shots on the skirmish line betrayed the fact that both armies were ready, and, apparently, each waiting for the other to open the initial fire.

Nine o'clock, and even the pickets were quiet. I rode over toward the left, and hearing no firing, I turned my horse's head directly toward the front. Here was Brannan's Division, with its regiments retired one after another as a sort of reserve. My heart sank again as I looked upon the slender regiments. This was the first battle for that division. First commanded by Thomas, three or four of its regiments distinguished themselves at Mill Springs, but after that they missed the great battles of Shiloh and Stone River. Saturday morning they mustered nearly 8,000 bayonets—nearly double the average strength of the division.

The next day there were few regiments that numbered 200 men. The day before it was almost a pistol shot from the colors to the flanks. Now a child could have easily spanned the distance with a pebble. Thrice had they driven the enemy, and thrice had they been driven, and the slight—slight lines called a regiment—attested that they were veterans, though fighting their virgin battle. There was the Eleventh Ohio, scarcely numbering two small companies, coolly waiting for the shock. Beside was an Indiana regiment, a year and a half younger in the service, but, alas! as stunted of men as its battle-battered companion.

Moving forward to our foremost line of battle, I struck upon Palmer's division holding a slight hill, on the crest of which they had erected a little palisade of logs and rails. Over this a dozen cannon were peering, and the men stood in lengthened groups listening to the straggling skirmish fire which had again broken out. The Second Kentucky was there, and while I was shaking hands with old friends the firing in front swelled up, until the crack of a hundred rifles startled the air. The soldiers sprang to their palisade without a word, and rested their guns calmly across it. Old soldiers and true soldiers, they needed no command to warn them to their post.

Returning to the rear, I passed many of the dead of both armies.

Here I stopped my horse to gaze on the sweet face of a mere boy, in rebel uniform, who had been shot through the heart. I never saw a lovelier smile than that which death had imprinted on his face. His eyes, moist and blue as in life, were wide open, and expressed an excited state, if ever I saw it in human face. His lips were parted by a winning smile. I have seen pleasure on the faces of the slain before, but never anything that was so unequivocally happy. The dead boy could not have been more than fifteen. He was enveloped rather than dressed in a loose gray uniform, as neatly kept as it was clumsy. His loose stockings had fallen around his worn shoes, revealing a white and slender leg. What mother was robbed of her tender child when this poor boy fell?

Not far off reclined a German Federal artilleryman, with a patriarchal beard and a face as composed in death as if modeled after Socrates' own. He had bled to death from a wound in the neck, and his features wore the placid look of all who die from that cause. One arm was thrown under his head; the other lay loosely by his side. His fingers had almost clasped a delicate mimosa that ran near, but its fragile leaves had opened with the morning. An infant's breath would shut up its tender foliage—it would almost shrink together from the touch of the wild bee's foot—but its stem twined between the dead soldier's fingers, with leaves as open and blooming as if it loved the cold carcass.

Turning again to the rear, I passed into a hospital. Here I found a number of the Woodward boys, one of the first companies to leave Cincinnati. It had taken twenty-eight men into Saturday's fight; of that number two were killed and eleven wounded. There was little Jesse De Beck, who once discharged from service as a minor against his will, ran off from home with his company, went to Western Virginia and re-enlisted. He lay shot in three places—leg, right arm, and a hideous wound through the mouth. He extended his left hand to me, with an apology for not giving me his shattered right—the little hero. "I am nearly shot to pieces, ain't I," he said, as well as he could utter the words through his torn palate and jaw, but not a word of complaint, not a sigh of pain or discomfort would he utter.

Sorrowfully I turned from the place, and next found myself where Van Cleve was stationed as a reserve. Here was Sam Beatty with what he brought out of his brilliant charge of the day before; 390 men were all that were left of the 1,400—our regiments in all averaging less than 100 men each. These figures I took from his

morning report, and if I felt alarmed at the smallness of the battalions before, the infallible logic of figures did not reassure me.

A quarter to 10 I rode over to a cornfield in the rear of the lines and threw a few ears of corn to my horse—a lean, stubborn colt—stubborn to lack of bridle knowledge rather than any inherent vice. A funny animal was that colt. Indeed, army correspondents seem to get an eccentric beast through some fatality. My colt had a very confident way of selecting a tree at any stage of a journey, and siding up to it to be tied, and it required all the pointed eloquence of my heels to stir him. But he was green rather than vicious, for he would take my companion's clucks as soon as my own, and increase his gait accordingly.

While he was munching his corn a sharp scrimmage broke out on the left; a battery followed with four rapid discharges, the musket fire rekindled, and in a moment there was a crash—a heavy volley of musketry, such a one as no line of skirmishers ever fired. I say by my watch that it lacked five minutes of ten.

The enemy opened a battery, and a grapeshot, wide of its destination, struck within a few feet of me and glanced off up the hill. I tried a knob further along, but an occasional minie whistled by vehemently. It seemed as if there was no place within sight of the battle-field that was absolutely safe.

The thunder of battle deepened, and for an hour there was no pause. The musketry was furious, drowning the thunderous throbbing of a half dozen of our batteries in fierce action. For two miles I could see the gray-blue smoke arise from the trees, tufted here and there by whirling spheres of vapor, as they vomited from the hot and cavernous artillery.

There came a rife of stragglers to the rear—negroes leading officers' horses, wounded men, and some, I thought, only feigning to be wounded; they drifted slowly up the hill where I stood, their pace accelerated occasionally by the chance vagrant minies. These are the legitimate refuse of the fight, I thought. Every battle is the same thing—and I was thankful that there were no more of them. The stream stopped, and the battle grew more and more noisily terrible.

Suddenly, a frightful cheer broke out along our entire left. Not a round, manly cheer—not a Federal cheer—but a frantic prolonged yell, pitched almost to a childish treble. It grew plainer and plainer, and I felt that the enemy was making the grand charge, for which he had been gathering himself during the morning. I could see

the smoke from the fresh batteries arise; and I could tell that every musket in more than half our army was unflinchingly belching death's flame into the very faces of the surging foe. How anxiously I watched those forests from which if overpowered, our forces must issue in confusion. Thank God, not a man came out. The wild cheer often vying with the clangor of battle for ten minutes—an eternity it seemed to my ears—dwindled away, then gushed out again, but further off. At last it died out slowly, prolonged shrilly toward the end, as if some Winkelried refused to follow his flying comrades, and was defying death in the shower of iron that seemed to rip and shiver every atom of space save where he was standing.

The terrific charge on the left had failed, but the thunder did not slacken. There were times when the elastic air and the impassive earth seemed to throb with the pulse of battle. At 12 o'clock the firing extended toward the right. We opened fresh batteries, and all, save Davis and Sheridan, were fighting. The terrific fury of the firing at this time cannot be described. It brought the hearts of those who were listening, in the rear, to their mouths. A dozen awful claps of thunder at the same instant might have been heard above the din of that fearful noon, but it could hardly have sensibly increased the crushing volume of sound.

Brannan, Baird, Negley, Reynolds, Johnson, and Palmer were engaged in deadly conflict. They had repulsed the great charge of the day, but at heavy cost. The enemy had plenty of reserve, and massed them again on the left. He pushed his lines forward, and the weakness of our brave right was beginning to show. At the end of one short hour Van Cleve was no longer in reserve. He was fighting with Thomas, for the left—that terrible, gluttonous left. Wood, too, has been shoved in that direction, under a heavy fire, that cost him heavily; but he cannot stop to answer. He pushed forward and faced to the front, and his men at last returned shot for shot.

At 1 o'clock the roar of battle had not abated in the least. Another stream of stragglers break to rear, heavier than the first one. Again I tried to convince myself that this is all legitimate. Men with guns pour out, and I cannot see that they are hurt. Four caissons trot out briskly and take up the hill obliquely, hurriedly, it is true, but not panic-stricken. I gallop over and ask the name of the battery. "One of Johnson's" is the reply, "and that is all that is left."

Once more the stream abated. A thousand men, perhaps, had

left the field. "A brigade whipped, only," I argued; "no occasion for an alarm." The firing sounded nearer, but not much. Two o'clock came and it had neared alarmingly. Shortly after, for the third time, the stragglers issued from the woods. Now they come in great waves, some taking the nearest road toward Chattanooga, many crossing the hills to strike other roads. A colonel rode out, followed by forty or fifty men, and took his way down the road leisurely. The streams poured out disorganized, but not apparently alarmed. A moment more, and they seemed to issue by brigades. Great God! was the whole army—the flower of the Yankee service, as its enemies had termed it—to blot history with another Bull Run?

The caissons of two more entire batteries were mingling with the retreating army. Down the road the mass pushed, horses and men filling it, and struggling through the open forests on either side. I looked back, and still great waves of men came out, defeated and disorganized. There was no panic and but little visible hurry in this broken mass of men. As the line pushed on toward Chattanooga the trains that had been parked along the roadside at different points poured into the throng and took the same direction. Not another Bull Run, after all, I thought, for even the teamsters are collected.

For an instant, however, there was a panic. A shrill shout came up from behind and the stragglers scattered from the road, thinking that the enemy's cavalry was upon them. The next moment their alarm was quieted. A deer which had been hunted from its fastness by these two great searching armies, bounded down the road and darting through the disconcerted teams, dashed up the hill, while a thousand contiguous stragglers clutched vainly at his fleet limbs. The rout again became leisurely.

I learned that after the withdrawal of Wood from the center, Davis and Sheridan were necessarily called upon to fill the gap. Davis moved rapidly to the left, but after getting his position he could not alone breast the storm. The enemy began to perceive he could not pierce our left, and massed his reserves on our right. Sheridan, whose division, like himself, is unfaltering, brave and hopeful, was compelled to abandon his strong position of the morning and move by the flank on the double quick to the left. He found Wood and Davis falling to pieces rapidly. His own men were falling thick—shot down while they were marching. He ordered his second brigade, Colonel Leiboldt, to deploy at the run and charge. The veterans made the charge nobly, but before they can reach the foe a

brigade of Davis is in enfiladed, and the men, able to escape only to the right, overrun the charging columns and tear it to pieces.

General Lytle had barely fronted his brigade when he was struck by a bullet in the head. His third battle and his third wound! Struck at Carnifex Ferry and grievously hurt at Perryville, on both occasions he had requested those around to leave him, exclaiming that he was mortally hurt. Falling in the arms of one of his volunteer aids, he again begged to be abandoned. Not until the enemy had almost closed around him did the aid obey his desires, and then the General was apparently dead. Heaven grant that as at Perryville he may survive to the country. His brigade, their leader lost and without support on the right, fell back with the rest of Sheridan's Divisions, fighting the while.

This was the story I gathered from some of Davis' retreating men, but I could find none of Sheridan's. The rebels cut our army in two, and Sheridan, isolated on the right, is captured bodily, was the only intelligence I could get concerning him. Gloomy enough! I never felt more certain of anything in my life than that Rosecrans' army was utterly lost. I could not understand why the firing on the left was unabated any more than I could understand why this vast column of retreating men was unmolested.

A rumor came back to several of Rosecrans' staff that he had last been seen leading a charge. He was either missing or dead. I heard it, and thought involuntarily of the Libby Prison.

Rosecrans, with some of his staff, had thrown himself under fire and endeavored to rally the ranks that had been scattered by the seemingly fatal attack on the left; but his heroic appeals were disregarded. Mortal courage could not have rallied the men on that field. Their ranks torn to pieces, their flanks passed at pleasure by the cunning enemy, they fled. But they fled as brave soldiers flee—without a panic.

Reaching Missionary Ridge, six miles from Chattanooga, I found a line of infantry and cavalry drawn across the ridge to stop the retreating column. The men stopped without a word. No longer subjected to a hellish fire, they could reform at last, and they fell into line again, not only with alacrity, but with an appearance of relief.

Meantime, the fighting still progressed on the left. The right of Thomas' line was ragged and uncertain, and the enemy was soon enveloping it. Thomas finding his right doubling back upon him, fell back just as his troops began to show symptoms of confusion. Taking a position on a strong ridge, he rallied and inspired his lines,

and rode up and down them with drawn sword. When General Thomas flourishes his sword the danger must be great, for, modest and unaffected as a child, his courage is of that high moral order that shrinks from display. He fights from principle, quietly, stubbornly, inflexibly, and he expects no less of his troops.

I shall not attempt to say who remained with Thomas throughout that day. I shall mention some, however, who should have done so. The masses of men who drifted back toward Chattanooga included hundreds of every division in the army save Sheridan's, who had been completely cut off. There were hundreds of every division in the army who were with Thomas, and fought with him gallantly all that bitter day, although their own corps commanders were among the few armed men who passed the rallying line on Mission Ridge and made their way to Chattanooga.

The whole army had fought well. Overpowered in numbers, it had been partially crushed, but its spirit was indomitable. It would be rank injustice for me to single out the generals or divisions that remained with Thomas, for others were gathering together their broken lines, and Sheridan, the gallant "Little Corporal" of the army, though utterly isolated from the army, was heard from before the next morning gloriously enough.

Not knowing that Thomas still showed the bold front, although I heard the constant rattle of artillery towards his position, which I thought was from the guns of the slowly pursuing enemy. I passed on to Chattanooga, my belief that the army was utterly lost not lessened by seeing Major General McCook and Major General Crittenden in town without commands. I expected to see the whole army streaming into Chattanooga at their heels. But beyond a long line of Union soldiers slowly hobbling along the road, and perhaps a thousand stragglers who gradually found their way into the place, the signs of a retreating army lessened until the road was cumbered only by wagon trains, trotting calmly into town on several roads, and thence across the Tennessee as rapidly as they could move over the pontoons.

About 5 o'clock a courier from General Thomas arrived and reported that he was driving the enemy again. Reinforced by General Gordon Granger, he had turned upon the enemy, who was himself beginning to exhibit signs of grogginess. I felt the thrill of joy at this wholly unexpected announcement. I had thought the destruction of the army inevitable—Thomas, at least, entertained a different opinion. He had taken a position on Missionary Ridge, where he

still covered all ingress to Chattanooga. What was left of the 20,000 fighting men in his corps were with him and remnants of other divisions formed on his right. The position was a strong one, and the enemy in vain attempted to carry it. Their efforts were much feebler than in the morning, though there was still danger in them.

From this time Thomas, glorious Thomas, baffled them at every point. Charge after charge he rolled off with his troops, reinspired by Granger's timely brigades. As the efforts of the enemy grew feebler, he threw forward several brigades and drove him back almost beyond his old position, regaining one of the most important hospitals.

I firmly believe that the sudden giving way of the right division insured the salvation of the army. The right had been denuded of troops to re-enforce the left. The brave divisions that remained endeavored to close up the gaps on the double-quick. But many, as I have already said, were shot down on the march. Cut up piecemeal by that artful massing of the rebels on their own left, they must either have been surrounded or have given way as they did precipitately.

There is every reason to believe that the sudden disappearance of these two divisions threw the enemy into equal disorder. Some of his attacking brigades were opposed and driven away in confusion; others advanced slowly through the forest, expending their ammunition on the vacant air. At sunset on Sunday, Bragg's lines must have been as curiously disposed as our own.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, February 1, 1903.]

LEST WE FORGET—BEN BUTLER.

The Scathing Denunciation of His Course in War and Peace, Delivered in Congress by John Young Brown.

By Captain JAMES DINKINS.

Those who have respect for the maxim, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, will have very little to say for Ben Butler.

He was in all truth the most ferocious, cruel and vulgar beast that ever figured in human form in this country.

But, living or dead, the truth of history must be written of him, and it is not worth our while to soil the mantle of Charity by spreading it over his beastly record. John Young Brown, of Kentucky, told the plain truth of him when he described him in Congress some years ago as "brutal in war, pusillanimous in peace, and infamous in politics." His character was as vile as his features were hideous and repulsive. He was unable to understand an honest man's thoughts, or a gentleman's feelings, and he therefore gloried in his villainy and boasted of his shame.

A man more utterly destitute of moral sense than Beast Butler never lived in this country.

Soon after the war one of our newspapers published an acrostic on Butler:

Brutal and vulgar, a coward and knave,
Famed for no action noble or brave;
Beastly by instinct, a drunkard and sot,
Ugly and venomous, on mankind a blot;
Thief, liar and scoundrel in highest degree,
Let Yankeeedom boast of such heroes as thee.
Every woman and child shall for ages to come
Remember the monster, thou vilest of scum.

John Young Brown addressed the House in these words:

Mr. Speaker,—The South is broken. It lies in helplessness and despair, with homes dilapidated, villages wasted, its people bankrupt. Is there nothing in that situation to touch you with pity? If your magnanimity cannot be touched, will you not be moved by the sense of justice? By a conspiracy between the Attorney-General and Kellogg and a drunken Federal Judge, the sovereignty of State was overthrown. That usurpation has been perpetuated since by bayonets. But recently, one of your Generals entered the legislative halls, as Cromwell entered the English Parliament with Colonel Pride, and ruthlessly expelled the occupants. Onward and onward you go in defiance of the sentiment of the country, without pity and without justice, remorselessly determined, it seems, to drive the Southern people to destruction, to give their roofs to the flames and their flesh to the eagles. A Federal General steps on the scene and sends a dispatch to the world that the people of the State are banditti. We have heard it echoed everywhere that they were thieves and murderers and night-riders. The clergy of that State, Jew and

Gentile, have denied it. The business men and Northern residents have denied it. A committee of your own House, a majority being Republicans, has given its solemn and emphatic contradiction, and nailed the slander to the counter.

Now what should be said if that accusation should come from one—I speak not of men, but of language within the rules of this House—if that accusation against that people should come from one who is outlawed in his own home from respectable society, whose name is synonymous with falsehood, who is the champion and has been such on all occasions of fraud, who is the apologist of thieves, who is such a prodigy of vice and meanness that to describe him imagination would sicken and invective exhaust itself. In Scotland, years ago, there was a man whose trade was murder, and he earned his livelihood by selling the bodies of his victims for gold.

This man's name was linked to his crimes, and to-day, throughout the world, is known as "Burking." If I were to characterize all that was pusillanimous in war, inhuman in peace, forbidding in morals and infamous in politics, I should call it Butlerizing.

Speaking of the effect of Young's remarks, a newspaper writer gave the following descriptive account:

"Butler himself was not one of the first to catch the meaning of the hot, biting words which rang out so clear and distinct that not one syllable was unheard in the farthest corner of the hall. Butler clutched nervously at his desk, and leaned forward, as if he wanted to drink in the fearful arraignment to the full. Brown was evidently deeply in earnest, and after the first interruption by Hale, of New York, had the benefit of an exceedingly attentive audience, every one, both on the floor and in the galleries, having turned to hear what he intended to say. He is one of the best speakers in the House and gifted with a tenor voice which sounds with all the clear ring of silver. He has a deal of warmth and earnestness in his manner that makes his delivery unusually impressive under any circumstances, and this increased to-day as he neared the climax of his characterization to a pitch of hot, passionate utterances that made him more eloquent than anyone who has spoken in Congress for years. As the full intent of his words became apparent, the Speaker rattled savagely with his gavel. But Brown was no more to be stopped than a whirlwind. He leaned forward, his face crimson with the passionate determination that moved him, and his hands clenched together as if to force the scathing words out faster and still more forcibly. As his voice died on their ears, the first impulse moved

everyone to a long breath of relief. Such stinging words, such terrible denunciation, put with so much of real eloquence, are rarely heard, and could not but have moved the most stolid auditor."

Brown was censured by the Speaker, and wore it as a badge of honor. He is the only man who ever pierced the rhinosceronian hide of Ben Butler.

The London *Saturday Review*, of June 14, 1862, said:

The proclamation of General Butler, at New Orleans, has been read in England with a horror which no other event in this deplorable Civil war has created. The attention it has excited in Parliament inadequately represents the general feeling of indignation among us. It is difficult to conceive that a civilized man can have written it, or that civilized man can have been found to carry it out. This is not a generation in which men shudder at the ordinary horrors and brutalities of war. The experience of the last ten years has taught us, as actors, as sufferers and as bystanders, that war is not made of rose water. It is hard to set a limit to the horrors which rough, uneducated men, with their passions strung to the highest point, will commit in the first revelry of success. But such excesses have been usually confined to the first sack of a stormed town, and they have always, among civilized nations, been the result, not of a commander's order, but of the ungovernable brute impulses of the men. They have always been checked and disavowed by commanding officers, not only as demoralizing to their troops, but as a blot upon the flags under which they were committed.

In dealing with women, even the sternest commanders have as a rule been gentle. No conqueror but has had to face their unarmed hostility, all the bitterer and bolder that it was secure of impunity. In some cases it may have been firmly though mildly checked, in most instances it has been contemptuously passed by. Banishment from the places where their expressions of opinion might be embarrassing has usually been the extremest measure of rigor to which they have been exposed. Occasionally the animosity of some peculiarly brutal officer has hurried him beyond this limit, and he has inflicted upon women the punishments that are reserved for men. Such an instance was the well-known case of Haynau. But the execrations of all Europe spurned the perpetrator of that outrage, and rest upon his name even to this day. Yet his offense against humanity was light compared to that of which General Butler has been guilty. He outraged but one victim, and his cruelty left no stain upon her

fame. No commander of any civilized nation in the world up to this time has carried his contempt for manly feeling so far, as deliberately, for the purpose of repression, long after the excitement of battle was over, to let loose the lusts of men upon the women that had fallen into his hands. In this, as in other matters, the Model Republic has been the bearer of a new revelation to mankind. The Northerners are fond of boasting that they have to deal with a larger Civil war than ever before in history, started into being in the course of a single year, and that they have made themselves liable for a larger debt than any other State ever contracted in ten times the same period.

To these just subjects of exultation they may now add the gratifying reflection that they have by far the most ruffianly commander the world ever saw or dreamed of. If anything can add to the atrocity of General Butler's proclamation it is the slenderness of the provocation that called it forth. Even if the ladies of New Orleans had been detected conspiring in favor of the cause for which their husbands and brothers are fighting, it would have left an indellible infamy upon his name that he had attempted to punish them by subjecting them to the foulest dishonor a woman can undergo. But they have not been punished for conspiring. Their only offense has been that, "by gesture or word they have expressed contempt for Federal officers and soldiers." The Federal officers appear to be thin-skinned in the war of words—they find it an unequal combat.

The sarcasms of quick-witted French women, re-enforced possibly by the suggestions of their own consciences, have made them feel more keenly than they had felt before the bloodthirsty hypocrisy of their leaders. They feel even that derisive smiles are more than they can bear. If they are to continue to fight only with the same weapons, they are conscious that they may as well retire from the field altogether. But they have a weapon sharper than words, more cutting than sneering glances. They have an instrument in their armory which can tame the most taunting tongue, and quell the proudest woman's heart.

Physically they are the strongest, and, therefore, it is always in their power to inflict dishonor—that dishonor to which every woman is liable—of which no words can measure the hideous depth, and which no later reparation can efface. True, it is a kind of revenge which no man above the rank of a savage would employ. But what of that? The Federals have already shown to the world that they have a special interpretation of the word freedom, as well as of the

word bravery. It only remains for them to show that they have also a special interpretation of the word honor.

And it will be a sweet repayment for all the insults they have endured to hear the taunting accents change into sobs of despairing supplication—to see the disdainful cheek mantled with the blush of hopeless, helpless shame. Accordingly, General Butler issues his edict: “Any lady who shall, by word or gesture, express contempt of any Federal officer or soldier,” shall be liable, without protection or redress, to be treated as common prostitutes are treated. General Butler spares us the details of that treatment—for the Americans are a very decent people. He is, no doubt, fully conscious that the insulted officers and men will need no special instructions. It may be said that this is no affair of ours, and that if General Butler and his officers choose to treat the ladies of the city they have conquered as Alaric’s soldiers treated the nuns of Rome, or as the Sepoys are said to have treated our countrymen at Delhi, it does not concern us in England. It may be so. At least our indignation and our sympathy must be alike barren of practical result. We may be told, as we have been told before, that if we censure Americans with the freedom we have been wont to use toward Englishmen we shall embitter a powerful nation against our country; that we shall be sowing seeds of hatred that we shall reap in war. It is very possible. If generals in supreme command are so thin-skinned that to suppress a sarcasm or a gibe they are content to perpetuate an outrage to which the history of modern warfare can present no parallel, it is likely enough that they may wince at the outspoken language in which English politicians and English journalists record their judgment against deeds of infamy. Yet, it has not been the habit of those who guide opinion here to modify their censures of wrong on account of their sensitiveness or the power of the wrongdoer. The cruelty of the Minsk, the horrors of the Neapolitan prisons, the threatened bombardment of Palermo—all called forth a prompt and powerful reprobation from English writers and speakers. But none of these outrages will leave upon those who contrived them as deep a stain as that which this New Orleans proclamation fixed upon General Butler’s name. The crimes of European despots have either been justified by some precedent of statecraft or of war, or were palliated by the barbarism of the people among whom they were committed.

But this Republican proceeding was done among people for whom their maudlin advocates here claim a special enlightenment and a

peculiar courtesy toward women, and is justified by no precedent, or vestige of precedent, in the horrible annals either of despotic repression or warlike success. Tilley and Wallerstein have not left in history a character for exaggerated tenderness—but no such disgrace as this attaches to their name. The late Grand Duke Constantine was not a sentimental Governor. It is said of him that on one occasion he sent to prison the husbands of all the Polish ladies of rank who refused to dance with Russian officers at a state ball. But when we come to speak of guilt such as that of the Republican General, even Constantine's blood-stained crime is spotless. He would have driven from his presence any officer—if any such European officer could have been found—who should have suggested to him the decree that the Polish Countesses might be treated as "women of the town." We can do nothing in England to arrest such proceedings. (We can only learn from them what South America might have taught us already—how Civil war can double its horrors when waged by a government of democratic origin. But, at all events, we can wash our hands of complicity in this guilt.) Unless the author of this infamous proclamation is promptly recalled, let us hear no more of the "ties that bind us to our transatlantic kinsmen." No Englishman ought to own as kinsmen men who attempt to protect themselves from the tongues of a handful of women by official and authoritative threats of rape. The bloodiest savages could do nothing more cruel—the most loathsome Yahoo of fiction could do nothing more filthy.

THE INFAMOUS ORDER.

The following is the infamous order issued by General B. F. Butler, while in command at New Orleans:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
"NEW ORLEANS, MAY 15, 1862.

"As officers and soldiers of the United States have been subjected to repeated insults from women calling themselves ladies of New Orleans in return for the most scrupulous noninterference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered hereafter that when any female shall, by mere gesture or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded as a woman of the town plying her vocation. By command of

"Major-General B. F. BUTLER,

"GEORGE E. STRONG, *Adjutant-General.*"

When Butler died the Nashville *American* had this to say:

"Old Ben Butler is dead! Early yesterday morning the angel of death, acting under the devil's orders, took him from earth and landed him in hell. In all this Southern country there are no tears, no sighs and no regrets. He lived only too long. We are glad he has at last been removed from earth and even pity the devil the possession he has secured.

"If there is a future of peace in store for Ben Butler, after his entrance upon eternity, then there is no heaven and the Bible is a lie. If hell be only as black as the good book describes it, then there are not the degrees of punishment in which some Christians so firmly believe. He has gone, and from the sentence which has already been passed upon him there is no appeal. He is already so deep down in the pit of everlasting doom that he couldn't get the most powerful ear trumpet conceivable to scientists and hear the echoes of old Gabriel's trumpet, or fly 1,000,000 kites and get a message to St. Peter, who stands guard at heaven's gate.

"In our statute books many holidays are decreed. It was an egregious oversight that one on the occasion of the death of Ben Butler was not foreordained. The 'Beast' is dead. The cymbals should beat and the tin horn should get in its work."

Butler was outlawed by Mr. Davis in a proclamation.

It will always be a stain upon the Federal authorities that Butler was not promptly court-martialed and hanged; yet, strange to say, great and influential newspapers gloated over this horrible "Order No. 28," and chuckled over the fact that "rebel ladies" of New Orleans did not dare to show their faces on the streets after it was issued. We view him and them with horror and scorn.

[From the Houston, Texas, *Chronicle*, November, 1902.]

THE FIRST IRONCLAD.

It Was Constructed and Commanded by a Texan.

C. W. AUSTIN HAD THE HONOR.

**Ante-Dated the Virginia (Merrimac) and the Monitor—Story of Daring
Deeds That Surpass Fiction—A Terrible Journey—
Individual Acts of Courage.**

Contrary to all the teachings of history, to a Texan belongs the honor of having constructed and commanded the vessel that revolutionized naval warfare and displaced wood hulls for those of steel.

Throughout the world it is stated that the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* were the first successful opponents of ironclad architecture. This idea is taught in the public schools from one end of this land to another, and teachers have impressed and continue to impress upon their pupils.

But it is not true history.

Designed conjointly by Captain John A. Stevenson and Captain Charles W. Austin, and constructed and commanded by the latter, the Confederate ram *Manassas* was the first ironclad ever built. Captain Austin was a Texan, a relative of Stephen F. Austin, and his family resides to-day in Houston at No. 2712 Fannin street. But for the success of this vessel the *Merrimac* would never have been built, and Ericson would never have submitted his plans for the "cheese box on a raft."

The first ironclad, the *Enoch Train*, a towboat on the Mississippi river, was purchased by Mr. Stevenson before the Federals had been driven from the field of Bull Run. It was a powerful vessel, with twin screws, and mammoth engines for a craft of its size. One hundred and eighty feet in length, it was registered at about 100 tons. Hauled upon the ways at New Orleans, builders swarmed over its hull, while all the city laughed at the plans laid down by the two captains. It was sheathed above the water line, under the direction of Commander Austin, with two thicknesses of railroad rails, and was fitted with a ram of iron pointing out beneath about five feet in length.

Before the vessel had been completed the blockade of the Mississippi was established. A commodore stationed at New Orleans refused to man the vessel, and shared the accepted belief that she was useless. Permission to call for volunteers was given, however. With a crew of nineteen she steamed down the river to the mouth. There lay four sloops of war, bearing a total armament of 56 guns.

Of all the twenty souls aboard, Captain Austin alone stood upon the deck. Bearing down at full speed upon the blockading fleet, he aimed for the steam sloop of war *Richmond*, 22 guns. In the teeth of a hail of fire thundering from half a hundred cannon the intrepid commander, standing alone and in open sight from every vessel, commanded the engineer to pile more coal under the boilers. Broadside after broadside came crashing about him like the fury of hell. Plowing through the water with all the speed of which the vessel was capable, it was seen too late that a coal schooner lay between the ram and its victim. Without swerving, the *Manassas* steamed on. Solid shot crashed and broke upon the iron sides, but still Captain Austin stood unhurt. With an awful shock the ironclad cut through and through the sailing vessel, and plunged her spur far into the wooden sides of the *Richmond*, just as every cannon aboard belched forth its load of canister and shell.

The *Manassas* backed away unhurt, with its gallant captain still standing on the deck. His clothes were torn to shreds, but, burned and blackened as he was, not a wound appeared upon his body. The *Richmond*, however, was a wreck, while the coal schooner was already at the bottom of the sea. In hot haste the remainder of the Federal fleet were steaming away from the monster that had attacked them. The Confederate vessel was left alone and the blockade was temporarily broken. But in getting away from its victims the port engine of the ram had been broken. Pursuit was impossible. Slowly the *Manassas* steamed back to New Orleans, only to be later vitally injured. She was run upon a sand bank to save the crew, and was there abandoned by force of circumstances, never to sail the sea again.

But the advantage of an ironclad vessel of war had been demonstrated. The *Manassas* had been unarmed. At the same time the power of a craft of her stamp, manned by a sufficient crew and mounted with guns of large bore, was recognized. Upon similar lines the *Merrimac* was built on the Atlantic coast, and the *Monitor* was evolved from the brain of a Scandinavian. Captain Austin and Captain Stevenson had won their victory in more ways than one.

They had taught the scoffing world a lesson, and in doing so developed a hero for the Southern States whose record is unsurpassed.

And yet his name is almost unknown, while those of lesser lights have been brought into a publicity that will live forever. There was much to be desired in the chronicled histories of the Southern navy and its official records. No man who ever fought upon the seas showed more intrepid valor than did Captain Austin in his service beneath the Stars and Bars. In the North his name is unknown, while in the South few recognize the fact that a hero came out of Texas who set a standard for the world in fortitude and daring. With his death in 1889 the major part of his life's history was lost. Like all true men, he seldom talked of his achievements.

A DISTINGUISHED FAMILY.

Roger Sherman, one of the New England ancestors of Captain Austin, signed the Declaration of Independence. Another of his relatives, Stephen F. Austin, is known as the "Father of Texas."

His home was in the Lone Star State. At the breaking out of the war, he commanded one of the Harris and Morgan Line steamships plying between New Orleans and Galveston. He built and fought with the *Manassas*. He has a brother who was an officer in the Confederate army, now a resident of Atlanta, Ga. For four years his life was filled with daring exploit after exploit. Three times he was in prison, twice escaping. Now, but few of his adventures are to be remembered, but those few are enough to brand him as one of the greatest naval heroes of the age. After the *Manassas* had been abandoned he took to blockade running, and from that time one feat of daring crowded rapidly upon another.

CAPTURE OF THE FOX.

From New Orleans he went to Mobile, where the blockade was close. A great fleet was anchored off the town which practically forbade all entrance to the harbor. The days dragged by until finally Captain Austin, driven by waiting to an uncontrollable desire for something to turn up, sailed out of the harbor in the murky darkness of a cloudy night on a tour of investigation. There, in the offing, he discovered a steamer, loaded with arms, ammunition, and supplies for the waiting fleet. Back in the city he proposed his plan to the commanding officer. It was too daring for official recognition, but permission was given to enlist volunteers for the desperate mission.

On the first favorable night, in a small steam launch. Captain Austin and six brave men went gliding out of the harbor. Unobserved they steamed to the steps leading down from the steamer's side. Confident of security, but one man had been left on deck, and he hailed the launch as it tied up to the vessel's side.

"This is launch No. 7," came the response from Captain Austin. "Where's the captain of this ship?"

"He's asleep in the cabin," answered the watchman.

"Lead me to him?" demanded Captain Austin.

Without a thought of danger the sailor turned and led the way along the deck, the leader of the expedition following. As he climbed up the side of the vessel the remainder of the crew came close behind. Each had been instructed as to his duty, and without a word they went to their different posts.

Without knocking, the watch led the visitor into the captain's cabin. When he was awakened he was looking down the barrel of a revolver.

The hatches had been closed on the crew, and the six men were in control. Quickly slipping anchor chains, the vessel was headed toward the harbor. She was lying to the westward of the channel and must necessarily cross the mouth. Scarcely had she started when she was hailed.

"Transport *Fox*, bound for Key West," came the response from the deck of the vessel as she glided past.

Again she was hailed, but the same reply took her safely on toward the goal. Once in the channel, she was quickly put about, and the next morning found her tied up at the Mobile wharves. Thousands of muskets and a hull full of ammunition were turned over to the Confederacy with the ship. Captain Austin became the lion of the hour, and was presented with an elegant gold watch by the citizens of the town.

THIS SURPASSES FICTION.

It was after the capture of New Orleans that Captain Austin fell into the clutches of the enemy and was lodged there in prison. But jail walls could never hold him. Within a few days he was assisted to his liberty and secreted in the home of a sympathizer. For ten days he remained in hiding before a means of escape from the city was devised. Finally one dark night a friend from the outside came to the house and led Captain Austin with his companion to the water front. Swimming out in the muddy water, the two men climbed

over the side of a coal schooner and hid themselves in the hold. The vessel was going out light, bound for Havana, a haven of safety for the prisoners.

At the appointed time a shuffling of feet on deck told the men below that the ship was under way. Until far out at sea, they remained in the hold, stifled with the odor of bilge and dust of coal. Their friend from the outside had shipped as mate. When darkness came he opened the hatch and the men were released.

Stealthily creeping to the cabin occupied by the master, they opened the door and walked in. The captain was a German and all of his Teutonic wrath blazed up at the sight of the dust-begrimed stowaways. He demanded their story. Very frankly they admitted that they were escaping prisoners of war and wanted to go to Havana. With a great Prussian oath the master rushed toward the door with the intention of giving the order to 'bout ship. Coolly producing a revolver, Captain Austin pointed the muzzle in the German's face.

"Stay where you are," came the hoarse command.

Obedience seemed necessary. The stowaways agreed to pay their passage if allowed the freedom of the vessel as passengers to Cuba. In the face of the circumstances the demand was complied with and the ship sailed on its course.

But it was not for long. Morning dawned, and with the light a ship of war bearing the stars and stripes appeared in the distance. The captain rushed to the rail and made an attempt to signal the vessel. Suddenly he felt himself held in a grasp of steel. He was forced hastily back in his cabin, the door was locked on him, and Captain Austin took command. A week later the schooner was tied up at the Havana wharves and Captain Austin was still in charge. Turned over to the Cuban authorities, his further immunity from captivity was avoided by virtue of a previous meeting with the captain general of the island. How this was brought about is another story.

A TERRIBLE JOURNEY.

The details of the capture of the blockade runner commanded by Captain Austin in the year 1862 is forgotten history, but the fact remains that he, in company with his second in command, was confined in a dungeon in Fort Taylor at Key West. From their cell a window looked out over the waves of the Gulf of Mexico that beat fully fifty feet below. For weeks they languished in captivity, until finally help arrived. One day a rope was hastily thrust through a

grating, followed by a jug containing a surplus supply of water and a package of bread.

Below the window of the prison a ship floated at anchor, and at her stern was tied a small boat used as a tender. The location of the ship was marked.

That night was dark. Securing the rope within the cell, Captain Austin, with the water jug tied around his neck, climbed from the high aperture and swung out. Hand over hand he went down to freedom. Owing to the necessary haste his companion was just above him, bearing the bread.

When fully twenty feet above the water Captain Austin found himself at the end of the rope. It was too late to go back up. Letting go, he went crashing feet downward into the waves below. His companion was fairly on top of him when they went under. Fortunately the noise was not noted, but the water in the uncorked jug was lost, as was also the bread. With bridges figuratively burned behind them, and terrible suffering ahead, they struck out, according to previous agreement, for the ship. Securing the yawl, Captain Austin crawled aboard the vessel. The watch was napping. Working fast and quietly, he unscrewed the compass from its place and dropped back with it into the small boat. It would have been suicidal to have attempted to secure provisions to replace those lost, and so the two sailed away destitute, shaping their course for Havana.

Day dawned, and still the two men rowed on, assisted by a makeshift sail. The heat of the summer sun blazing over a tropic sea was intense. They were out of sight of land, with "water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." Still they kept on. Hunger gnawed at their vitals, but safety was in front, not behind. With the coming of night their suffering had increased to a point that seemed maddening.

Another and another day passed. Still there was nothing but the burning sun and the salt sea. Havana was ahead of them. Loaves of bread and bunches of fruit appeared piled up in luxurious plenty on the sea beside them, only to vanish under touch. Clear, cool springs rippled from the bottom of the boat, but the water was not for their parched and swollen throats. Land appeared just ahead, only to fade away, as with renewed efforts they rowed toward it. With sailor instinct they kept to their course. Another night found the two men raving, stark, starving mad, lying in the bottom of the yawl too weak and emaciated to even cry for help. Before another day

came, that would have assuredly brought death, the men were picked up by fishermen just off the Cuban coast a few miles below Havana. Water and food were forced down their throats a little at a time. At first it seemed as though relief would be as likely to prove fatal as suffering had been before, but slowly, under the ministering hands of the fishermen, they improved. Almost worn out by their awful experience, they were taken to Havana and turned over to the authorities. They were taken before the captain-general and told their story. Struck by the tale and by the appearance of the prisoners, he released them on parole. The freedom of the city was theirs.

But the publicity given the event reached the army authorities in the North, and an officer was dispatched to bring them back. When he arrived Austin and his companion were summoned to appear before the Governor of the island. A young lieutenant in his blue uniform was there awaiting them in the private office of the captain-general, who sat at his desk writing. At last he turned toward the group. In his hand he held a document which he handed to Austin. It was a certificate of citizenship in Cuba. Snapping their fingers at the officer who had come to get them, they left the Palace free men.

During the remainder of their stay in the Cuban capital Captain Austin and his companion struck up a close friendship with the Governor, who had given them their liberty. This fact proved their salvation later.

THE BLOCKADER'S LAST RUN.

But it was in Galveston harbor that the last and most brilliant event in a civil war career occurred under the eyes of the entire city. Old men tell of it yet, although with years the memory of the deed is dimmed. In broad daylight Captain Austin ran the blockade of the port with his ship, the *Susanna*, and brought provisions and war supplies to a distressed land.

It was the last year of the struggle, the result of which was already foregone. Almost all of the blockaded ports along the Atlantic and the Gulf had been captured, and the entire Southern squadron was blockading the harbor. The story of the event, as told by the commander of the United States ship *Seminole*, which led the chase, has already been published in the New York *World* under the title of "A Dash Through a Fleet." The authority for the tale already told was unacquainted with the identity of the captain of the vessel

he had chased, but with due consideration gives him credit for being "the coolest man that ever walked a quarterdeck."

The *Susanna* was built on the Clyde, and was a long, low steamer built for speed and concealment. Time after time she had run into Galveston harbor through the fleet collected outside, but always before at night. Her arrival was regular and always on time. When expected she always turned up tied at the wharf in the morning.

Her last run was momentous. Leaving Havana with a cargo of gunpowder and provisions, calculations had been made, as formerly, to arrive off the harbor under cover of darkness, but a break in the machinery caused delay. Steaming along, Captain Austin found himself one morning but a few miles off Galveston and in sight of the blockading fleet.

As yet he was unseen, owing to the low construction of his ship, and he decided to run out to sea; but inquiry below elicited the information that the supply of coal would not be sufficient for twelve hours more. The only alternative was to make for a place of concealment under the shore, and thither the prow was turned.

But the overhanging smoke had attracted the attention of the fleet, and a ship of war was fast bearing down upon the daring blockade runner. Without a moment's hesitancy Captain Austin determined to run the gauntlet. The course was again changed and the *Susanna* headed directly for the bar. A dozen ships barred her way.

RUSHED TO DESTRUCTION.

With great clouds of smoke pouring from the funnels and all attempts at concealment thrown to the winds, the swift *Susanna* rushed on, seemingly to sure destruction. Soon she came within range and every vessel opened up on her from a long distance. The *Seminole* was in the lead and sent solid shot across the bow of the long, dark ship that fairly skimmed the water. Foam splashed up over the deck, but the warning had no effect.

Cutting in, the warship decreased the distance between it and the *Susanna* until objects could be plainly seen from one deck to the other. Shot after shot went screaming through the air toward the blockade runner, but still she kept her course. The regular channel was blocked, but she went straight ahead. Raked fore and aft, the *Susanna*, quivering like a frightened animal, rushed on. All Galveston was on the wharves watching the engagement, hoping and praying for the safety of their vessel.

Suddenly the course of the *Susanna* was changed. Doubling

around the *Seminole*, she made straight for shallow water and the bar. On board the sloop of war they believed her captain had decided to beach her, and the chase was taken up in hope of capturing the crew and preventing the absolute destruction of the vessel.

But it was a part of the trick. Another turn, that sent the water swirling under the prow, and the course was again changed. Crossing at a dangerous and generally unknown place on the short bar, the *Susanna* entered the deeper channel of the bay. Her prow had been shot away and both smokestacks were wrecked, but, riddled with shot and shell as she was, she steamed slowly to the wharves and discharged her cargo.

During the entire engagement Captain Austin, according to the commander of the *Seminole*, coolly paced the bridge with his hands in his pockets and a cigar between his teeth. Not once did he leave his place or show a sign of trepidation, in spite of the fact that half a ton of black powder was stored directly beneath him. In the shower of shot and shell he stood as he had on the deck of the *Manassas*, facing almost certain death while his ship was being shot away beneath him. Cool courage, perfect seamanship, and an absolute knowledge of the harbor assisted him in performing another exploit that has never been equaled, and that only emphasizes the fact that some of the credit given to others belongs to him.

On the next voyage the ship commanded by Captain Austin was cornered and captured at sea by a Federal sloop of war and he was taken to Philadelphia in his own vessel, there to be thrown into prison. A short time afterward the struggle was ended.

Returning to Galveston, the hero went back to the merchant marine and again took command of a Morgan liner. It was at this time that he met and married Miss Georgia Grafton who resided in the Texas seaport. During the struggle Captain Austin was unknown to the girl he later took for a wife, but his vessel, the *Susanna*, had brought her many good things from foreign lands, and his reputation as the handsomest and most daring man in Texas was common property.

Some time later the couple removed to Savannah, where Captain Austin took charge of the construction of the jetties at the mouth of the river. There the family of two sons and one daughter grew up from childhood to maturity.

In 1889 this naval hero of the South died as a result of exposure during the war, and to-day his body rests upon the shores of the Atlantic, while the everbeating waves pay tribute to his greatness.

"Nor should his glory be forgot while fame her record keeps."

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, December 28, 1902, January 4, 1903.]

THE CONFEDERATE RAM ALBEMARLE.

Built to Clear the Roanoke, Neuse and Pamlico Rivers,
She Accomplished Her Mission Brilliantly.

By Captain JAMES DINKINS.

Early in 1863 the Federals had complete possession of all the bays and sounds and rivers along the Virginia and North Carolina coasts.

Pamlico Sound afforded a fine rendezvous for vessels of all kinds, while the towns along the Roanoke, Neuse and Pamlico rivers were garrisoned by Federal troops. From these garrisoned towns foraging parties scoured the country and destroyed or carried away every movable thing, including beast and fowl. The people in that section, being robbed of everything they possessed, appealed to the authorities at Richmond for aid and relief.

On March 14, 1863, General D. H. Hill sent a brigade of infantry and a battery of smoothbore guns, under General J. J. Pettigrew, in response to the call of the people, with instructions to destroy Fort Anderson, on the Neuse river, opposite Newbern, N. C.

General Pettigrew bombarded the place for two hours, but, satisfied he could not capture it by assault, withdrew. Subsequently, General George E. Pickett was ordered from Kinston, with instructions to capture Newbern and destroy the enemy's fleet.

At this juncture the Confederates did not have a vessel of any kind in either of the three rivers named. General Pickett, feeling the need of some diversion on the river, managed to get a lot of skiffs, or new boats, about thirty in all, which he filled with men armed with rifles and cutlasses, under command of Colonel John Taylor Wood, who proceeded down the Neuse, to co-operate with the infantry.

The enemy's fleet at Newbern consisted of five gunboats—the *Lockwood*, *Underwriter*, *Hetzel*, *Commodore Hull*, and the *Hunchback*, while the forts were garrisoned by 4,000 men and fifty cannon. The audacity of the Confederates, therefore, in descending the river with thirty skiffs to attack the Federal fleet of five gunboats and two heavily-armed forts, scarcely has a parallel.

Colonel Wood set out on his desperate mission with as brave a

little band as ever went in search of an enemy. There was not a faint heart or a nervous hand in the party. The noble fellows, in fisherman's boats, moved along, hugging the banks as closely as possible, hoping to avoid detection, until they had reached sight of the gunboats. What those men talked about and what hopes they had of surviving an attack against an armored fleet as they glided down the Neuse, would be a pretty story, if it could be told, but we can only surmise what passed between them in their whispered conversations, or what their thoughts reverted to.

About the middle of the night they sighted the *Underwriter*, lying at anchor, and immediately under the big guns of the fort.

Nothing daunted, Colonel Wood formed his skiffs in columns of fours, and gave orders to pull for the gunboats.

He imparted to the commander of each the part he was expected to perform.

He directed the movement with as much deference and ceremony as if he was communicating with captains of modern men-of-war.

On they pulled in the stillness of the night, each crew striving their utmost to be the first to reach the scene.

The signal lights hung from the *Underwriter*, but all was darkness without. A sentinel paced the deck to and fro, but otherwise there was no evidence of life on the vessel.

It was well known to the Federals that the Confederates had no vessel of any nature or kind in the river, therefore they felt no anxiety for their safety.

Fortunately the tide was in favor of the Confederates, as it ebbed to the sea, and the noise of the waves, as they splashed against the gunboat, drowned the sound of their oars.

Noiselessly the assailants glided into the shadow of the ship, and the four skiffs in front passed by and turned into shore.

Instantly, almost, those following were in touch of the gunboat, and when Colonel Wood gave the signal the boys clambered on the sides as nimbly as squirrels. They all knew what was expected of them and went to work.

The sentinel was captured before he could arouse his comrades, therefore little difficulty was experienced in making the crew prisoners.

The officers of the vessel tried to rally the crew, and the Commander, Lieutenant Westervelt, and four or five marines, who refused to surrender were killed.

The little band of Confederates behaved as if each was a captain, and covered every part of the boat without a moment's delay.

The guns of the fort were not exceeding 100 yards distant, but Colonel Wood's plans were carried out so perfectly and noiselessly the garrison was not aware of what transpired below them.

Colonel Wood thought to make the *Underwriter* his flagship, but finding the boilers cold set fire to her, and escaped without the loss of a man or an oar.

The following day General Pickett opened fire on the forts and created the wildest dismay among the enemy, but decided not to assault the works, and on February 3d withdrew his command.

The boldness of Colonel Wood and his little crew excited the wonder of the enemy, and won the warmest commendations from our people, especially those who had felt the ravening hands of the foraging parties.

Soon after the events described above had taken place an ardent and devoted Southerner by the name of Gilbert Elliott, who had had some experience in boatbuilding, proposed to the authorities at Richmond that with such aid as the Government could give he would undertake to construct a ram, which he believed would clear the Roanoke river of the meddlesome things which infested its waters. He received all the encouragement the Government could offer, and began the work, under conditions which very few men would have been willing to undertake.

The river was not navigable for the enemy's vessels more than a few miles above Plymouth, therefore Mr. Elliott decided to construct the ram at what was known as Edwards Ferry. To all others it seemed an impossibility. No material or competent workmen at hand, yet he went to work and put so much energy in it, and expressed such confidence in his ability to float a machine worthy a trial, it gave vigor and strength to the undertaking.

It is impossible to say how he obtained the necessary bolts and nuts, besides the iron, to plate her. He prosecuted the work with great caution and secrecy. If the enemy ascertained his purpose an effort would be made to thwart it.

Howbeit, he was master of every situation, and by April 10, 1864, the ram was ready for service, and was christened *Albemarle*.

She was built according to the plans of Constructor John L. Porter, Confederate States Navy. She was made of pine timber, 8x10 inches thick, dovetailed together and sheathed with four layers of plank. She was 122 feet long, 45 feet beam, and drew 8 feet. Her shield, octagonal in form, was 60 feet long, and was protected by two layers of 2-inch iron plating.

The ram, or the prow, was of solid oak, also plated with 2-inch iron, and tapered like a wedge. She had two engines of 200 horsepower, and when one considers the circumstances and difficulties under which she was constructed, we must confess she was a wonder.

When Elliott reported her ready for service, the Government selected the best men available to man her, under command of Captain J. W. Cooke, and decided to make another effort to capture Plymouth.

On April 18, 1864, the *Albemarle* cut loose from the little town of Hamilton, N. C., and started down the river to co-operate with an infantry force under command of General Hoke. The latter reached the vicinity of Plymouth and surrounded the town, from the river above to the river below, and awaited the advent of the ram.

About a mile and a half above the Federal forts, at Warren's Neck, and near Thoroughfare Gap, the enemy had planted torpedoes and obstructed the channel with wrecks of old boats and other things.

Captain Cooke came to anchor some three miles above Plymouth, and sent out a boat under command of a lieutenant to explore the river.

The lieutenant, after a time, returned and reported that it was impossible to pass the obstructions.

Captain Cooke thereupon gave orders to bank the fires, and the men were allowed to go to sleep.

Gilbert Elliott, who accompanied Captain Cooke as a volunteer, feeling great dissatisfaction at the conclusion reached, and believing that it was "then or never" with the ram, if she was to accomplish anything, urged Captain Cooke to make the trial. He argued that it would be foolhardy to attempt the passage of the obstructions and the forts in day time, and requested permission to make an investigation also.

Captain Cooke assented, and with the pilot, whose name was John Lusk, and two sailors, who volunteered to accompany them, set out in a small lifeboat.

They carried a long pole with them, and, arriving at the obstructed point, began to take soundings.

Elliott soon discovered that there was ten feet of water over and above the obstruction (which fact was due to a freshet in the river). The little party, however, pushed along down the stream until they reached Plymouth, and, taking advantage of the darkness, which was increased by the shadow of the trees, pulled to the opposite

shore and watched the transport taking on board women and children, whom they were sending away on account of General Hoke's demonstration.

With the greatest caution, almost afraid to take a long breath, for fear of detection, Elliott and his companions made their way back and reached the *Albemarle* after midnight. Elliott stated to Captain Cooke his firm conviction that the ram could pass the obstructions, and urged him to make the attempt.

His earnestness was so great that Captain Cooke at once determined to do so, and had the men aroused, and gave orders to get up steam as quickly as possible.

The *Albemarle* was soon under way, but the enemy was entirely ignorant of her approach. In fact, they had no knowledge that the Confederates owned a boat in the river.

She passed over the obstructions safely, but very soon a gun belched forth from the fort at Warren's Neck, and Captain Cooke realized that he was on a perilous journey.

The Federal battery opened fire vigorously, and the shells rattled against the ram in rapid succession.

Elliott had protected her sides with hanging chains, and they proved a very fine shield.

The ram was soon beyond the range of the guns, but a little lower down she passed a fort on which was mounted a very heavy gun. The big shells went whizzing over her bow and beyond, crashing through the timber for two miles.

The firing aroused the Federal fleet at Plymouth, and two vessels, the *Miami* and the *Southfield*, started to look for the trouble.

The vessels carried each six 9-inch guns, one 100-pounder Parrott rifle, and a 24-pounder howitzer.

The two vessels were lashed together, and ascended the river with entire confidence among the officers that nothing in the Roanoke river could check them one minute.

Captain Flusher, the senior Federal officer, stated that his purpose in lashing the vessels together was to get the Confederate craft, whatever it might be, between his vessels, and capture it with little trouble.

Captain Cooke, however, as soon as he sighted the Federal boats, ran the *Albemarle* close to shore, and when in proper position, he suddenly turned her toward the middle of the stream, and, giving her all the steam he could, he dashed the prow into the side of the *Southfield* before a gun was fired. Cutting her almost in twain, she

went to the bottom in less than two minutes, taking most of her crew with her.

The chains on the forward deck of the ram became entangled with the *Southfield*, which carried her bow to such a depth that the water began to pour into her portholes.

The situation was critical. It looked as if nothing could save the ram, but as the *Southfield* struck bottom she turned over, and the *Albemarle* was released.

The *Miami*, in the meantime, had broken apart from the sunken vessel, and opened fire from her big guns at such close range that the flash passed over and beyond the *Albemarle*.

Here a most remarkable circumstance occurred. A 9-inch shell struck the ram, rebounded, and exploded almost at the lanyard of the gun which it came from, killing Captain Flusher and six men. Notwithstanding the confusion, the Federal crew made an effort to board the ram, but were fought off by the Confederates, who used both bayonets and the butts of their rifles, killing a majority of the crew before they could escape.

Seeing how determined the Confederates were, the *Miami*, a very swift vessel, turned tail, and, although pursued by the ram, succeeded in making her escape.

She never reversed her engines until she had ploughed into Albemarle Sound.

Captain Cooke successfully carried out his part of the plan by driving every vessel into the ocean.

The following day General Hoke attacked the fortifications and carried them, although he lost a good part of his men.

General Ransom's Brigade alone left nearly six hundred dead and wounded on the field.

General Ransom distinguished himself by leading his men over the enemy's works, where occurred a hand-to-hand fight.

The Federal Commander, General Wessells, made a gallant defense, but Ransom and Hoke forced him to surrender. The enemy's loss was very heavy. His dead lay in heaps, and his wounded were lying on all sides. During the assault the *Albemarle* played upon the forts also, but the Federal boats were too cautious to return.

After the capture of Plymouth, N. C., April 19, 1864—by Generals Hoke and Ransom—in which action the Confederate ram, *Albemarle*, destroyed one gunboat of the Federal fleet and drove the others into Pamlico Sound; the Confederates were greatly encouraged and the Federals correspondingly discouraged and alarmed.

The Yankees spoke of the ram as the "Second *Merrimac*," and they looked upon her as an unknown quantity, with unlimited capacity for destruction.

In fact the Federal Government was laboring under much anxiety because of the changed condition of affairs in the sounds and rivers of North Carolina.

A single boat, the *Albemarle*, had met the entire fleet, destroyed one vessel and defeated the others. Subsequently, she steamed into the open sound, fought seven gunboats and captured one (the *Bombshell*), severely damaged five others and compelled the entire squadron to seek a place of safety. During this engagement the little ram suffered no serious damage.

On May 5, 1864, the *Albemarle* left Plymouth, followed by the *Bombshell*, to meet the Federal fleet, which was reported advancing from the sound, for the purpose of clearing the river of all Confederate boats.

The Federal fleet had been overhauled, re-inforced and equipped with all sorts of guns and torpedoes, numerous enough to have alarmed several such crafts as the *Albemarle*, had she been manned by ordinary men and officers.

The Yankee fleet consisted of (what they termed) four double-enders—the *Mattabesett*, Commander John C. Febiger; the *Sassacus*, Lieutenant Commander F. A. Roe; the *Wyalusing*, Lieutenant Commander W. W. Queen; the *Miami*, Lieutenant Charles A. French—and two gunboats, the *Whitehead*, Ensign G. W. Barrett, and the *Ceres*, Commander H. H. Foster. Also, two transports, carrying seven guns each. The double-enders were equipped with four nine-inch Dahlgren guns, two 100-pounder Parrott rifles and one 24-pounder howitzer each.

Total, 36 nine-inch Dahlgrens, 8 100-pounder Parrott rifles and 4 24-pounder howitzers.

The gunboats carried eight smoothbore and two rifle guns each, making a grand total of 82 cannon, while the *Albemarle* mounted four 6-inch rifle and two 8-inch smoothbore guns.

The enemy left the sound with full determination to capture or sink the ram.

After leaving the mouth of the Roanoke, the average width of which is about 150 yards, and the depth sufficient to float a vessel drawing sixteen feet of water as high up as Plymouth. Along the shores of Pamlico Sound that beautiful May morning the marsh was

gay with little blue flags that nodded to the wind and bowed to the tide as it began to flow.

The birds skimmed lightly over its surface, and looked through the grasses at that splendid array of death-dealing monsters, as they gracefully moved about for positions in line before starting on the hunt for the *Albemarle*.

The sun rose beautifully, and the air was glorious; there was nothing to disturb the sway of the grasses or the chirp of the little marsh birds.

Over all that wide expanse of water there was nothing to suggest the desperate encounter and inglorious defeat that awaited the great fleet which floated so grandly over Pamlico Sound. The scene resembled preparations for review.

Everything in readiness, the column headed for the mouth of the river, the *Mattabesett* leading, but the movement was so deliberate, and the order so perfect, no one could have believed that one single vessel would drive them back. It was not reasonable. It could not be possible.

The double-enders were ordered to pass as close to the *Albemarle* as they could, deliver fire, then get out of line as quickly as possible and round to for a second discharge if necessary, while the gun-boats and transports were to open from below.

Torpedoes were provided to each boat and instructions given to use them liberally, and, if possible, destroy the propeller of the Confederate ram.

The vessels of the squadron sent to attack the *Albemarle* exceeded in numbers the entire Confederate Navy at that time.

However, the ram had twice before demonstrated its ability to take care of itself even against great odds.

As the Federal fleet rounded into the river, they sighted the *Second Merrimac*, as she steamed toward them. Captain Cooke opened with a shot from one of his rifles, which was quickly followed by another and another.

The aim was skillful. The first shot cut the rail and spars away from the *Mattabesett* and wounded six or seven men.

Captain Cooke put on all the steam at his command and made for the Yankee boats. By this time the *Sassacus* came into position and fired a broadside from her 9-inch guns, but such shot as struck the ram skimmed off into the air, and even the 100-pound rifle shells glanced off as they struck her sloping sides.

By this time five of the Yankee boats were firing on the ram as

fast as the guns could be worked, but the smoke settled over all, and became so dense the Federal boats pulled away for fear of being rammed and took new positions.

The *Albemarle* continued to advance, keeping her guns busy.

The Yankee boats, favorably posted in the sound, concentrated their big guns on the ram, hoping to disable it by reaching her port holes. It looked as if the little ram could not survive the combined attack, but she was out for a fight, and floated into the sound as proudly and defiantly as if she was supreme. Quickly she changed her course for the "double-enders," but they set out again and took up new positions, and the ram passed in between them, using her guns with marked effect.

The situation was desperate, and the *Sassacus* was signalled "to ram the *Albemarle*." It was the only hope of success, though it was deemed certain that the *Sassacus* would go under. She moved on the *Albemarle* with a full head of steam, risking everything to save the other vessels. It was a moment of intense anxiety for all as the big ship neared the little *Albemarle*. The latter sent two shots through the Yankee boat just before she struck. A mighty crash, and the boom of cannon. The smoke became intense, and both vessels quivering, rebounded for the second attack. The bow of the *Sassacus* was shattered and she attempted to escape. The ram was still afloat, though, and went in pursuit, sending a shell crashing through the boat and through her boilers. Soon a cloud of steam and boiling water filled every part of the vessel.

The shrill screams of the escaping steam almost drowned the sound of the guns, which the ram continued to fire into the unfortunate vessel.

The shouts of the Confederates and the cries of the scalded, blinded and wounded men made a scene which would appall the stoutest heart. The *Sassacus* surged to one side, then to the other, and began to sink.

Those of the Yankee crew who survived climbed into the rigging to escape the boiling steam.

The tumult always characteristic of battle was doubly intensified by the cries of agony from the scalded and dying men.

No effort was made by the other Federal vessels to give them aid. During all this time the surviving vessels floated at a respectful distance and took no part whatever. When the steam had cleared away the Federal fleet had gone, and the proud little *Albemarle* was master of the field.

One of the Commanders, in reporting the battle, said:

“There was no lack of courage on our ships, but the previous loss of the *Southfield*, and the signal from the *Wyalusing* that she was sinking, and the loss of the *Sassacus*, dictated the prudent course they adopted.”

The prudent course referred to was to get away as quickly as possible.

Captain Cooke picked up the survivors of the *Sassacus* and returned to Plymouth.

From this action may be deducted the following argument:

There is nothing in naval affairs which surpasses in brilliancy this battle of the *Albemarle*. The conduct of her crew was glorious; their deeds excited wonder at the time, and should stimulate those unborn when they hear the story. This single boat successfully met and defeated the entire Federal fleet on the North Carolina coast.

This story of the *Albemarle* is not complete. I cannot do her justice, but hope my feeble effort to tell of her matchless deeds will induce some one, better able, to do so.

Let us give a yell for Captain Cooke, his officers and crew.

It may be said, with truth, that the Southern people put more energy into naval affairs than had been done for fifty years before.

Had the Confederacy been able to construct one-third as many boats as the Federals had, there would not have been a blockade of Southern ports. This is self-evident when we read the story of the *Merrimac*, the *Albemarle* and the greatest of all, the *Alabama*. When we recall her operations and consider the obstacles in her way, we stand in amazement and congratulate ourselves that Semmes was one of us.

“*Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe la stampa.*”

[From the Journal of the U. S. Cavalry Association, Fort Leavenworth, Texas, September, 1889.]

MY RIDE AROUND BALTIMORE IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR.

After the battle of Trevillian's, June 12, 1864, at which Hampton drove Sheridan back from his attempted raid on Lynchburg to coöperate with Hunter, who was moving down the Valley with the same objective, General Hampton gave me permission to undertake an enterprise, which I had often discussed with him during the preceding sixty days.

My command, the Maryland Line, had been distributed to the infantry and cavalry, by the movement of Lee's army to the lines around Richmond, and I had retained command of the First Maryland Cavalry, about two hundred and fifty effective men, and the Baltimore Light Artillery (Second Maryland Artillery), with five inefficient guns.

The gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Ridgeley Brown, commanding the cavalry, had been killed at the fight at the South Anna bridge on the first of June, and Captain Griffin, with many of his men and two guns, had been captured at the affair at Yellow Tavern, May 11th, when Jeb Stuart lost his life charging with the Second Virginia Cavalry, to save Griffin's guns.

In the battle of Trevillian's I had, during the second day, been made to do pretty much the duty of a brigade, for which my force was utterly inadequate, and the day after that engagement Hampton gave his consent that I should start on my long projected expedition.

This was to pass along the base of the Blue Ridge, through Rapahannock, Culpeper, Madison, and Loudon counties, cross the Potomac at Muddy-Branch, at a ford well known to many of the command, who were constantly passing and repassing it on their way to and from Maryland, surprise the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, generally known to us as the California Battalion, and then ride at speed to the Soldiers' Home, where Mr. Lincoln had his quarters, capture him and send him off with a trusty party back over the river to Richmond.

I was at the same time to divide the command into two parties—one to cut the railroad and telegraph between Baltimore and Wash-

ington, and then push across the river at White's Ford in Montgomery, and the other to move rapidly through Frederick, along the upper Potomac and cross at the Point of Rocks, or Shepherdstown, or wherever else opportunity offered.

In case of necessity both parties were to push north into Pennsylvania and escape through West Virginia, and even try to get to Canada by way of Niagara if hard pushed.

The total sacrifice of the command would have been well repaid by the capture of Mr. Lincoln, but I did not consider escape utterly hopeless for the main body who were to go through Northwestern Maryland.

The object was to create such confusion among the telegraph and railroad and commanding officers that the small detachment having Mr. Lincoln in charge would escape without attracting attention, while pursuit would be directed solely to us. This was my plan, however, and I set out to execute it.

I was shoeing my horses and getting up my dismounted men and putting everything in order for sharp and active work when General Early came along a few days after, at the head of his column, marching to head off Hunter, then pushing up the Valley to Lynchburg.

I knew General Early well, and was attached to him by the comradeship of arms, by my respect for his intellect and by my warm love for his genuine, manly, true character, and I explained to him my projected movement. He said it would not do. "I'm going to Lynchburg," said he, "and as soon as I smash up Mr. Hunter's little tea party, I'm going to Washington myself. You'll put all that out, so you musn't try it until I come back." He then directed me to move to Staunton and watch the Valley until he got there. By the last of June he came back.

I was assigned to the cavalry brigade of General William E. Jones, who had been killed at Mount Hope Church on Hunter's advance. We began our movement down the Valley from Staunton, Ransom's Cavalry Division on the roads right and left of the Valley pike and the infantry and artillery on the macademized road between them.

Between Winchester and Martinsburg, Early divided his forces, directing Johnson's Cavalry and Rodes' Brigade of Ramseur's Division, under Early himself, to the right, to cut the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Kearneysville and unite with McCausland's Cavalry and Breckinridge's Corps at Martinsburg; Johnson and Mc-

Causland to make a junction at Hainesville, behind Martinsburg, and thus cut off the retreat of Sigel, who was at that place. I struck Leetown just after daylight, and found it held by General Mulligan with two thousand or three thousand infantry, five hundred cavalry and four guns, and just as the sun rose on the 3d of July I fired the first gun. Mulligan had a good position on a range of hills. The infantry of Breckinridge was half a day's march behind, and I had about eight hundred half-armed and badly disciplined mountaineers from Southwest Virginia, who would fight like veterans when they pleased, but had no idea of permitting their own sweet wills to be controlled by any orders, no matter from whom emanating. They were as brave, and as fearless, and as undisciplined as the Highlanders who followed Charles Edward to Culloden. However, after several hours fighting, Mulligan withdrew, and the junction at Martinsburg being then unnecessary, by reason of the escape of Sigel, we moved towards Shepherdstown. Early on the 5th of July I crossed the Potomac with my command, and that night camped two and a half miles from Boonsboro. On the 6th I moved to Middletown, and on the 7th drove a small force that showed itself on the mountain between Middletown and Frederick, back to Frederick, and, pressing after it, arrived in front of the town about midday.

I knew every foot of the country—having been born and bred there—and I had the advantage, also, of an accurate knowledge of the condition of affairs in the town. I proposed to send one regiment down the Georgetown pike, into the south end of the town, another by the Reservoir road, into the north end, and press on in front from the Hagerstown road on the west side. This would have given me about one thousand prisoners and much baggage, wagons and artillery. But my commanding officer, General Ransom, thought I was over sanguine because it was my own place, and refused to allow the movement to be executed. He directed me to withdraw, under cover of night, to the top of the mountain, until the infantry got up. Accordingly we lay all day, the 8th, in a drizzling rain on the mountain. At night I was directed to report in person to General Early, and found him on the roadside just south of Middletown, and he then informed me that he had received an order from General Lee by a special officer, Captain R. E. Lee, dispatched to him for the purpose. I was directed to march at daylight of the 9th to get a position to the north of Frederick and watch Early's left until I was satisfied that he was getting on all right in the battle about to take place that day below Frederick, and then

strike off across the country, cut the railroads and telegraphs north of Baltimore, sweep rapidly around the city, cut the Baltimore and Ohio railroad between Washington and Baltimore, and push on rapidly so as to strike Point Lookout on the night of the 12th. Captain John Taylor Wood was to be there in an armed steamer which he was to run out of Wilmington. We were to capture the place. I was to take command of the prisoners there, some ten or twelve thousand, and march them up through lower Maryland to Washington, where General Early was to wait for me. The prisoners were to be armed and equipped from the arsenals and magazines of Washington, and thus reinforced, Early's campaign might be still further aggressive.

I told General Early that the march laid out for me was utterly impossible for man or horse to accomplish; it gave me four days, not *ninety-six* hours, to compass near three hundred miles, not counting for time lost in destroying bridges and railroads, but that I would do what was possible for men to do. Accordingly I started from Hagan's, on the Catoctin Mountains, about daylight on the morning of July 9, 1864, moved across to Worman's Mill, on the Old Liberty road, two miles north of Frederick, and waited until I was satisfied that Early's left flank was free. I was so careful as to communicate my orders only to my Assistant Adjutant-General, Captain George W. Booth; Assistant Inspector-General, Captain Wilson G. Nicholas, of my staff, and Colonel Peters, commanding the Twenty-first Virginia, the ranking officer of the brigade. But this caution probably cost me time, as I made an unnecessary detour in arriving at my objective. I moved through Liberty, New Windsor, Westminster and Reisterstown, reaching the latter place about daylight of the 10th. While passing through the latter place a citizen in *dishabille* was very urgent to be satisfied that the troops were Confederates. At last conviction came upon his doubting mind to his great delight, which he gave expression to as follows: "Well, I told Jake so; ain't I got it on him? He thought they would never come, but I always said they would." He was much gratified at his superior sagacity. Some hours after he came to me on the march, begging me to order a horse given back to him, which had been captured by some predatory Confederate, "not that he cared for the horse," he said, "but that Jake would have such a rig on him. That his dear Confederates, so long expected and come at last, should take his horse!" He got it back.

We reached Cockeysville, on the Northern Central railroad, about

nine o'clock Sunday, July 10th, and burned the bridges there. Here I detached Colonel Harry Gilmor, under Early's instructions, with a part of the First and Second Maryland Battalions, to strike the railroad at Gunpowder river, on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, and destroy communication between Baltimore and the North. Gilmor accomplished this the next morning, Monday, the 11th of July, capturing several trains going north from Baltimore, and took prisoner Major General Franklin, of the United States army. That night General Franklin escaped from the guard who had him in charge, and who were utterly broken down by sixty hours' continuous ride.

I was occupied several hours at Cockeysville, and while there dispatched a faithful friend, Colonel James C. Clarke, into Baltimore to ascertain the condition of the troops and forces available for the defence of Washington.

Early had defeated Wallace at Monocacy the day before and I knew that he was going to push into the capital, if practicable. After getting an agreeable lunch at Hayfields, the seat of John Merryman, Esq., I left two young gentlemen there to get the report of my Baltimore scout and bring it to me as soon as possible. The charming society, the lovely girls, the balmy July air and the luxuriant verdure of Hayfields, all combined to make the scene enchanting to soldiers who have been for months campaigning on the battle-scarred plains and valleys of Virginia.

From there I moved across the Green Spring Valley, in Baltimore county, and passing near the country residence of the then governor of Maryland, Augustus W. Bradford, I detailed Lieutenant Blackstone, of the Maryland cavalry, to burn it, in retaliation for the burning of the home of Governor Letcher of Virginia, which had been destroyed by General Hunter, at Lexington.

I bivouacked that night at "The Caves," the place of John N. Carroll, Esq. About midnight I received a message by the two couriers left at Hayfields, from Colonel Clarke, whom I had sent into Baltimore. He informed me that all the available transportation of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was concentrated at Locust Point; that the Nineteenth Corps of Grant's army, under General Emory, and part of the Sixth Corps were on transports in the stream awaiting the arrival of General Emory, to disembark and move to Washington. I at once sent this information to General Early by an officer and escort, and moved on.

Passing Owings' Mills early in the morning, we came across

Painter's ice cream establishment which had a large supply of that luxury for the Baltimore market. As rations were scarce and issued with great irregularity, the ice cream was confiscated and issued to the troops, many of whom had never seen anything like it. The mountaineers thought the "beer" was nice, but too cold, so they put it in their canteens to melt.

Pushing on across the Baltimore and Ohio railroad above Woodstock, we passed by "Doughoregan Manor," the seat of John Lee Carroll, Esq., since Governor of Maryland, with whom I had the pleasure of lunching. During the afternoon of that day, Monday, July 11th, I dispatched another message to General Early by a trusty courier, guided by the son of a friend, who undertook to show him the way across the country.

After the battle of the Monocacy between Early and Lew Wallace on Saturday, the 9th, the former had marched direct on Washington. His advance arrived before the fortifications of that place on the 11th, but owing to the heat of the weather and the broken down condition of the troops, the column was not closed up and in position before late in the evening of that day. "Under these circumstances," says General Early, "to have rushed my men blindly against the fortifications, without understanding the state of things, would have been more than folly." After consultation with Major-Generals Breckinridge, Rodes, Ramseur and Gordon, he determined to make an assault on the enemy's works at daylight next morning, unless some information should be received before then, showing its impracticability, and he so informed these officers. "During the night a dispatch was received from General Bradley Johnson from near Baltimore, informing me that he had received information from a reliable source that two army corps had arrived from General Grant's army and that his whole army was probably in motion. This caused me to delay the attack until I could examine the works again, and as soon as it was light enough to see, I rode to the front and found the parapets lined with troops. I had, therefore, reluctantly to give up all hopes of capturing Washington after I had arrived in sight of the dome of the capital and given the Federal authorities a terrible fright." [Early's *Last Year of the War*, page 59.]

The preservation of Washington from capture was owing to the energy and decision of John W. Garrett, Esq., President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, more than to any merit of the military authorities.

Mr. Garrett's railroad telegraph had kept him thoroughly informed as to the movements in western Maryland. He had perceived as early as the Thursday or Friday before, that Early had crossed the Potomac in force and that his real object was Washington. He had impressed his views personally upon President Lincoln and the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, and insisted on the necessity of fighting a battle at Frederick, in order to either gain time for troops to be got up for the defense of that city, or, failing that, that preparations could be made for its evacuation. Accordingly when the battle of Monocacy was fought on Saturday, and he found Early in full march southward, he immediately prepared the transportation on his road to receive the reinforcements which he was informed would arrive the next day at Locust Point. During Sunday the fleet of transports from Fortress Monroe, with the Nineteenth and Sixth Corps, began to arrive, but the officer in command refused to allow any troops to land until General Emory had arrived. After striving in vain to start the disembarkation, Mr. Garrett proceeded on a special engine to Washington and so impressed his views on the President and Secretary of War that he brought back with him an order to the senior officer of the troops on the transports to report to him until General Emory should arrive.

During Sunday night and Monday, Garrett, thus actually in command of two army corps, pressed the reinforcements on his cars and hurried them to Washington. Early saw their advance filing into the works on Monday afternoon, and the rest of them lining the parapets on Tuesday at daylight.

While these events were taking place, I was pressing in hot haste through Howard and Montgomery counties. I reached Triadelphia after nine o'clock that night, and unsaddled and fed my horses, and let the men get a little sleep. By twelve o'clock I received information that a large force of Federal cavalry had gone into camp since my arrival, at Brookville, only a few miles off. I at once got ready and started to attack them, but on reaching that point found they too had received information of their unwelcome neighbors and had left. Thence I moved to Beltsville, on the railroad between Baltimore and Washington.

There I found about one thousand cavalry of Wilson's Division, which had been dismounted in a recent raid in lower Virginia, and sent north to recuperate. They were mounted on green horses and we drove them, after a short affair, down the road towards Bladensburg. It was now the morning of Tuesday, the 12th. I was due

that night at Point Lookout, the extreme southeast point of Maryland, in St. Mary's county.

It was physically impossible for men to make the ride in the time designated. I determined, however, to come as near it as possible.

I sent an officer with a detachment to ride at speed through the country, impressing fresh horses all the way, and informing the people along the route that I was coming. They were unanimously my friends and I requested them to have their horses on the roadside so that I could exchange my broken down animals for their fresh ones, and thus borrow them for the occasion. During the preceding day, I had been taking horses by flankers on each side of my column, and kept a supply of fresh ones at the rear of each regiment. As soon as a man's horse broke down he fell out of the ranks, waited until the rear of his regiment came up, got a fresh horse, left his old one, and resumed his place.

By this means I was enabled to march at a trot, which, with a cavalry column, is impossible for any length of time without breaking down horses, and broken down horses speedily break down men. With fresh horses, however, I hoped to make a rapid march and get to Point Lookout early on the morning of the 13th.

After returning from the pursuit of Wilson's Cavalry, I turned the head of the column toward Upper Marlboro, and had proceeded only a short way when I was overtaken by a courier from General Early. He brought me orders to report at once at headquarters, at Silver Spring, on the Seventh Street road. I moved down the Washington road to the Agricultural College, and thence along the line of the Federal pickets, marching all night, occasionally driving in a picket, and expecting every moment to be fired upon from the works, within range of which I was moving. I reported to General Early after midnight, and found the whole army in retreat. I was directed to close up the rear with Jackson's Cavalry Brigade behind me. We reached Rockville during the day, where Jackson was pushed by the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, who hung on to his rear, and rendered things very uncomfortable generally.

Finding matters getting disagreeable, I put in a squadron of the First Maryland, under Captain Wilson G. Nicholas, and Lieutenant Thomas Green, and charged into the town, scattering our pursuers, who got out of the way with expedition. Their dismounted men, however, stuck to the houses and fences and poured in a galling fire as we passed. The dust was so thick that in the charge the men could not see the horses in front of them. The horses of Nicholas

and Green were killed and their riders wounded and captured. As soon as this loss was discovered, I made another charge and recaptured Green, but was unable to retake Nicholas, whom they had mounted on a spare horse and run off the field.

During the rest of the 13th our pursuers treated us with more respect. All night long we marched and stopped, and stopped and marched, with that terrible, tedious delay and iteration so wearing to men and horses, and it was not until Thursday, the 14th, we reached Poolesville. Here we were obliged to stand and keep back the pursuit, while the infantry and artillery were passing over the Potomac. I got my artillery in position and deployed a strong skirmish line in front of Poolesville, and checked the enemy for several hours. At last, in the afternoon, a wide line of skirmishers could be seen stretching far beyond each flank of those we had been engaged with and which moved forward with a steady alignment, very unusual for dismounted cavalry. I sent word to General Ransom to come to my position, that the infantry had arrived, and that it was about time for cavalry to leave.

He soon joined me, and while we were looking through our glasses at the advancing line, where their cartridge boxes and canteens plainly showed—puff! puff! puff! went their fire all along the line. There was no mistaking the sound. The swish of the minie ball was so clear and so evident that it could not possibly come from carbines. We held on, nevertheless, making a great show with our artillery and repeatedly attempted to charge with cavalry, so that we delayed them until their supports could deploy. By this time, however, the enemy had become far advanced, and having been notified that everything, including my own baggage and ordnance train, had crossed, I withdrew comfortably and got into Virginia about sundown.

We had been marching, fighting and working, from daylight July 9th, until sundown July 14th, four days and a half, or about one hundred and eight hours.

We had unsaddled only twice during that time, with a halt of from four to five hours each time, making nearly one hundred hours of marching. We had isolated Baltimore from the North, and cut off Washington from the United States, having made a circuit from Frederick to Cockeysville on the east, to Beltsville on the south, and through Rockville and Poolesville on the west. We had failed in the main object of our expedition, which was to release the prisoners at Point Lookout, convert them into a new army, capture Washing-

ton, establish our communications across the Potomac by Manassas Junction, with Gordonsville and Richmond, and by making this a new base of operations, force Grant to let go his hold and come to the rescue of Pennsylvania.

The co-operative movement on Point Lookout failed, I have since understood, because the secret expedition of John Taylor Wood, by sea from Wilmington, was spoken of on the streets of Richmond, the day before he was to have started from Wilmington. It was, therefore, countermanded, because the Confederate authorities well knew that the Federal general was so well served that he was accurately and promptly informed of everything as soon as it transpired in Richmond.

General Early's attack failed, as I have shown, because of the impossibility of getting to Washington before Monday afternoon. For before then, the energy and sagacity of John W. Garrett had hurled reinforcements from Locust Point to Washington, many of which had arrived before Early.

His trains were running from Locust Point on Sunday night, all day Monday and on Tuesday night, and the last of them had passed over the road not many hours before I reached it at Beltsville on Tuesday morning. The movement on Washington was a feint to draw Grant from Richmond, to be converted into an attack if opportunity offered. I believed that Grant had begun to move from Richmond, I knew that two of his corps were on the Patapsco, at Baltimore, and had information that others had moved up the Potomac. A young man, represented to me as reliable, well known to some of my people, had left Washington and Georgetown on Monday, and he reported to me that he had seen General Grant in Washington on Sunday. I was therefore forced to believe that Grant was in motion, and I so reported to General Early, first from near Baltimore, and afterwards when I joined him on the morning of the 13th. I do not to this day know the origin of the story of General Grant's presence in Washington on Sunday. He may have been there or it may have been another general officer of that name. I have understood that there was another General Grant in Washington. But be that as it may, it is clear that at no time after Monday morning, the 11th of July, could General Early have been justified in attacking the strong fortifications of Washington. His command consisted of the depleted divisions of Gordon, Rodes, Breckinridge and Ramseur, of about 8,500 muskets, the Cavalry Division of Major-General Robert Ransom, consisting of the brigades

of Jackson, Johnson, McCausland and Imboden, about 2,000 badly armed, worse equipped, and undisciplined mounted men, and three battalions of artillery of about forty guns and 1,000 men; making a total effective force of about 11,500 men of all arms. Washington could only have been taken by surprise, and it was impossible to surprise it, when General Grant at City Point was nearer to it than General Early at Sharpsburg.

Sharpsburg is four marches from Washington. It might be made in three forced marches. The sagacity of Mr. Garrett's recommendation that a battle should be fought at Frederick, even if it were lost, will be appreciated. It would have been nearly equivalent to one whole day's march, and extended Early's time from three or four to four or five days.

On the other hand, transports from City Point could reach Baltimore on the Patapsco, or Washington on the Potomac, in twelve hours. They could have transported General Grant's whole army from the James to the Federal capital before General Early could possibly have marched from where he was forced to cross the Potomac. In this possibility lay the strength and weakness of the strategy. Had Grant been so inclined he could have withdrawn his whole force, or such part of it as to have paralyzed his movements on the James, and the threat to Washington would make him contemplate the necessity of such a move. If Early's movement had induced him so to act, Lee would have been relieved, and the South allowed another year for a breathing spell. If it did not so influence him, we were no worse off than when the attempt was made.

I have always considered the movement one the audacity of which was its safety, and no higher military skill was displayed on either side, than that shown by General Early in this daring attempt to surprise the capital of his enemy with so small a force.

BRADLEY T. JOHNSON.

[From the *Southern Practitioner*, Nashville, Tenn., October, 1902.]

RECORDS, RECOLLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES.

General T. J. Jackson (Stonewall) and His Medical Director, Hunter McGuire, M. D., at Winchester, May, 1862.

AN IMPORTANT INCIDENT OF THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

Prepared by SAMUEL E. LEWIS, M. D., of Washington, D. C., First Vice-President of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy.

In the *Medical and Surgical Journal of the Confederate States* I found, about ten years ago, a long overlooked and almost forgotten incident of the famous Valley campaign, which I deemed of sufficient importance to again bring to the light of day, and endeavored to trace the order therein referred to, but unavailingly. Being under the impression that the occurrence and its importance are not generally known this paper has been prepared to be read at the Dallas Reunion of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy.

In further preface to the subject matter the writer begs leave to refer to the letter of Herr Hans Zeimer, dated Heiden, Appenzell, Switzerland, January 2, 1902, regarding M. Henri Dunant; and to to glean a few facts relating to the whereabouts and condition of that devoted humanitarian. M. Dunant, born May 8, 1828, Geneva, Switzerland, appears now infirm, venerable, with white hair and beard and benevolent face. He was found in a poor little cabin, a dependency of the pauper farm belonging to the village of Heiden, in which he found a home more than twenty years ago when he had become sick, penniless, and friendless, after having given the prime of his life, health and wealth to the cause of humanity. There he had been cared for entirely at the expense of the village, till in 1896 the Empress of Russia granted a pension which enabled him to defray it in part.

Herr Zeimer had called to inform him that the administrators of the *Nobel fund* for the advancement of scientific and humanitarian

propaganda and investigation had selected him (M. Dunant) and Frederick Bassy to divide between them the Annual Prize of one hundred thousand francs for the most useful efforts to promote the cause of peace. The information was received with great calmness—almost indifference—with the remark that it would be declined if it were to be required that he should leave his present abode, as he had become greatly attached to the poor people who were caring for him, but upon reflection said he would be glad to receive his proportion as it would more than defray the expense of his keeping and relieve those upon whose kindness he had so long been a burden.

Unhappily, there is a condition attached to the prize which would entail great hardship upon him should its enforcement be insisted upon. It is that "every prize winner shall appear in Stockholm within six months after acceptance to deliver a lecture upon the subject that gained him the prize;" and as he has been so long infirm and confined as to be unable and unwilling to comply with these terms, he may at last be deprived of even this slight recognition. In his behalf his friends now propose that a medical certificate as to his physical condition shall be sent to Stockholm, countersigned by the Mayor and the village priest; and at the same time an appeal be made to King Oscar. It is sincerely to be hoped their kindly efforts may prove successful; and here we will leave consideration of his present circumstances, to briefly refer to his noble efforts to alleviate suffering induced by warfare and the promotion of progress of humanity in war.

On June 24, 1859, M. Henri Dunant, physician, of Geneva, was present as a spectator at Solferino when more than three hundred thousand men were engaged in combat, where the line of battle extended to more than fifteen miles, and the fight lasted more than fifteen hours. When the losses of the allied French and Sardinians were 18,000 killed and wounded; and those of the Austrians 20,000 killed and wounded, 6,000 prisoners, and 30 cannon. He saw there during the following days the sufferings and privations of the wounded lying on the field or hurried into improvised hospitals, devoured no longer by fire and sword, but hopeless and dying from being abandoned, from want of ready, sufficient, and efficacious help, and from the diseases born of field and hospitals.

He proclaimed anew the conviction that the wounded man on the ground, of whatever nation is sacred; that humanity is international; and that medical officers in attendance upon the sick and wounded,

their assistants, and the stores consecrated to the service of the invalid should be respected.

Encouraged by the favorable reception of his declared convictions he addressed to the War Ministers of nearly all the States of Europe a proposition to send official delegates to Geneva to consider and establish them. Fourteen governments complied, and after four days' consultation their representatives adopted a programme demanding neutralization during war by belligerent nations of ambulances and hospitals, their staff and material, and the adoption of a common flag and badge for those engaged in the charitable work.

M. Dunant, M. Monier, and General Dupin, with others, continued to labor to effect the practical realization of these objects. Committees were established in the various kingdoms. Commissioners were dispatched to observe the course of events during the war in Schleswig-Holstein, and to ascertain how far voluntary efforts might be made available in mitigating the horrors of war without interfering with the efficiency of military operations—for a great part of the conception of the authors of this Congress was to provide for the organization and official reception of such voluntary charitable corps in time of war. Subsequently they supplicated the Swiss government, as a neutral power, to take the initiative in inviting all the sovereign powers to concert stipulations, which might be introduced into the law of nations, as to the character of the wounded and of those who bring them succor. This invitation was generally accepted, and resulted in the important convention of 1863, from which the basis of a Congress issued. It was a great work to have sprung so rapidly from the initiative of a few private individuals; and the names of its authors well deserve to be consecrated high on the roll of the greatest benefactors of all time.

To Florence Nightingale, of England, heroine nurse of the Crimean war, and to Henri Dunant, the Geneva physician, the world is indebted for great progress in the advancement of humane efforts in warfare, and their impress upon civilization in that direction.

To what extent information of these humane propositions became known and supported in the United States has not been ascertained, but it would seem to appear that unhappily they aroused no public interest, nor consideration by the government. It was but a short while after M. Dunant gave to the world his "*Souvenir of Solferino*," that the great war between the States began, and continued for four years. Incalculable physical suffering and mental distress would have been avoided had there been some community of thought

and action between the contending governments on the line of the humane propositions mentioned. Unfortunately their policies in all that related to non-combatants, medical supplies, and exchange of prisoners, were diametrically opposed. The United States Government early declared by proclamation or order all medicines, surgical instruments and appliances contraband of war, and they were so regarded to the end of the struggle.

The ill temper and inhumanity of the time in the North extended even to the medical profession, as evidenced at the Convention of the American Medical Association held in Chicago in 1863, when Dr. Gardner, of New York, introduced preamble and resolutions petitioning the Northern government to repeal the orders declaring medical and surgical appliances contraband of war; arguing that such cruelty rebounded on their own soldiers, many of whom as prisoners in the hands of the Confederates, shared the suffering resulting from such a policy, while the act itself was worthy the dark ages of the world's history. It is lamentable to have to record that this learned and powerful Association of the medical men then limited to the North, forgetful of the noble and unselfish teachings of the healing art, in their senseless passion hissed their benevolent brother from the hall.

The Northern government also resisted all efforts to effect a satisfactory agreement regarding exchange of prisoners, only closing its eyes and pretending not to be aware of the informal agreements of opposing generals in the field as to the exchange of prisoners in their hands respectively, till July 22, 1862, when a general cartel was agreed upon by the two governments, but which was never carried out satisfactorily, and in 1864 was practically suspended altogether; so that even the great prisons became inadequate for the increased demands upon them. Had there been satisfactory agreement and good faith in carrying out the cartels Andersonville would not have been established, and there would have been avoided that distressing calamity; and the effort which grew out of it to blacken the character of President Davis; and the persecution of Major Henry Wirz, and his cruel execution by hanging. Justice has never been done that noble heroism which resisted and spurned the base and formidable bribe of life and liberty, and held fast to the truth. The Southern people should ever hold his memory dear. Nor would there have been Camp Douglas, Illinois; Camp Butler, Illinois; Alton, Illinois; Rock Island, Illinois; Camp Morton, Indiana; or Elmira, New York; with their frightful records of suffering and death.

Nor would there be still lying scattered throughout the Northern States twenty-eight thousand Confederate dead, difficult to locate, many never to be found, most of which are unmarked, a portion inadequately so, lost to their kindred and friends—lost to history—a fruitful source of sectional bitterness for nearly forty years—not yet removed.

As early as May 21, 1861, the Confederate Congress passed an Act as follows: "All prisoners of war whether taken on land or sea, during the pending hostilities with the United States, shall be transferred by the captors from time to time, and as often as convenient, to the Department of war; and it shall be the duty of the Secretary of War, with the approval of the President, to issue such instructions to the Quartermaster-General and his subordinates as shall provide for the safe custody and sustenance of prisoners of war, and the rations furnished prisoners of war shall be the same in quantity and quality as those furnished to enlisted men in the army of the Confederacy." President Davis states in his *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government* that this law of Congress was embodied in the orders issued from the War Department and from the headquarters in the field and no order was ever issued in conflict with its humane provisions.

Other than the occasional exchanges in the field before noted, there was no effort in that direction till February 14, 1862, when an arrangement was made by the representatives of both governments, General Howell Cobb and General Wool, under which some exchanges were made, but the agreement was soon abandoned, and matters proceeded as before.

Our surgeons were distinguished not only for knowledge and skill but also for humanity to the sick and wounded of the enemy; and they extended the greatest courtesy and aid to the Federal Medical Corps, as, for instance, after the second Manassas battle by Medical Director L. Guild of General Lee's army to Medical Director Thomas A. McParlin of General Pope's army; and by Medical Director Hunter McGuire of General Jackson's army to Brigade Surgeon J. Burd Peale and others of General Banks' army. Prior to the capture of Winchester in May, 1862, the medical officers were held as prisoners in like manner as other officers; but were often permitted to give their services to their suffering fellow-prisoners.

Especial mention is made of the circumstance that when General Jackson defeated General Banks and entered Winchester on the morning of May 25th, 1862, besides the quarter of a million dollars'

worth of medical and quartermaster's supplies captured, he found at Union (Hotel) Hospital seven Federal surgeons and assistant surgeons and about three hundred sick and wounded, besides attendants, nurses and other inmates, all of whom became prisoners. The General directed through Acting Medical Director Harvey Black, that Brigade Surgeon Peale, U. S. A., continue in charge undisturbed, and ordered all the sick and wounded Federal prisoners who should be brought in from the field to be placed in his care. Surgeon Peale was also permitted to have sixty-four attendants from the able prisoners necessary for carrying on the hospital; and to be furnished by the Commissary with provisions upon requisition.

Assistant Surgeon Philip Adolphus, U. S. A., was captured on the battle-field on the 25th and taken to Winchester, where he offered his services to Surgeon Peale, and became part of his corps at the hospital. In the narrative furnished to his superior officers he states: "The enemy generally permitted me to continue my vocation, and furnished me, at my request, at once with a guard to protect me, the property in my charge and my men." The status of affairs mentioned above continued till the retirement of General Jackson on the 31st of May. On that day the Provost Marshal paroled all the men in the hospital. But the medical officers were liberated in a special and peculiar manner, which had beneficial results subsequently. They executed the following very formal and important document:

"WINCHESTER, VA., May 31, 1862.

"We, Surgeons and Assistant Surgeons United States Army, now prisoners of war in this place, do give our parole of honor, on being unconditionally released, to report in person, singly or collectively, to the Secretary of War, in Washington city, and that we will use our best efforts that the same number of medical officers of the Confederate States Army, now prisoners or that may hereafter be taken, be released on the same terms. And, furthermore, we will, on our honor, use our best efforts to have this principle established, viz. the unconditional release of all medical officers taken prisoners of war hereafter."

(Signed) J. BURD PEALE, Brigade Surgeon, Blenker's Div.
J. J. JONSON, Surgeon 27th Indiana Vols.
FRANCIS LELAND, Surgeon, Second Mass. Vols.
PHILIP ADOLPHUS, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.
LINCOLN R. STONE, Ass't Surg., 2nd Mass. Vols.
JOSEPH F. DAY, JR., Ass't Surg., 10th Me. Vols.

EVELYN L. BISSEL, Ass't Surg., 5th Conn. Vols.

Approved:

HUNTER MCGUIRE, Medical Director,
Army of the Valley, C. S.

The preparation and execution of this document resulted from a conference between General Jackson and Surgeon McGuire; and Surgeon Daniel B. Conrad, of the Second Virginia Regiment, was present with Dr. McGuire on the occasion of the release of these medical officers. In a letter as late as September 30, 1898, Dr. McGuire writes:

“In the month of May, 1862, after the defeat of General Banks by General Jackson at Winchester, I found among the captured prisoners eight surgeons or assistant surgeons at the Union Hotel Hospital in Winchester. As Medical Director of the Army I reported the fact to General Jackson and asked his permission to unconditionally release these medical officers upon their parole of honor. That they were to remain in charge of the Federal sick and wounded in Winchester for fifteen days. After the expiration of the fifteen days their parole permitted them to report to their commanding officers for duty. It was understood by these gentlemen that they were to use every effort to have released, on the same terms, the medical officers of the Confederate States who were then prisoners of the Federal Government, or any medical officers of the Confederate States who might thereafter be captured. General T. J. Jackson assented to the proposition I made to him very readily and directed me to carry out the suggestion. With Dr. Daniel B. Conrad, of the Second Virginia Regiment, Confederate States, I went to the Union Hotel Hospital and released on parole the surgeons, assistant surgeons, attendants and nurses, but not the sick and wounded who were afterwards paroled by the regular officers of our army, not to take up arms again until properly exchanged. No regular order was issued by General Jackson to perform the duty I have reported, but the policy and humanity of such a measure was repeatedly discussed by him and myself afterwards. I kept up the practice of releasing Federal medical officers as soon as captured during my term of service as Medical Director with Jackson, Ewell, Early and Gordon, with whom I successively served as Chief Surgeon, or Medical Director, until the close of the war. A week before the defeat and capture of the greater portion of General Early's army at Waynesboro by Sheridan in 1865, I released the Medical Inspector of Gen-

eral Sheridan, who had been captured by some of our troops in the Valley of Virginia. When, among others, I was captured at Waynesboro, General Sheridan sent for me and after a short talk released me from prison on parole on the same terms that I had accorded to his medical officers. The fact of the release of the Federal surgeons at Winchester in May, 1862, was noticed by the *Confederate States Medical and Surgical Journal* and by the different newspapers of that period. Soon after the release of these Federal surgeons, and I believe in consequence of their parole, a number of Confederate surgeons, then in Northern prisons, were sent home."

From the *Confederate War Journal* of General Marcus J. Wright, Lexington, Ky., and New York, 1893-'5, Vol. 2, p. 124, I glean the following as worthy of mention relating to the operations at that time as reported by Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson from headquarters Second Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, April 10, 1863, to Brigadier-General R. H. Chilton, Acting Adjutant-General and Inspector-General, Headquarters Department of North Virginia:

"The public property captured in this expedition (1862) at Front Royal, Winchester, Martinsburg and Charleston was of great value.

* * * * *

"The medical stores, which filled one of the largest storehouses in Virginia, were fortunately saved. Most of the instruments and some of the medicines, urgently needed at the time by the command, were issued to the surgeons; the residue was sent to Charlottesville and turned over to a medical purveyor. Two large and well-furnished hospitals, capable of accommodating some seven hundred patients, were found in the town and left undisturbed, with all their stores, for the use of the sick and wounded of the enemy.

* * * * *

"There were found in the hospitals at Winchester about 700 sick and wounded of the enemy. * * * Those left in the hospitals were paroled. Eight Federal surgeons, attending the sick and wounded at Winchester, were at first held as prisoners of war, though paroled, and the next day unconditionally released. * * * Dr. H. Black, Acting Medical Director, discharged his duties well."

The following extract will be found of interest from a letter to Dr. Kent Black, Blacksburg, Va., son of Surgeon Harvey Black, dated Marion, Va., December 26, 1898, from Dr. John S. Apperson, formerly Hospital Steward to Surgeon Harvey Black from Harper's Ferry, Va., when the old Stonewall Brigade was organized up to the surrender at Appomattox.

"I remember, and very clearly, that about this time it was well understood that General Jackson regarded the medical officers of the opposing army as non-combatants and not amenable to the same restrictions as other prisoners of war. And this is in perfect harmony with the Christian character of this great soldier. His courage, fidelity to duty, and loyalty to his native State and the cause he loved were equaled only by his humanity. No matter what the conditions were—whether in camp or on the march, in battle, flushed with victory or falling back before an overwhelming force, as he once or twice did, he never failed to require the utmost care on the part of his medical officers for his own sick and wounded, and a feeling of compassion, akin to sympathy, for a maimed and crippled foe was manifest in all that he did.

* * * * * *

"So great was General Jackson's concern for the sick and wounded of his army and the efficiency of his medical corps he encouraged the organization of a travelling hospital or field infirmary. This was put into operation just before the battle of Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, and it has been a question with me whether or not this was the first undertaking of the kind in either army. It was a distinct organization, reporting directly to headquarters. It had its commissary and quartermaster, ambulances, transportation wagons, hospital tents, medical supplies, stewards, detailed nurses and matron in addition to a sufficient number of commissioned medical officers. As an interesting fact, there were also, as a part of this outfit, some ten or twelve milch cows, a part of which accompanied the army through the Pennsylvania campaign and back to Virginia. Surgeon H. Black was put in charge of this department at the time of its organization, and remained in charge of it until the war closed.

"At the present time, some of us who served the Southern Confederacy through the four years of the Civil war, and who know from personal experience the hardships and actual want induced by the scarcity of food, clothing, medicines, and war equipments of every kind in the Southern army, have been, at times, amusingly entertained by the complaints we hear from the army sent out this year in the recent war with Spain.

"I am sorry, Doctor, that I cannot, through you, help Dr. Lewis more than this letter will. His effort is a laudable one. If it does nothing more it will afford much indisputable evidence that the humane exchange of medical officers was first suggested and practiced by General Jackson, and if it had been carried out in good faith, as

it should have been, would have been fruitful of much good to suffering humanity."

General Stephen D. Lee writes from Agricultural College, Miss., December 14, 1898:

"I will forward to General Clement A. Evans, at Atlanta, the evidence you sent me of the humane policy of General Jackson in dealing liberally and humanely with surgeons, hospitals and wounded in war. I think the action of General Jackson will be a crowning honor to the treatment of prisoners, for which we have been so unjustly assailed."

General Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, Ga., writes, October 20, 1898:

"You have touched here a very important subject. Our claim that we were the most humane people who ever conducted a great war can be established by additional proof."

And also in the *Confederate Military History*, Atlanta, Ga., 1899, in his editorial remarks on pages 246-7, Vol. 3 (Virginia), he states:

"It is noteworthy that after this battle of Winchester there was inaugurated a humanitarian movement in reference to surgeons left in charge of wounded prisoners that has since become the rule among civilized nations engaged in war."

The afore-recited incident at Winchester was a new departure, without parallel during the war, and when it is remembered that definite action was not finally taken by the Geneva Congress and the adoption of the Red Cross till twenty-six months afterwards, August 22, 1864, the credit and honor are due to our unsurpassed General of the Valley and his unsurpassed Medical Director, for the first practical putting in operation the humane convictions and propositions of M. Dunant and his collaborators, though it is possible, even probable, that they were then uninformed regarding that humane physician and his works. Their policy and action were indeed but the fruits of the civilization, the culture, the broad-mindedness and humanity, and the Christianity of the Southern people at that time.

References : *U. S. Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion*, Appendix Part I., Med. Vol., p. 118.

Medical and Surgical Journal of the Confederate States.

War Record Journal, New York and Lexington, Ky., 1893-'6, Vol. II, page 124.

Confederate Military History, Vol. III, (Virginia), p. 246.

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, Jefferson Davis.

1418 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., March 20, 1902.

FATAL WOUNDING OF GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

Account of by Colonel "GUS" W. DORSEY, First Maryland Cavalry.

In the *Southern Historical Society Papers* it has been the prominent desire and effort of the Editor, to give just and full credit to every soldier and officer of our incomparable Southern Army. The death of General Stuart was a calamity, and all in the South felt it to be such. Had he, "the right arm of Stonewall Jackson," have been spared—it might well be beyond feeble human ken, to simply apprehend how signally he might have modified what was, is acknowledged as an inevitable result of an overwhelming host with constantly increasing resources. It remains that the death of Stuart was a grave calamity.

It is a remarkable fact that though it is thirty-eight years since the death of the celebrated Confederate cavalry leader, General "Jeb" Stuart, never but once has an accurate account of his being wounded appeared in print, and then it was in the *Staunton Spectator*. The *Richmond Dispatch*, a paper that runs a Confederate column, though evidently it has never heard of McClellan's book, recently stated that "General Stuart was wounded at the head of the column leading a desperate charge," and in the Baltimore *Sun* there has appeared at different times numerous accounts of that affair, written by men who were not at nor anywhere near Yellow Tavern on May 11, 1864. This may be the reason why "Gus"

Dorsey was never mentioned by any of those would-be historical writers.

Though "Gus" Dorsey, like his comrade, the famous "Jim" Breathed, is little known to the Confederate societies of Maryland, both are most favorably known to that ideal soldier and gentleman, without an if or a but—Brigadier-General Thomas T. Munford—as they were to Colonel William A. Morgan and other gallant Virginians, who, like themselves, were at the front to the end. In *Mohun*, by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Esten Cooke, there is a picture of Captain Dorsey catching General Stuart when wounded, only Captain Dorsey was not mounted; he was fighting Company K dismounted.

In the *Campaigns of Stuart's Cavalry*, by Major H. B. McClellan, Stuart's chief of staff, there is the account of the wounding of General Stuart that was sent to Mrs. Stuart shortly after the General's death, and which was published by her authority in Volume XVII, *Southern Historical Society Papers*. In this account there is much mention of Captain Dorsey. McClellan's book—*A History of General "Jeb" Stuart from Birth to Death*—is one of the most accurate works of the Civil war, and should be in the hands of every cavalryman.

Having stated the above facts for the benefit of historical writers, I will now give an account of that great calamity to the South, the mortal wounding of General Stuart, in the terse, soldier words of Colonel (then Captain of Company K, First Virginia Cavalry) "Gus" W. Dorsey, as taken from a letter written to me on April 21, 1902, and as printed in the *Staunton Spectator*:

"I was stationed on the Telegraph road with my company, K, numbering about seventy men, and the first I knew about our troops being whipped and driven back on the left was when General Stuart came down to my position, with a view of ordering me back; and just as he rode up to the company the Yankees charged. He halted a moment and encouraged the men with the words: 'Bully for old K! Give it to them, boys!' and just as K had repulsed the Yankees he was shot through the stomach. He reeled on his horse and said: 'I am shot,' and then, 'Dorsey, save your men.' I caught him and took him from his horse. He insisted I should leave him and save my men. I told him we would take him with us; and, calling Corporal Robert Bruce and Private Charles Wheatley, we sent him to the rear. No other troops were near General Stuart when he was shot that I saw."

This is an accurate statement of that affair, without any vivid account of the imaginary captures and recaptures of a mythical battery, as in the *Sun's* last article.

From the report of Brigadier-General George A. Custer, General "Jeb" Stuart is supposed to have received his death wound from Private John H. Huff, a sharpshooter, Company E, Fifth Michigan Cavalry, Custer's Brigade, who died from a wound received at Haw's Shop on May 28, 1864.

"Gus" W. Dorsey was Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the First Maryland Cavalry, Munford's Brigade, April 28, 1865.

FRANK DORSEY.

Baltimore, December 20, 1902.

[This supposition of Custer is more than doubtful, as his brigade, Torbett's Division, commanded by Merritt, attacked the left (Lomax), whilst General Stuart was wounded on the extreme right, Wickham, who was attacked by Wilson's Division.]

[From the New Orleans (La.) *Picayune*, October 19, 1902.]

THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

There Was no Action in the Civil War Where the Confederate Soldier Displayed More Desperate Courage—
Bragg's Men Fought Against Overwhelming
Odds.

By Colonel LUKE W. FINLEY, Confederate States Army.

Can it be of any service to man to recount anything that was done at Perryville? Was the heroic in any way exemplified there? Is the heroic—consecration to duty—of any worth? Soldiers living have seen Forrest, the very impersonation of courage, exhibit the heroic on many fields. This does not mean that this is the highest type of manhood. The act of Forrest wherein he confessed, late in life, that he had been "building on the sand" and witnessed before men his accountability to his Maker was the highest type.

The soldier who stands for duty, for law, for his State, is a high type. Forrest, at Memphis, in the midst of the mob, outraged by the murderer's savage wrongs, when he stood for law, was a very high type. A grand example it was, as it comes freighted from the past, in these latter days, when the sad influences of a severe war had broken up the foundations of the social fabric, and society needed great men to stay the passions of mankind.

Let us, then, see if Perryville has any types worthy of treasuring up. No fairer land can be found than that area of Kentucky that centers around the triangular space marked by Harrodsburg, Danville and Perryville. The substantial elements of peaceful homes and prosperous conditions now distinguish it. It was not so thirty-nine years ago. Then armed soldiers traversed this once beautiful land. The sound of the drum, the roar of artillery were heard everywhere. The two great sections of the country were arrayed in hostile conflict. The South then, perhaps more than now, resolutely insisted upon the Constitution of the country in all its integrity. Mob violence was a rare thing. Her sons were trained to love the State; her statesmen were noted as defenders of the Constitution. Perhaps it is a tendency on the part of majorities to wield its power without regarding sacredly the limitations and principles that at an earlier date in national life were deemed fundamental. Majorities are like floods of a river—they overflow the channel.

In that day the North, conscious of its power, stopped not to consider constitutional limitations. Had wiser counsels prevailed and constitutional limitations been regarded, doubtless the beneficent results, in some respects, of the great struggle would have been attained without so great a sacrifice of life and treasure. Providence did not so order. There was chivalry, intelligence and love of State in the Southern youth. They did not dislike the flag, but they loved the Constitution. The stories of the revolution were to them household tales. So, when the gleam of the bayonet and the flash of the sword appeared upon Southern hills, they sent their electric effect across Southern valleys, and those who bore them were deemed invaders; so the young men of the South rushed to arms.

The South had drawn great inspiration, too, from Northern youth and Northern manhood. Many of her illustrious men had taught the Southern youth, men who afterwards became famous in American history. Seward and Douglas and Blaine and many others had instructed Southern youth, in Southern States. The South's roster of famous names gave their birthplaces to many in Northern States;

Quitman and Prentiss and Walker and many others noted in Southern life were of Northern birth. Many who had thus come, profoundly convinced of the right of the Southern cause, entered her armies and became distinguished.

In 1862 the Army of Tennessee, having felt the first great shock of battle at Shiloh, the sons of the South were again ready to strike a blow in defense of their homes and firesides. The sons of the North, too, distinguished for their valor in that most desperate battle of the war, knew what it was to meet the Southern soldiery along the line of fire. The Army of Tennessee was in a state of fine discipline. Its chief did not equal in his genius for battle the fiery spirit and undaunted courage of its disciplined soldiers. We do not mean to detract from General Bragg. He loved the South. He was perhaps the best disciplinarian that ever controlled an army during the struggle. He could strike a first blow with great force. His strategy in forcing the Federal armies from Tennessee and adjacent States into Kentucky was simply masterly.

Buell, who led the Federal forces, and who would not overstate the character of the Confederates, on the 4th of November, 1862, uses this language of the Confederate army:

"It was composed of veteran troops, well armed and thoroughly inured to hardships. Every circumstance of its march and the concurrent testimony of all who came within reach of its line attest that it was under perfect discipline."

In one respect perhaps he overstates. Many were armed with the old muskets; and the cartridge was the ball with three shots. Their destructive force, however, was felt at Shiloh, and also at Perryville, for at night on that field many were completely equipped with the modern rifles captured that day.

The Federal army, on the other hand, was magnificently equipped. Each had just recovered from the conflict at Shiloh, in which at the close of the first day the Federal forces were heavily re-enforced by Buell's army, and the latter were flushed with a victory, if one it might be called. After a short stay at Tupelo, a short period of drilling and discipline at Chattanooga, in the latter part of August, 1862, the Southern army started on the campaign into Kentucky—Bragg, with 20,000, passing Sequatchie valley, Sparta, Greensboro, thence into Kentucky, by way of Munfordville to the scene of severe conflict, of which we are about to speak, and Kirby Smith, with some 15,000, going from Knoxville across the Cumberland Moun-

tains, near Cumberland Gap, thence to Richmond, Ky., on his way to Frankfort.

Buell concentrated his forces in middle Tennessee, pursuing thence a parallel course through Murfreesboro, Nashville and thence to Louisville. It is said that Buell had under his command at and near Louisville about one hundred thousand men. Bragg had in his command, including Morgan and Marshall, a little over 40,000. The Confederates having, after spirited engagement, captured Murfordsville on the one route, and routed Nelson at Richmond on the other, moved on with vigor, anticipating battle and a victory.

Sill and Dumont, with their divisions, moved toward Frankfort, and were distant from Kirby Smith about two days' march. The veteran forces of Buell's army, outside of these two divisions, with some fresh levies, amounting to 58,000 men, under McCook, Gilbert and Crittenden, as his corps commanders, began rapidly to concentrate near Perryville. McCook by way of Mackville; Gilbert by way of Springfield, and Crittenden by way of Lebanon.

On October 8, Withers' Division, about 5,000 men, had been detached, and ordered to make a junction with Kirby Smith not far from Versailles. This left Hardee's Corps of 10,000 men, Cheatham's Division of Polk's Corps, about 5,000, and two small detachments of cavalry under Wharton and Wheeler, Smith's Brigade of Cheatham's Division, was held in reserve between the points, Perryville on the south, and the mouth of Doctor's creek on the north.

Gilbert's Corps—a little over 21,000, under the division commanders, Mitchell, Sheridan and Schoepf—were in position west of Doctor's Creek the evening of the 7th; McCook's Corps took its place to the left of Gilbert a little after midday October 8th; its right division commanded by Rousseau, and its left by Jackson; Crittenden's Corps was in line of battle at 4 P. M., and took its place to the right of Gilbert. Buell displayed no higher qualities of leadership on this eventful day than Bragg; he had his army too much separated until 4 P. M. Why he did not make a master stroke at that time, with over three to one, it is difficult to comprehend.

On the other hand, it is difficult to see why Bragg did not concentrate his entire force at Perryville—returning Withers' Division to Cheatham, and bringing up Kirby Smith as rapidly as possible, who was scarcely beyond a day's march, for such men as he had—and utterly rout Buell's army in one decisive stroke. It is true he

would have had a disparity of forces, but with the soldiers under his order on that day, with their enthusiasm and ardor and impetuous force and determination to win at all hazards, he might have achieved a victory without a parallel. As it was, the battle was set in array as follows:

The Federal forces under Crittenden, Gilbert and McCook along the western slope of Doctor's creek from the Springfield road across the Mackville road to near the mouth of Doctor's creek, with an obtuse angle at the point where the Mackville road crossed Doctor's creek, the Federal line extending toward the northwest, with its extreme left turned slightly to the rear to accommodate itself to a position along the hills.

Hardee took position between Chaplin and Doctor's creek, with Johnson and Cleburne, near the obtuse angle in the Federal line, which was the center of the fight. Adams and Powell, with their brigades, were placed on the left of the Confederate line to protect from Crittenden. Cheatham's three brigades were moved to the extreme right along Chaplin creek, ready for an assault on Terrell and Webster's Brigades of Jackson's Division. Wharton, with a small command of cavalry, was placed at the Confederate right to strike the Federal left flank. Wheeler, on the other hand, placed at the extreme left. Semple's battery was placed near Seminary Hill, east of Chaplin creek, and maintained its position during the entire engagement. Preston Smith's Brigade was held in reserve. Smith, Turner, Carnes and other artilleryists did noble work as occasion permitted.

It was a bright, sunlit October day; the weather was dry. Water was scarce. Ponds in Doctor's creek and Chaplain were the only places whence the two armies could get water to drink.

Cheatham's Division (except Smith's Brigade) on the 7th had made a march from near Danville and filed into bivouac at the great spring at Harrodsburg just at sunset. Preparations for a soldier's supper and for a night's bivouac were immediately made, counting on a good night's rest. These visions of sleep were soon disturbed. An order to be ready to march at a moment's notice made an active and busy camp. At 8 o'clock P. M. the old division was on its way to Perryville, ten miles distant, and shortly after midnight lay in bivouac along the line of Chaplain creek until the soldier's slumber was roused by the picket firing along the line, which foretold an action soon to take place.

BRAGG FOUGHT THREE TO ONE.

Such a scene, as these two armies in battle array on either side of Doctor's creek on that eventful day, was not witnessed during the Civil war. It would seem to be a desperate venture—a well-equipped army on one side, outnumbering its adversary by over three to one, in the plain open field, and the smaller ready to deliver battle, is one of the mysterious and unaccountable things that makes Perryville a remarkable battle from this standpoint alone.

General Rosseau, who commanded one division of McCook's Corps, speaking of Buell's army, said:

"I am satisfied that the discipline of Buell's army was far better than that of any army I have ever seen—better drilled and better disciplined."

The order for attack is given. Preparations are made. Witness at this time the brigades of this small army getting ready, conscious that in a very brief time the conflict would be on. It is halted; fronted—it is ordered to be ready for immediate action. The knapsacks are placed on the ground with the soldier's wardrobe and cooking utensils. They stand ready now with the musket, the cartridge box, with forty rounds of ammunition to the man, and canteens filled with water.

How stands the army? McCook faces Jackson on the extreme left, a sheet of water in Chaplain's creek, a few hundred yards to his front, plainly visible. They await the onset and do not have to wait long. Wharton, with the Eighth and Fifty-first Tennessee of Donelson, added to his cavalry, makes a flank movement, strikes the Federal left with force. Colonel John H. Savage, with the Sixteenth Tennessee, the Fifteenth closely following him on his left, climbs the heights, strikes the Thirty-third and Second Ohio and brings on the desperate fight. Maney and Stewart being close at hand, but not near enough for the desperate odds, for Jackson has 5,000 men under his brigadiers (Terrill and Webster). Maney files to the right to get upon the bluff, forms line of battle, and moves to the left to take position on the right of Savage, and enters the fight.

A soldier falls here, and now there; the battle is on. The Sixteenth Tennessee makes a splendid movement, staggering at times under the furious fire of the Nineteenth Indiana battery and other artilleryists and their infantry supports, but again advances and scores the first victory in the Confederate line. It was a costly one,

though—forty-one gave their lives and over thrice that number sealed their devotion to duty with their blood—and Parsons and Stone and Bush pour furiously their hurricane of shrapnel and shot in death-dealing blows upon the advancing men of Cheatham on the Federal left. Stewart is held for a brief space in reserve, then thrown in on the left of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Tennessee, and the Federal left is broken by the combined movement of the three brigades.

Sheridan, of Gilbert's Corps, on the Federal center, was ordered forward across Doctor's creek, covering the Springfield pike, with Mitchell to his right and rear, and Schoepf to his rear. Powell and Adams, accommodating themselves to the conditions of the fight, advance and retire so as to preserve the left. Gilbert moves a part of his own corps to the left, nearer McCook's right; occupies the hill just left of where Doctor's creek is crossed by the Mackville road at the obtuse angle of the Federal line. Confronting him are Johnson and Cleburne, of Buckner's Division, with Brown and Johnson, of Buckner, and Wood, of Anderson's Division, to the right, close up to Cheatham's left. The skirmishing is over; the battle begins in earnest from left to right. The line of fire is about the strong position in the center and extends to the Federal left, where the three brigades of Cheatham are steadily moving forward, turning McCook's left back on itself, who is pressed back and back to the rear. Wood is engaged furiously with the right of Rousseau.

Cheatham's old division, assisted by Wharton, moves steadily forward—gun after gun is taken. The Nineteenth Indiana Light Artillery battery loses four pieces and Parson loses seven. Terrill and Webster and Jackson successively fall, and the division is irretrievably driven back. Starkweather moves to the assistance of the broken columns, but under the driving blows of Maney and Stewart, following the movement of Wharton and Donelson, is forced to retire, taking with him a part of Bush's Battery and Stone's four pieces, and takes a position on the crest of the hill and grove to the right in the rear of the cornfield, awaiting the final attack.

Rousseau is pressed back, the fight is now with Gilbert, slowly giving way before Cleburne and others. Brown and Cleburne and Wood and many others are wounded. McCook is driven back of the Mackwell road, Gilbert a mile to the rear. Powell and Adams press back, watch the Confederate left, the skirmish line of the Federal right penetrating into Perryville. The Federal right, however, halts. Semple, from the Seminary ground, continues the line

of fire. Sunset slowly approaches, Cheatham still presses on, Hardee holds the center in a very severe death grapple with Gilbert, pushing him to the rear, however.

At 3:30 the Thirtieth Brigade of Mitchell's Division goes to the assistance of Rousseau. Gooding, the Brigadier, says:

"On reaching the field I found the forces (McCook's) badly cut up and retreated (they then having fallen back nearly one mile) and were being hotly pressed by the enemy." * * * "I again ordered the brigade to the support of the brigade fighting on my left, which as soon as I had become engaged, retreated and fell back in confusion. The battle now rages furiously. Here we fought alone and unsupported for two hours and twenty minutes." * * * "Although my men fought desperately, it was of no avail, for being overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, they were compelled to withdraw from the field. Retreating under cover of a hill, the brigade was again formed in line of battle by the senior officer of the brigade, when, after consultation, learning that we had no support within one mile distant, it was deemed advisable to withdraw from the field and fall back upon our lines, which they did."

Hardee states: "By this time Cheatham being hotly engaged, the brigades of Johnson and Cleburne attacked the angle of the enemy's line with great impetuosity near the burnt barn, while those of Wood, Brown and Jones dashed against their line more to the right on the left of Cheatham. Simultaneously the brigades of Adams and Powell on the left of Cleburne and Johnson assailed the enemy in front, while Adams, diverging to the right, united with Buckner's left. The whole force thus united then advanced, aided by a crushing fire from the artillery which partially enfiladed their lines. This combined attack was irresistible and drove the enemy in wild disorder from the position nearly a mile to the rear."

So that Hardee and Colonel Gooding agree upon this fact. It was now a little after 5 P. M. Two incidents may well be related here which occurred about the same time. The sun was about setting, Jackson's line had been broken and Starkweather had placed Stone and Bush on the crest of the hill covering the approach from a cornfield extending a quarter of a mile or so in front. Certain other troops were to his right in the grove. The enemy behind the fence and in the cornfield were engaged in a furious fight with Cheatham's men.

The word "Forward!" rang along the line. Forward moved the

Southern battleflag toward the crest, from which Stone and Bush belched forth a stream of shot and shell. Forward the Confederates moved and the Federal line broke. They pursued the fleeing Federals until they had captured or killed nearly all in the cornfield and silenced the battery on the crest of the hill. After having approached within a few paces of the battery which had been silenced, they met an enfilading fire from the left, possibly Starkweather's Brigade; the command was ordered to lie down. They were then ordered to load and pour a volley into the soldiers enfilading them, which being done, the Federals retired and the battle was over on the Federal left.

The men of Stewart and Maney then moved to the right, to the water gap, and there reformed. No further fighting occurred in that part of the field and this small force marched back and took its position in the division line. About the same time, further to the Federal right, Liddell, with his brigade, having been ordered "to move upon the enemy where the firing was the hottest," met General Cheatham, who urged him to push on and relieve his troops from the heavy pressure upon them. After overlapping Cheatham's line he commenced firing. He says:

"It being twilight, however, with a bright full moon shining and dress not clearly distinguishable, my men mistook the enemy for friends; at the same time the cry came from the enemies' line 'you are killing your friends,' which serving to strengthen the impression, I gave the signal to cease firing, intending to push up the line, but at this moment Major-General Polk, who had joined me a few moments before, ordered the ranks to be opened for him to pass, and riding hastily up to the line in front of us, distant not more than twenty-five paces, quickly returned, exclaiming: 'They are enemies, fire upon them!'

"Heavy volleys were at once rapidly poured into this mass of men, and after the lapse of some ten minutes I again ordered the firing to cease, and when the smoke had cleared away nothing was visible of the enemy but their wounded, dying and dead."

With these two engagements the contest ceased. The sun having gone down, the moon advances in the east above the horizon. Nothing breaks the stillness of the night but the call of soldiers to their living and wounded comrades. The wounded are carried to the field hospital—the captured arms are carried to the rear. Soon the soldiers bivouac upon the field. The battle of Perryville is over.

The Confederate loss was: Killed, 510; wounded, 2,635; captured, 251—total, 3,396.

The Federal loss was: Killed, 845; wounded, 2,851; captured, 515—total, 4,241.

Casualties in Cheatham's Division were over 33¼ per cent. The Confederates captured were taken into Perryville chiefly, and not on the line of battle. The Confederate line had entire possession of the field of battle at 6 P. M. The troops engaged who survived the battle and were ready for duty, quietly arose from their bivouac and marched toward Harrodsburg, and in a few days were at Camp Dick Robinson.

The leaders in this battle were offered great opportunities. Had Bragg concentrated his forces, as he easily could have done, he had better opportunity than Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' war, when he successively attacked the French, the Austrians and the Russians. November 5, 1757, he routed the French, 60,000 strong, with 22,000, at Rossbach; December 5, 1757, he put the Austrians, 80,000 strong, to rout with 42,000 at Leuthen; then he turned his banner against the Russians, and with an inferior force drove them in August, 1758, at Zorndroff, and Prussia from that day became a dominant power in Europe. So Jackson, in the Shenandoah Valley, with a small command, successively and successfully met Milroy, Banks, Fremont and Shields, each with a superior force.

Hardee seems to have fully taken in the situation. In his report of December 1, 1862, he says:

"On the 7th I informed General Bragg, who was at Harrodsburg, that the enemy was moving in heavy force against my position. With the view of inflicting a decisive defeat, or at least of pressing him back from any further advance against our line of communication in the direction of Danville and Cumberland Gap, I urged the concentration of our whole army at Perryville. On the evening of the 7th, my wing of the army having been re-enforced by the division of Cheatham, and orders having been issued to engage the enemy on the following morning, I again earnestly urged upon General Bragg the necessity of massing his forces on that important point."

On the 23d of November, 1862, at Tullahoma, Tenn., General Bragg issued the following order:

"The several regiments, battalions and independent companies engaged in the ever memorable battle at Perryville, Ky., on October

8, in which they achieved a signal victory over the enemy, numbering three to their one, and drove him from the field with terrible slaughter and the loss of his artillery, will inscribe the name of that field on their colors. The corps of Cheatham's Division, which made a gallant and desperate charge, resulting in the capture of three of the enemy's batteries, will, in addition to the name, place the cross cannon inverted."

General Polk, speaking of these three brigades, says: "This charge of these brigades was one of the most heroic and brilliant movements of the war. Considering the disparity of the number of the troops engaged, the strength of the enemy's position, the murderous character of the fire under which they had to advance, the steadiness with which they endured the havoc which was being made in their ranks, their knowledge that they were without any supporting force, the firmness with which they moved upon the enemy's masses of infantry and artillery, it will compare favorably with the most brilliant achievements of historic valor."

There were some officers in that engagement who afterwards attained eminence. On the Federal side Sheridan, who again gave way before these same veterans at Murfreesboro, and subsequently won notoriety in the Valley of the Shenandoah for his merciless devastation of its beautiful homes, and military fame for his success as a cavalry leader at the head of a well equipped and superior force. Thomas, who won eminence at Snodgrass' Hill, Chickamauga, when at 6 P. M., September 19, 1863, these same veterans, standing where the monuments of stone tell the story of his forces, leaving the positions under orders, pressed them in their obedience—who again won distinction at Nashville in December, 1864, when, with three times and more the force, he let Hood and near 15,000 veterans escape him when they were nearly surrounded.

On the Confederate side, beside Bragg and Polk and Wheeler, there were Cleburne and Cheatham; Cleburne, the patient, silent soldier, that disciplined in camp and led in battle his splendid division on many fields—gifted, brave, heroic, whose genius for war was elevated and refined by the Christian faith. Cheatham, the brave, generous, heroic soldier, whose very soul was set on fire by his devoted and gallant division. Both self-made men, great men, without whom Tennessee and Arkansas would have lost—whose souls were ablaze with patriotism, and whose lives were ready to be offered up at any time. Brave souls, they have departed, both in the Christ-

ian faith, and while tradition recalls the faithful spirits who stood ready at any and all times with their veteran followers to give their lives for freedom, and history recounts the deeds of patriots, the name and the fame of Cleburne and Cheatham will shine.

And Hardee, conservative, gallant, soldierly, a field marshal of the South, whose genius grasped the situation at Perryville—let his name be numbered among the glorious sons of the South. Can we recall the ascent of those hills of Doctor and Chaplin creeks, the storming of those batteries defended by such brigades as Gooding led, or Starkweather commanded, without a feeling of pride as Americans both?

Let those who never faced a line of fire nor stormed a battery say they died in vain who fell on this fated field. Before such scenes of heroism those deeds of modern noteworthiness fade into insignificance.

No field of the Civil war shows to the military critic a more splendid heroism, nor to the lover of liberty a more self-sacrificing valor than these veterans of the South on that eventful day. Gooding, with his brave command, lost in killed 10 per cent. of his men and in wounded 25 per cent.—perhaps the most bloody record of that day, and his witness is this: "Although my men fought desperately, it was of no avail."

An incident of the retreat of that old division illustrates the spirit of the command. In that desperate charge on the right of the Confederate line a soldier—still living—was shot with a ram-rod; he went to the hospital, and it was still sticking through his body, and the Confederate surgeon, Dr. Frank Rice, extracted it from the soldier. As his brigades started towards Cumberland Gap the orders were strict—no soldier was to leave his place in the line. He fell out of ranks with gun and cartridge box completely equipped. The field officer of the day asked him if it would not be better to march in his place in the ranks. He replied: "It would look better, but it would not feel better to me." "Have you a permit?" said the officer. At this he handed the surgeon's certificate. "How were you wounded?" said the officer. Baring his breast and exposing the wound, he said: "It went in there," and turning his back, he said: "it stuck out there, and the surgeon pulled it out." He was ready for duty at any moment.

We have not mentioned others, brave ones, who on the Federal side on that day performed feats of valor and deserved honorable mention at the hands of their superiors; nor those on the Confederate

side who, like Field and Govan and many others, witnessed a good fight in behalf of the flag of the South and in the struggle for constitutional liberty.

Well may America, reunited, rejoice in this common heritage. No true citizen can look upon such exemplifications of heroism and fail to feel a thrill of satisfaction that they in common illustrated American valor.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, September 22, 1902.]

TALKS WITH GENERAL J. A. EARLY.

Valley Campaign and Movement on Washington.

SOME THRILLING INCIDENTS.

An Interesting Paper by Dr. Wm. B. Conway, of Company C, 4th Regiment, Virginia Cavalry—Excitement in Federal Capital.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

General Early's Shenandoah Valley campaigns of 1864 were most remarkable in many respects, and many unsatisfactory reports come to us through Confederate histories concerning these campaigns.

I have read a few of these magazine articles from Federal officers giving their side of the question, and at times at variance with many things that came under my own observation, as well as what I have heard from General Early's own lips.

During the latter years of his life the general spent most of his summers at the Yellow Sulphur Springs, in Montgomery county, Va., and he was frequently accompanied by General Beauregard, the hero of the first battle of Manassas. The old general was very fond of recounting to others his campaigns and battles. I remember of meeting him on several occasions at the Yellow Sulphur, and would sit for hours listening, while he discussed with General Beauregard and other visitors at the Springs the plans and manoeuvres of his many battles, especially those about his valley campaigns. It was there that I met for the first and last time that accomplished daughter of the Confederacy, Miss Winnie Davis. The general turned to me

on one occasion and said: "Conway, you lived in that section of the State, give me the names of different fords along the Rapidan river from Liberty Mills down to the Rappahannock." But before I could name them over, he commenced repeating their names, calling them as accurately as though he had the map laid out before him. His discussions were animating and enlivened by anecdotes. Those small sharp eyes would flash with enthusiasm and his face radiant with expressions of delight and ecstasy. He was a fine conversationalist. His language chaste and mingled with flashes of wit and humor. When on subjects of cruelty and inhumanity to our citizens in the valley by the Yankees, his language oftentimes became more profane than sacred. He never indulged in extravagance, but was truthful and honest. General Robert E. Lee considered him one of his most staunch and trusted lieutenant-generals. His characteristics were those of a man of sternness and independence. One day, while in the valley, my regiment was on the march. We were on that famous turnpike road that runs from Harper's Ferry through the whole length of that beautiful valley of Virginia.

Our boys were unusually quiet, not even a song from those musically inclined. The day before Yankee barn-burners had been executed, and you would now and then hear in low tones of voice among the men, the remark: "Look out for retaliation by Sheridan." A little further on up the turnpike was met eight or ten brand new cannon, drawn by fresh horses. They came lumbering down the pike, urged on by the drivers. Our boys began to cheer, but being near the enemy we were called down. Just as we passed the last piece I noticed a large card had been tacked on the rear of the caisson, and on it the following, in big black letters: "To Sheridan in the care of Jubal Early." Early had been losing a good many pieces of artillery, and hence some wag had tacked on the card with the above inscription. On the 13th of June, soon after the Wilderness campaign, General Early had been made Lieutenant-General and placed in command of the Second Army Corps. On this date the corps left Gaines' Mill and marched towards the Blue Ridge to meet Hunter and Crook—Hunter came up the Shenandoah Valley with his command, and Crook came from the Kanawha by way of the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs. They made a junction at Staunton, Va. Hunter defeated a small number of Confederates under Imboden and Jones at Piedmont, a small town not far from Port Republic. The Federals made their appearance near Lynchburg on June 17th, thus menacing Lee's rear and also his bases of

supplies. On the 18th of June, Early with his corps, formed a junction with Imboden and Jones near Lynchburg, and defeated Hunter, driving him in the direction of Salem, Va. Hunter had made an effort to cross the Blue Ridge at Rockfish gap, where the Virginia Central railroad ran through a tunnel in the mountain, but Jones and Imboden blocked his way.

While a student at Dinwiddie's school, near the tunnel, 1859-1860, I often spent my Saturdays in visiting this tunnel and the town of Waynesboro, just beyond the river. The boys would fish and hunt up and down the Shenandoah river as low down as Weyer's Cave. Early followed him up, through Liberty, from there to Big Lick (now Roanoke City), through Salem, and capturing a portion of his wagon train near Hanging Rock as he escaped into the mountains west of the valley. Early encamped on the night of the 23rd at Buchanan, and on the 24th at Buffalo creek. On the 25th he reached Lexington, where he divided his command; marching one part of it by way of Brownsburg, and the other by Midway, and met at Staunton, where it rested on the 27th. According to instructions of General Lee, on the 28th of June Early marched down the Shenandoah Valley with the most of his command. The old soldiers, who were tired and worn out by long marches, badly shod, and on short rations, were now animated and inspired by old familiar scenes along this beautiful valley and among its hospitable people.

THREATENING WASHINGTON.

By the 6th of July Early had crossed the Potomac with his little army and was threatening the approaches to Washington city. On the 9th of July he fought the battle of Monocacy, and defeated General Lew Wallace after having marched his army over 300 miles inside of twenty-five days. In this battle were many Georgians, and in the charge General C. A. Evans, who commanded the leading brigade, fell from his horse severely wounded through the body.

On the 11th of July Early had engaged and driven in the Federal skirmishers upon their fortifications surrounding the city of Washington. With Rodes in front, Early advanced at Silver Spring, on the Seventh street turnpike, on the borders of the District of Columbia, and in sight of the dome of the capital engaged skirmishers and drove them into the fortifications surrounding the city; 300 prisoners were captured. Early had under his command Imboden's, Bradley T. Johnson's, and McCausland's cavalry; Wharton's, Gor-

don's, Ramseur's, and Rode's divisions of infantry. The 11th was spent in front of Washington city. Why did not Early go into the city with his troops? How often since the war have we heard discussions pro and con about the first battle of Manassas, and the following remarks were made: "Why did not Beauregard and Johnston take Washington city when they could have done so with but little resistance?" I do not remember what Early's reasons were for not going into Washington on the 12th.

He no doubt had good reasons after consulting with his generals for not doing so. He knew that reinforcements, the Sixth Army Corps, was disembarking from transports on the Potomac, and still they did not reach Early's line of battle until on the 13th. What was transpiring in Washington city during all of that time? I shall take the liberty of quoting from an impartial historian, Frank Wilkinson, who fought on the Union side. He says:

"Washington was in an uproar. In the morning we heard that Early was at a certain point. At night he was reported as being fifty miles from there. To-day his army was alleged to number 30,000 men. On the morrow pale-faced, anxious men, solemnly asserted that certain information had been received at the War Department that at least 50,000 veteran soldiers were marching with Early. Late at night, on July 9th, I was at Willard's Hotel. An excited man walked rapidly in and told the group in which I was talking that our army, under General Lew Wallace, had been disastrously defeated on the Monocacy by General Early, and that our disordered troops were in full retreat on Baltimore. Later on we we heard that Wallace's army had been annihilated. Still later, that the government's books, records, and money were being packed in boxes preparatory to its flight to New York. Almost every man that I met that night believed that the Confederate guns would be thundering at the capital in less than twenty-four hours.

"The next morning the report of defeat on the Monocacy was confirmed and the excitement in the city grew more and more intense. Men stood in groups on street corners, in hotel lobbies, in newspaper offices, and in drinking saloons and discussed the military situation.

"Officers rode furiously up and down the streets, and swarmed around the War Department. I began to think that maybe Early would make a dash at Washington. So I walked to the War Department and reported for duty. I was astonished at the authentic news. War Department officials told me that General Anger, who had command of the troops at Washington, did not have 5,000

staunch veteran soldiers with which to defend the entire line, which was about thirty miles long. He had a few 100-day men, a few quartermaster employees, and some disabled soldiers called veteran reserves. I was assured that a successful defence of the city could not be made, unless reinforcements speedily arrived. I was commanded to report for duty at Battery A, Fourth United States Artillery, then in garrison at Fort Totten, near Bladensburg. It had been serving with Custer as horse artillery, and had been badly cut up in front of Richmond and sent to Washington for rest. Neither the officers nor the men understood handling the large guns with which the fort was armed. The magazine was opened, barrels of powder were brought out and placed in the sun to dry. Everything was placed in position on the side of the fort which was expected to be attacked. On July 10th, late in the afternoon, word was sent to Washington that Early was marching with his entire army on the capital, and that it was then near Rockville. That evening the motliest crowd of soldiers I ever saw came straggling out from Washington to man the rifle pits which connected the forts. This force was composed of quartermasters' employees, clerks from the War, State and Navy Departments, convalescents from military hospitals and veteran reserves, the latter clad in the disheartening, sickly uniform of pale blue, which was the distinctive dress of that corps. The Confederates aptly characterized these disabled soldiers as 'condemned Yankees.'

"These soldiers boasted of their determination to hold the rifle pits at all hazards. I smiled sorrowfully as I thought of the ease with which the Confederates, veterans of twenty pitched battles, would drive them out of their earthworks. The next morning a body of Confederate cavalry rode aimlessly to and fro along the edge of a wood about five miles from our fort. We saw their artillery glisten. That afternoon the Confederate infantry came in sight, and formed a battle line. Portions of that line were within range of some of the forts, and heavy guns opened on it away off to our left. This artillery practice, marked by the bursting shells, was the poorest I ever saw. It was evident that the department clerks or the 100-day men were serving the guns.

"The Confederates did not pay the slightest attention to this fire. Their skirmishers, a cloud of them, advanced a short distance from their main line and then sank out of sight. We grew anxious. I knew that Early, who had about 18,000 veteran soldiers with him, could break our line whenever he saw fit to strike it. I knew that

he could capture Washington in two hours if he determined to take the National Capital.

“How we fumed and fretted! Before sunrise on July 12th we saw that Early’s men were in motion. They moved slowly towards our entrenchments, with a heavy line of skirmishers preceding their battle line. These skirmishers drove our pickets before them with great ease. The Confederate battle line advanced until they were within long cannon range of the forts. Their skirmishers were within rifle range, and Confederate bullets occasionally sang above us. Many heavy guns opened on the battle-line. It halted and the men lay down in the grass, among bushes and behind buildings. We saw that his troops were not formed in charging column; saw that there was no preparatory bustle; saw, that though the Confederate skirmishers were far in advance of the main line, they were not pushing our pickets. Evidently there was to be no serious fighting that morning. We continued to shell the Confederate line without a particle of effect unless to excite the contempt of veteran soldiers. During the evening General Anger sent a body of troops from our line, to feel of Early’s men. Naturally, the latter objected to be felt of, so they promptly killed and wounded 300 of Anger’s men. These having had enough of dallying with savage-tempered and veteran Confederate infantry, skurried back to our entrenchments. We were told the next morning that the Union people of Washington had been panic-stricken; that the masculine portion of the entire city had got wildly drunk and kept so, and that the Sixth Corps was coming up the Potomac river to the defence of Washington. As the Sixth Corps marched on the battle ground, formed line, and, preceded by hundreds of skirmishers, advanced. Alas, too late! The last Confederates had hastened after their leader, and were well on their way to the Shenandoah Valley. Could Early have captured Washington on June 11th, 12th, 1864? I unhesitatingly answer, yes.”

My opinion is that he could not have held the city had he captured it.

JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Thrilling Story a Visit Thereto Recalls.

"THOMPSON CONSPIRACY."

The Desperate Exploit of Major C. H. Cole—The Capture of the Philo Parsons —Execution of Beall.

The following appeared in the *Cincinnati Commercial Gazette* September, 1902:

More than thirty years have passed since the earth was tossed into the last Confederate grave on Johnson's Island. Thirty years have cooled the hot blood of the South and temporized the temper of the North. The bayonets of the Civil war are rusting now; the saber's edge is turned, and the heavy cannon that thundered o'er the battle-field is molded into implements of peace. Thirty years have blotted out the evil memories of the past and brought forth the dawn of the new morn and the new South. The Stars and Bars are amalgamated with the Stars and Stripes. But as the events of those thrilling times are slowly but surely fading from view some little incident now and then recalls, with a vividness that smacks of yesterday, a great epoch in the war, forming the rivet that connects the chains of history.

An old gray-haired man, with his wife leaning on his arm, wandered through the Confederate cemetery, on Johnson's Island, during the recent encampment of the Ohio G. A. R., at Sandusky. The couple passed before each stone and scanned the inscriptions with apparent interest. Three times had the narrow avenues between the graves been traversed. The old man rested wearily upon his walking stick.

"Not here," said he, "not here."

The words had barely passed his lips when his wife, falling on her knees, cried out: "Oh, father! father!"

The old man hastened to her side. She was supporting herself by a marble slab, which bore this inscription:

LIEUTENANT COMPANY G,
JOHN C. HOLT,
Sixty-first Tennessee Infantry.

For thirty years the father and mother, who live near Nashville, Tenn., have sought their son. They found him during a reunion of the North and the South, in the graveyard of a northern prison.

John Holt died in 1865, and was one of the three thousand or more officers who looked for liberty through one of the most stupendous plots of the war of the rebellion—an uprising in the North. The finding of his grave by his parents the other day brings back to mind the great conspiracy to liberate 20,000 Confederate prisoners in the North, seize the northern frontier, and put a period to the struggle in the South by one grand stroke of arms. Sandusky was the theatre of these tragic events, and Johnson's Island was to be the first point of attack. As one looks over the peaceful little island to-day, as it lies in the pretty land-locked bay three miles from Sandusky, he can scarcely realize that it was once peopled with troops; that the flower of the Southern armies was imprisoned there, behind a strong stockade, and that it was the scene of one of most sensational events of the late war. Yet the block-house, the powder magazines, the officers' quarters, the old church and the little cemetery are still there, and the earthen embankments of the two forts are forcible reminders that heavy ordnance were once planted there, commanding a sweep of the entire island.

While the people of the North were resting in fancied security, John Holt and his companions were watching and waiting patiently for the signal that would inform them of the capture of the man-of-war *Michigan*, the throwing open of the prison gates at Camp Douglas, near Chicago, where 8,000 Confederates were confined; at Camp Chase, near Columbus, O., where there were 8,000 more, and at Camp Morton, Indianapolis, with about 4,000. The 3,200 officers on Johnson's Island were to command this army of newly liberated Confederate soldiers and sweep the North across its entire breadth, carrying havoc and panic throughout its course, and possibly turning the tide in favor of the South. The time was ripe for such a gigantic conspiracy. It was in 1864, when the Democrats of the North were preparing to declare in national convention that the war was a failure; when the North was filled with discontent, and Canada was flowing over with Southern sympathizers under the leadership of Jake Thompson.

The time arranged for simultaneously releasing all of these prisoners was to be gauged by General Early's attack upon Washington, so that it would be impossible to send troops to the North.

About this time the Democratic convention was held in Chicago, and it was at first the intention to take advantage of this meeting to make the attack. Four thousand Confederates were in Chicago during the session of the convention, waiting for the word to strike the blow, but Early's delay in attacking the capital caused a postponement of the plans in the West. This delay and the miscarriage of the plot at Johnson's Island saved the North.

The man who figured most prominently in this movement was Major C. H. Cole, a man of wonderful coolness, nerve and courage. He was barely of medium height, but his frame was well-knit and muscular, and his cold gray eye indicated firmness and daring. An estimate of his reckless bravado may be formed when it is known that shortly after his capture, upon being arraigned before Major-Generals John A. Dix, Heintzelman and Hitchcock, he attempted to drop a lighted cigar into the powder magazine of the *Michigan*, and blow all on board, himself inclusive, into eternity. This was the man selected by Jake Thompson to strike the keynote in the great conspiracy.

Cole was a member of the Fifth Tennessee Confederate Regiment, of which his brother was colonel. He was called to Richmond, and there assigned to the secret service, with orders to report to Jake Thompson, formerly Secretary of the Interior under Buchanan, but at that time supposed to be the Confederate leader, with headquarters in Canada. Major Cole was given command of the Department of Ohio, with headquarters at Sandusky. Major Tom Hinds, afterwards a judge at Bowling Green, Ky., was in command in Illinois and located at Chicago, while Major Castleman had Indiana, with headquarters at Centralia. At all these places Northern allies were working in conjunction with the Confederates. The plan was to make the attack on Johnson's Island, Camp Douglas, Camp Chase, and Camp Morton simultaneously, on Monday, September 19, 1864. Major Cole's part was to capture the *Michigan*, release the prisoners on the island, cut all the telegraph wires, seize a train, run down to Columbus, help release the prisoners at Camp Chase, return to Sandusky and establish temporary headquarters of the Confederate Department of the Northwest. General Trimble, of Maryland, who was ranking officer on Johnson's Island, was to have been made commander-in-chief. Major Hinds, of Chicago, in addition to attacking Camp Douglas, was assigned to capture one of the iron steamers that ran between Grand Haven and Milwaukee.

SYSTEMATIC WORK.

Cole went about his work systematically and skilfully. He established himself at Sandusky under the guise of a wealthy oil speculator of Titusville, Pa., and organized the Mount Hope Oil Company. Judge Filmore, of Buffalo, being elected president, and Cole secretary. The day the Major reported to Jake Thompson he received \$60,000 in gold, part of which was deposited in a bank at Sandusky, to Cole's credit. Accounts were also kept in Philadelphia with Drexel & Co., in the name of John Bell, and at Belmont, N. Y. The Confederacy had ample means in its secret service, one authority placing the amount at \$86,000,000.

With such comfortable bank accounts to his credit, Major Cole at once took rank as a substantial business man. He became noted for his good dinners, his fine brands of cigars, and the excellent quality of his wines. He assiduously courted the friendship of the officers of the man-of-war *Michigan*. In Sandusky he was known as a jolly good fellow. He managed to have two Confederates enlisted as seamen on board the *Michigan*, and ten were enlisted as soldiers and stationed for duty on Johnson's Island. By this means he kept thoroughly posted as to what was going on inside the lines of the enemy's stronghold.

Associated with Cole was John Yates Beall, a native of West Virginia, and a college-bred man. When the war broke out Beall was the owner of a large plantation in Jefferson county, W. Va., and was estimated to be worth nearly \$2,000,000. He organized Company G, Second West Virginia Infantry, which was afterwards a part of the "Stonewall Brigade." Beall was a man of unquestioned bravery.

Another character who played an important part was Annie Davis, an English woman, who acted as a messenger between Cole and Jake Thompson.

On the morning of September 19, Cole had his plans for striking the final blow all complete. He left Detroit for Sandusky, where he had arranged to dine with the officers of the *Michigan* on board the ship that evening. The wine was to be drugged, and Beall, at a given signal, was to attack the man-of-war from a steamer which was to be seized that same day. Just before he left Detroit, Major Cole sent the following telegram to Major Hinds' assistant, Charlie Walsh, of Chicago:

DETROIT, September 19, 1864.

Close out all of the stock in the Mount Hope Oil Company before 3 o'clock to-day. Be prompt.

C. H. COLE.

This meant that the attempt to capture the *Michigan* was to be made that afternoon, and that attacks should be made on Camps Douglas, Chase, and Morton. In company with Beall, Cole boarded the *Philo Parsons*, which ran between Detroit and Sandusky. She stopped at the various places on the Canada side of the Detroit river. At Windsor and Maiden the Confederates got aboard. At the latter place there were twenty men who brought with them an old-fashioned trunk tied with ropes. This, however, did not excite suspicion, as at that time there were any number of men fleeing into Canada to escape the draft, and others forced to return for want of money.

Major Cole, who had become well acquainted with the commander of the vessel, Captain Atwood, was in the pilothouse. When all was in readiness Beall gave the signal and Cole covered the captain with a revolver.

A BOLD EXPLOIT.

"You are my prisoner," he said, coolly. "I take possession of this ship in the name of the Confederate States of America."

In the meantime the ropes around the old trunk were cut, the hatchets and revolvers which it contained distributed among the Confederates, and in a trice the crew of the *Philo Parsons* were prisoners below the hatches. The Stars and Stripes were hauled down, and the Stars and Bars floated from the flagstaff. Shortly after noon Put-in-Bay was reached. At the wharf lay the steamer *Island Queen*, bound for Cleveland, with 300 passengers, mostly unarmed soldiers, on their way to be mustered out. The *Parsons* quickly ran alongside, made fast, and captured her. The two vessels were then steered to Fighting Island, and the prisoners compelled to land. The steamers then proceeded toward Sandusky, and when within a short distance of the *Michigan*, Cole was rowed to her in a small boat in order to keep his engagement with the officers. Everything was working like a charm, and no one had the slightest suspicion that anything was wrong. Arrangements had been made to have men come off from the shore in a little fishing boat, and at a given signal from Cole board the *Michigan*, while the officers were below at dinner, put on the hatches, and capture the man-of-war without the loss of a man. At the same instant a cannon discharged

from the quarter deck was to notify the prisoners at Johnson's Island that the moment had come, and they were to rise immediately in insurrection. Their escape was to be covered by the captured *Michigan*, which was to shell the fort and Federal quarters. It was expected that at this same hour the blows would be struck at Camps Douglas, Chase, and Morton. All points failed.

Sure of his prize, Cole played with it as a cat tantalizes a mouse. He delayed one second too long. He was pledging his last good health when an officer from Johnson's Island entered the ward-room. Tapping Cole on the shoulder, the officer said:

"Major, I arrest you as a Confederate spy."

Cole laughed lightly, but his heart sank within him. He knew that the whole plot was frustrated. Upon being searched, papers were found on his person that proved his guilt beyond a doubt. With remarkable presence of mind he implicated a dozen or more innocent citizens of Sandusky, and during the excitement occasioned by the adroit move his friends and accomplices made good their escape. Beall scuttled the *Island Queen* in sight of the *Michigan*, and running the *Philo Parsons* over the Canadian shore, sank her also. Beall was shortly after captured, and, despite the persistent efforts of his friends, was executed on Governor's Island, February 24, 1865. In his farewell letter to his brother, he wrote:

"Remember me kindly to my friends. Say to them that I am not aware of committing any crime against society. I die for my country. No thirst for blood nor lucre animated me in my course. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay.' Therefore, show no unkindness to the prisoners; they are helpless."

Cole was betrayed by a Colonel Johnson, of Kentucky, who afterward so suffered from remorse that he cut his throat in the barracks at Cincinnati while being held as a Federal witness. After being tried and convicted of the charge of piracy and of being a spy, Cole was sentenced to be hanged on Johnson's Island, February 16, 1865. He was subsequently moved to Fort Lafayette, and in the mean time public feeling had greatly softened toward him. General M. D. Leggett, afterward Commissioner of Patents, two of the ladies who were on the *Island Queen* when Cole captured her, and many other sympathizers petitioned successfully for a commutation of life sentence to life imprisonment. In 1866 he was released on a writ of *habeas corpus*, at the instance of Jake Thompson, escaped to Canada, and thence to Mexico, where he served under Maximilian.

He was finally pardoned by the President, returned to the United States, and at last accounts was an honored citizen of Texas.

So the great conspiracy ended, and John Holt died a prisoner on Johnson's Island.

HISTORIC INTEREST.

Aside from its natural beauty and choice location, Johnson's Island has an historic interest that makes it dear to patriotic Americans. The island is about one mile in length and half a mile in breadth, and rises to a height of fifty feet above the lake level, containing about 300 acres. In its original state it was covered with a heavy growth of oaks, and is said to have been a favorite resort of the Indians. It was formerly owned by a man named Bull, and was then known as Bull's Island, and was the site of the old custom-house of the port, removed here from Port Marblehead. L. B. Johnson, of Sandusky, purchased the property in 1852, and rented it to the government in 1861 as a depot for Confederate prisoners, Company A, Hoffman Battalion, taking possession January 1, 1862. Companies B, C, and D were shortly after added, and in 1863 six more—all known as the One Hundred and Twenty-eight Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry. The first prisoners were brought here in April, 1862. The prison was eventually used almost exclusively for Confederate officers, the number varying from 2,000 to 3,000. During the full period of its occupancy about 15,000 prisoners were confined here, nearly all of whom were at one time or another exchanged. Two were shot in retaliation for executions in the South, one was hanged as a spy, and one was shot in an attempt to escape. One was also shot by a guard for getting over the "dead line." On September 7, 1865, the last prisoners on the island were sent to Fort Lafayette by order of the War Department, and the place was abandoned as a military post.

The most striking memento of these sad days is the little cemetery on the north shore, where 206 Confederates were buried. Twenty of the bodies have been removed, and doubtless many others would be taken away if friends and relatives knew the resting place of the missing ones. A complete and correct list of the prisoners buried at Johnson's Island has never been published, and for the purpose of assisting friends in the South to locate dead comrades, the following, compiled from the report of the commissary-general of prisoners, is herewith subjoined. Several of the graves are marked "unknown,"

but as far as possible the full names have been obtained and are now for the first time made public.

For many years the graves were only marked by rough, wooden headstones cut out and inscriptions carved upon them with jack-knives by comrades of the dead Confederates. Those letters were skilfully engraved and usually gave the name, rank, birth, and date of death, in fact, being the chief authority from which the official list was made up. A short time ago, however, a party of Georgia journalists visited the little cemetery, noted that the wooden headstones were fast going to decay, and, in order to rescue from oblivion the identity of their soldier dead, the newspapermen, upon their return home, raised by popular subscription in the South enough money to defray the expense of erecting a marble tombstone at the head of each grave. Only a few of the original wooden headboards are now in existence, and these are kept as souvenirs of the love that the soldiers bore for their dead friends.

The following is the list of graves:

- J. E. Cruggs, Colonel Eighty-fifth Virginia.
- E. M. Tuggle, Captain Thirty-fifth Georgia Infantry.
- A. E. Upchurch, Captain Fifty-fifth North Carolina Infantry.
- J. P. Peden, Second Lieutenant Hamilton's Battery.
- Joel Barnett, Lieutenant-Colonel Ninth Battalion, Louisiana Cavalry.
- William J. Hudson, Lieutenant Second North Carolina Infantry.
- D. E. Webb, Captain First Alabama Cavalry.
- J. W. Nullias, Lieutenant First Mississippi Infantry.
- W. E. Hansen, First Georgia Infantry.
- H. D. Stephenson, Captain Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry.
- R. D. Copass, Lieutenant Sixth Tennessee Infantry.
- J. D. Caraway.
- C. B. Jackson, Virginia.
- J. Huffstetter, Lieutenant First Battalion Arkansas Infantry.
- L. B. Williams, Lieutenant Sixty-third North Carolina Infantry.
- W. P. Harden, Lieutenant North Carolina Infantry.
- J. M. Dotson, Lieutenant Tenth Tennessee Cavalry.
- D. D. Kellar, Private Second Tennessee Cavalry.
- S. G. Jetter, Alabama Infantry.
- C. W. Gillespie, Captain North Carolina Cavalry.
- B. Anderson, Private Missouri S. C.
- W. W. Veasey, Lieutenant Tenth Kentucky Cavalry.
- J. W. Gregory, Captain Ninth Virginia Infantry.

- Peter Cole, Private Sixtieth Virginia Infantry.
William Johnson, Private Poindexter's Missouri Cavalry.
E. L. More.
Daniel Herrin, Poindexter's Missouri Cavalry.
J. W. Collier, Lieutenant Eighteenth Kentucky Infantry.
John M. Kean, Captain Twelfth Louisiana Artillery.
L. W. McWhirter, Captain Third Mississippi Infantry.
John Dow, Pulaski, Ohio.
R. Hodges, Memphis, Tennessee.
E. Gibson, Lieutenant Eleventh Arkansas Infantry.
D. Christian, One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Virginia Infantry.
L. Raisins, Forty-sixth Virginia Infantry.
Samuel Fox, Colonel.
J. Ashbury, Kentucky.
J. Reeves, First Georgia Cavalry.
J. A. McBride, Lieutenant Sixtieth Tennessee Infantry.
S. R. Graham, First Lieutenant Third Texas Cavalry.
S. W. Henry, Captain Nineteenth Tennessee Cavalry.
E. M. Orr, Lieutenant Sixty-second North Carolina Infantry.
Mark Bacon, Captain Sixtieth Tennessee Infantry.
J. B. Hardy, Captain Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry.
Hugh Cobble, Private Fifth Kentucky.
J. B. Cash, Lieutenant Sixty-second North Carolina Infantry.
J. W. Johnson, Captain Green's R. Missouri S. G.'s.
J. U. D. King, Captain Ninth Georgia Infantry.
M. R. Handy, citizen, Hopkins county, Ky.
E. Morrison, Private Eighth Alabama Infantry.
Charles H. Matlock, Colonel Fourth Mississippi.
W. W. Davis, Private Thirty-fifth Mississippi Infantry.
W. N. Swift, Lieutenant Thirty-fourth Georgia Infantry.
A. Kelly, Lieutenant Tenth Arkansas Infantry.
J. D. Conaway, Private Nineteenth Virginia Cavalry.
J. Middlebrooks, Captain Fortieth Georgia Infantry.
J. B. Hazzard, Captain Twenty-fourth Alabama Infantry.
J. P. Vance, Captain Bell's R., Arkansas Infantry.
D. H. McKay, Lieutenant Forty-sixth Alabama Infantry.
John R. Jackson, Captain Thirty-eighth Alabama Infantry.
H. B. Dawson, Lieutenant Seventeenth Georgia Infantry.
D. D. Johnson, Lieutenant Forty-eighth Tennessee Infantry.
J. B. Hardy, Captain Fifth Arkansas Infantry.
W. T. Skidmore, Lieutenant Fourth Alabama Cavalry.

- M. D. Armfield, Captain Eleventh North Carolina Infantry.
E. W. Lewis, Captain Ninth Battalion Louisiana Cavalry.
J. N. Williams, Lieutenant (or Captain) Sixth Mississippi Infantry.
J. T. Ligon, Lieutenant Fifty-third Virginia Infantry (or Twenty-third Arkansas).
F. G. W. Coleman, Lieutenant Seventh Mississippi Artillery.
J. E. Threadgill, Lieutenant Twelfth Arkansas Infantry.
J. G. Shuler, Captain Fifth Florida Infantry.
B. J. Blount, Lieutenant Fifty-fifth North Carolina Infantry.
J. D. Arrington, Lieutenant Thirty-second North Carolina Infantry.
Joseph Lawske, Lieutenant Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry.
John C. Holt, Lieutenant Sixty-first Tennessee Infantry.
Samuel Chormley, Blount county, Tennessee.
J. W. Moore, Lieutenant Twenty-fifth Alabama Infantry.
D. L. Scott, Second Lieutenant Third Missouri Cavalry.
William Peel, Lieutenant Eleventh Mississippi.
J. L. Land, Lieutenant Twenty-fourth Georgia Infantry.
N. T. Barnes, Captain Tenth Confederate Cavalry.
John F. McElroy, Lieutenant Twenty-fourth Georgia Infantry.
John Q. High, Lieutenant First Arkansas Battalion Infantry.
J. C. Long, Lieutenant Sixty-second North Carolina Infantry.
B. C. Harp, Lieutenant Twenty-fifth Tennessee Infantry.
W. S. Norwood, Lieutenant South Carolina Infantry.
R. K. C. Weeks, Second Lieutenant Fourth Florida Infantry.
S. P. Sullins, Captain First Alabama Infantry.
P. J. Rabeman, Captain Fifth Alabama Infantry.
R. H. Lisk, citizen.
F. F. Cooper, Captain Fifty-second Georgia Infantry.
W. E. Watson, Adjutant First Tennessee Infantry.
Albert F. Frazer, Fifteenth Mississippi.
W. E. Killem, Lieutenant Fourth Virginia Infantry.
F. T. Coppeye, Lieutenant Tennessee Infantry.
J. L. Dungan, Private Twenty-second Virginia.
S. T. Moore, Second Lieutenant King's Regiment, Alabama Infantry.
John J. Gobeau, Lieutenant Tenth Mississippi Infantry.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, April 27, 1902.]

REFUSED TO BURN IT.

Colonel William E. Peters Disobeyed Orders at Chambersburg, Pa.

BRAVE BUT TENDER OFFICER.

A Confederate Declined to Make War on Helpless Women and Children—Was Arrested but Subsequently Released.

Colonel William E. Peters, on the 19th of June, will retire from the chair of Latin in the University of Virginia, after forty-six years of continuous service, leaving a record of which his friends and all former students, as well as the admirers of that great school, are very proud.

This official severance results from his resignation tendered three years ago. His successor, Professor Thomas Fitzhugh, will take up the work of the school of Latin with the beginning of the ensuing session.

The career of the retiring Professor is one of distinguished honor. He was born in Bedford county, August 18, 1829, and was educated at Emory and Henry College and at the University of Virginia. In 1852 he was elected Professor of Latin and Greek in Emory and Henry. The work in this institution, from 1856 to 1858, was suspended to allow him to spend these years at the University of Berlin.

SPLENDID WAR RECORD.

He resumed his work at Emory and Henry on his return to America, and continued it until the outbreak of the war between the States, when he volunteered for service as a private on the Confederate side, April 17, 1861. He was successively first lieutenant, captain, lieutenant-colonel of infantry, and colonel of the Twenty-first Virginia Cavalry. He was wounded three times.

In 1866 he was elected Professor of Latin in the University of Virginia and entered upon his duties in 1867. His service has been continuous. His admirers and friends propose to signalize the date of his retirement by some tribute of respect to be bestowed on the 18th of next June, during the commencement exercises. Just what

form this tribute will take and the details in connection with it, are facts as yet not fully determined.

REFUSED TO BURN CHAMBERSBURG.

Perhaps the event in the Colonel's life which his friends will remember with most pleasure is his courageous refusal to make war on helpless women and children at Chambersburg, Pa. When his commanding general ordered him to apply the torch to that town, he promptly and firmly declined to obey the order. He realized that obedience to this edict of war against the town, deserted as it was by all except women and children, would mean a repetition of the awful scenes of looting, rapine, and desolation that had followed the burning of southern towns by northern soldiery.

The Virginia soldier and gentleman preferred the imminent personal risk of violating the orders of his superior officer to responsibility for devoting the defenseless inhabitants of Chambersburg to so direful a fate.

FACTS ABOUT THE INCIDENT.

An authentic statement of this incident is obtainable here. In July, 1864, two brigades of Confederate cavalry, commanded by Generals McCausland and Bradley T. Johnson, the former the senior Brigadier-General commanding, reached Chambersburg, Pa. The Twenty-first Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Colonel William E. Peters, was in the advance when Chambersburg was reached. He was ordered to occupy the city with his regiment, which was done. He received a verbal order from General McCausland to distribute his men and to burn the town, and was informed that combustible material would be found in the courthouse.

General McCausland then rode off before a reply was given him. A short time after receiving the order from General McCausland, Colonel Peters sought an interview with General Johnson and inquired of the latter if he had correctly understood General McCausland, that he, Colonel Peters, with his men, was expected to burn the city.

WOULD SOONER BREAK HIS SWORD.

General Johnson replied that Colonel Peters had correctly understood the order. Colonel Peters then remarked to General Johnson that he would not obey the order—that he would break his sword, and throw it away, before he would obey it, as there were only defenseless women and children in Chambersburg.

He was then directed by General Johnson to collect his men and withdraw them from the city. This was done. Colonel Peters assembled his regiment one and a half miles from Chambersburg.

While there he received a written communication from General McCausland inquiring whether he had understood the order given by the latter, and if so, why it had not been obeyed.

Colonel Peters replied in writing that he had understood the order, but had resolved not to obey it, and had so stated to General Johnson.

PLACED UNDER ARREST.

Colonel Peters was at once put under arrest for disobedience, or rather defiance, of the orders of Brigadier-General Johnson, but the arrest was broken the same day, and he was returned to the command of his regiment while covering the retreat of the command when pressed by two brigades of Federal Cavalry.

It is proper to state that in this affair General McCausland was acting under orders received from General Early.

White, in his *History of General Robert E. Lee*, alluded to the foregoing incident, and is also recited in John William Jones' *History of the United States*.

During the retreat from the invasion of Pennsylvania referred to McCausland's command reached Moorefield, in Hardy county, and encamped there on the 6th of August.

MAN OF IRON RESOLUTION.

The Confederate Military History says:

"The lines were made, the camps pitched, and the pickets posted according to the orders of Brigadier-General McCausland, the commanding officer of the expedition, Brigadier-General Johnson obeying his orders. Next morning before day Averill surprised Johnson's picket on the Romney road, captured the reserve, then rode over the camps of the two Maryland Battalions. Johnson just escaped capture, and endeavored to rally his brigade. But the surprise was too nerve shattering.

"The Twenty-first Virginia, Colonel William E. Peters commanding, was the only regiment that could be held in hand. Peters was a man of iron resolution and imperturbable courage. He could not be shaken; earthquakes, tornadoes, electric storms could not move him. He would have stopped and asked: 'What next,' if the earth were opening beneath him and the mountains falling on him.

"Johnson set him to hold Averill, while he brought the rest of the brigade to his support. But the Federal rush, the élan of success, was too strong.

"The Twenty-first Virginia Confederate Cavalry, mustering at the time only 350 men present for duty, held the brigade of Federal Cavalry in check for thirty minutes, and yielded only after several assaults upon its lines."

FOOT NOTE—"It carried off the Twenty-first Virginia Cavalry like chaff before the whirlwind, leaving Peters shot through the body, mortally wounded, if any wound can be mortal. But human will triumphs over human anatomy and surgical possibilities, and Peters survives to this day as indomitable in his Latin professorship (at the University of Virginia) as he was that drear morning at Moorefield." *Confederate Military History*, Volume II, page 130.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, August 10, 1902.]

THE FIRST MANASSAS.

A Man Who Was There Tells About the Great
"Skedaddie."

DISCIPLINE OF OUR TROOPS.

The Lack of It Was Most Conspicuous—A Writer Who Visited Beauregard's Camp When a Boy Recalls the Great Battle.

Was there ever a more humiliating scene enacted in this country of ours than that as shown by the demoralized and fleeing United States troops at the first battle of Manassas? It has been some consolation to us old Confederates who have suffered so long and patiently since the close of the Civil war to know that the army of General McDowell, on the 21st day of July, 1861, composed of several thousand old regulars and 25,000 volunteers, were badly whipped by the Southern troops, who numbered not over 21,000, and of that number only about 16,000 were actually engaged. They had every advantage of us in means, ammunition, provisions, transporta-

tion, etc. Our regiments were made up of all grades and conditions of men, educated and uneducated. In the ranks were lawyers, doctors, merchants, and A. M.'s alongside our sturdy mountaineers. The latter were accustomed to hardships, and with his rifle the head of a wild turkey at 100 yards was knocked off nine times out of ten. Just before entering the army I was out hunting with my rifle. I had found a squirrel and was trying to get a shot at him, but as fast as I would move quietly around the tree he would keep out of my sight by moving around to the other side. Suddenly I heard the crack of a rifle, and the squirrel fell to the ground, shot through the head. To my surprise, I found that a young man (our overseer's son) had shot him from up the mountainside, some 150 yards from where I was standing. These men were independent and courageous, and often paid but little attention to the discipline imposed by their officers. While Colonel Strange, of Charlottesville, Va., was drilling his regiment in that town a short time before being ordered to the front, he said:

"Mr. Jones, stand square, sir!"

Mr. Jones immediately replied:

"Colonel Strange, I are squar, sir!"

Mr. Jones was a splendid specimen of the mountaineer, and of such material as many of the best Confederate soldiers were made.

Yes, we whipped them badly at Manassas, sometimes called the battle of Bull Run by the skedaddlers, for it was the battle of Manassas that gave to the English language the new word "skedaddle." So much has been written about this battle that I will not attempt any special description of the disposition of the troops or their manoeuvres, but give you extracts from papers and reports from men who were engaged in the battle, that these facts may be before the eyes of our citizens, and not reply, as did a young lady to a friend of mine a few weeks ago in Philadelphia, when asked some question about the Civil war, she replied after some hesitation: "About what war. Oh, yes, I remember now," she said, "you mean the war in which they hung Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree?" I was only 15 years old when I visited the camps of Beauregard's army at Manassas. It was my first sight of such a scene. I was with my brother-in-law, Catlett Fitzhugh, and rode horseback about the camps, witnessing the drilling of troops and seeing everything that was to be seen about a large army. General Winfield Scott was too old to command, hence General McDowell was in charge of

the United States troops on the 21st with the following brigadiers under him: Generals Burnside, Porter, Wilcox, Franklin, Howard, Sherman, Keys, Schenck, Richardson, Blenkers, and Runyon, while General Beauregard had under him Generals Bonham, D. R. Jones, Longstreet, Hampton, Ewell, and Holmes. General Joseph E. Johnston, who was in charge of the Army of the Shenandoah, reinforced Beauregard on the 21st, after a forced march from the Valley of Virginia, his brigadiers being T. J. Jackson, Barnard E. Bee, and E. K. Smith. The twelve companies of cavalry were commanded by Colonel J. E. B. Stuart.

In examining my file of papers, the *Louisville Daily Courier*, I find the following letters in the evening edition of August 5, 1861. The first is copied from the Atlanta (Ga.) *Confederacy*. It reads as follows:

The battle was a decided success, and was fought with distinguished gallantry by all our troops who participated in it. It is but just to say, however, that the Fourth Alabama Regiment, Colonel Jones, the Seventh Georgia, Colonel Gartrell, and the Eighth Georgia, Lieutenant-Colonel Gardner, both under Acting-Brigadier Bartow; the Fourth South Carolina, Colonel Sloane; Hampton's Legion, Colonel Hampton; the Sixth North Carolina, Colonel Fisher, and the Eleventh and Seventh Virginia did the hardest fighting, suffered most, and bore the brunt of the battle. Colonel Kershaw's and Colonel Cash (South Carolina) regiments came into action late, but did most effective service in the pursuit, which continued nearly to Centreville. General E. K. Smith's brigade reached Manassas during the battle and rushed to the field, a distance of seven miles, through the broiling sun at a double quick. As they neared the field from a double-quick they got fairly to running, their eyes flashing, the officers crying out: "On, boys; to the rescue!" and the men shouted at the top of their voices. When General Johnson saw Smith he exclaimed: "The Blucher of the day has come." They soon arrived in front of the enemy, and with a shout that might be heard from one end of the battle-field to the other they launched at the adversary like a thunderbolt. They delivered but two fires, when the enemy began to give way, and in a few minutes they began to give way and were in full retreat. The brigade is composed of one Tennessee and one Mississippi regiment and a battalion from Maryland. As they rushed into the fight I could but recall with an appreciation, I never felt before the words of Holy writ, "as terrible as an enemy with banners." The artillery com-

panies did good service also. Those engaged were the New Orleans Washington Artillery, Latham's Battery from Lynchburg, Imboden's from Staunton, Kemper's from Alexandria, Thomas's from Richmond, Pendleton's from Lexington, Rogers's from Leesburg, and the Wise Artillery, Captain Arbustus. The Washington Artillery and Latham's Battery and Kemper's were in position to do most, but all his companies manoeuvred well and delivered their fires with great effect.

I do not believe that I have informed you in any of my letters that Colonel Cameron, of one of the Pennsylvania regiments, had been killed, and that his brother, Lincoln's Secretary of War, had sent a friend, one Arnold Harris, a lobby member about Washington, to ask for his body. As he did not come under a flag of truce, General Johnston ordered him into custody and sent him to Richmond.

The Republican secretary chose to ignore the existence of our authority and the rank and position of our officers by sending a verbal message and without a flag, just as the Ministers of King George were wont to act towards General Washington and the Continental Congress during the first revolution, and therefrom our officers chose to send the aforesaid Mr. Harris to prison. I have just heard that five more of Ellsworth's Zouaves—Old Abe's pet lambs—were captured to-day in the woods near Centreville, one of whom was Colonel Farnham, the successor of Ellsworth. He had been wounded and the other remained behind to take care of him.

“While on a visit yesterday to the Seventh Regiment I had the satisfaction of examining their flag. It has fourteen bullet holes in it and the flag staff was struck in four places. After Colonel Bartow's fall Lieutenant Paxton, of Virginia, asked leave, the color-bearer being wounded, to carry the flag. His request was granted, and he and W. L. Norman, one of the color guards of DeKalb county, were the first to place it upon the captured battery. There is another incident which deserves public mention, and which shows of what stuff the Georgia boys are made. William DeJarnette, of the Rome Light Guard, having been slightly wounded and left behind, concealed himself in the bushes. The Second Rhode Island Regiment passed by without seeing him, but Colonel Slocum, who commanded the regiment, and who came on behind, discovered him in the bushes. Attempting to draw his pistol, he said: ‘Your life, you rebel!’ For some reason he could not get out his pistol easily, and seeing DeJarnette level his musket at him, he cried out: ‘Don't

shoot.' But the Georgian did shoot, and killed him, too. I saw Slocum's grave to-day in a little cabbage garden by the roadside, and also found there Major Ballou, of the same regiment, who had his leg shot off.

"There is still another fact I cannot forbear to record. After the terrible fire to which the Eighteenth Georgia had been exposed and which they received with the immobility of a marble statue, General Beauregard passed the little remnant of the regiment that was still left and which was ready to strike yet another blow, and raising his cap with undisguised admiration and sympathy, he said: 'Eighteenth Georgia, I salute you.'"

THE CANADIAN PRESS ON THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

The *Quebec Chronicle* has the following:

"The New York press will be doubtless sadly downcast now. For ourselves, we have not exulted over the much vaunted victories, and see no great reason to rejoice in a northern defeat. All our desire is that the war should cease, and that we should be spared the spectacle of seeing brothers in race and language in mortal combat. Neither the North nor the South can subjugate the other. Let them agree to what we call a reparation de bieu, and be at peace. There is room enough on this great continent for three great nations—a union of the British colonies—a union of the Northern States, and a Confederacy of the Southern republic."

The Montreal *Gazette* has the following:

"The grand army that was to exterminate the Southerners is in full retreat upon Washington, utterly beaten by the superior tactics of the Southern general, which has enabled him to man his troops as to do what the Northern general intended—overwhelm the enemy. It was not a pleasant thing for philosophic minds to see that the defeat of the Northern army was received rather with satisfaction than regret by the people on the streets here. The North has bragged so much and so loudly, has been so insolent in its tone, not only towards the South, but towards Britain; it has bragged so much about thrashing Great Britain, and crumpling up poor little cowards, that sympathy has been alienated from the braggart and bully. The South has been hemmed in by the great masses of troops, a portion of her territory wrested from her—her ports blockaded—her every effort jeered at—her prospects of successful fighting for her own territory turned into ridicule, until no one could help feeling some

desire to see the braggart worsted, and the much-abused South, driven to bay, achieve a success."

I take the following from the same paper:

"Stories set afloat by the black Republican press of the barbarous treatment of the wounded by the Confederate troops is denied by *The Baltimore American*, an administrative paper:

"From troops passing through here, and particularly from the members of the Michigan regiments, who have a large number of wounded with them, we learn that every attention was paid to the wounded which the most humane could have deserved; one soldier affirming that he called upon a man who had shot him down for some water, and that the Confederate supplied him from his own canteen."

No country produced a more humane type of men than did the South. A lieutenant of our own city, when falling back under the tremendous fire at the battle of Gettysburg, was appealed to by a Yankee officer for help—when, without a moment's hesitation, he stooped down and gently lifted him upon his back and bore him away to a place of safety. This was Lieutenant P. T. Oliver, a prosperous merchant and a most excellent citizen of the city of Athens. Our soldiers never resorted to such barbarous treatment of men as the water torture, practiced by the United States troops in the war in the Philippines. Nor did we burn houses down over the heads of women and children (as I witnessed in the Valley of Virginia), by the order of General Sheridan, and approved by the United States Government at Washington. Now let us see, of both sides, who were interested in this first campaign against Richmond; these extracts are from official dispatches.

General Scott to McClellan, July 18:

"McDowell yesterday drove the enemy beyond Fairfax Courthouse. He will attack the entrenched camp, Manassas Junction, today. Beaten there the enemy may retreat both upon Richmond and the Shenandoah Valley. I may reinforce him (Patterson) to enable you to bay Johnston."

Secretary Cameron to Governor Curtin, July 18:

"The Pennsylvania troops were expected to have joined the forces going into battle this week. I trust there will be no delay to prevent them sharing the honors of the expected battle."

General Scott to McClellan, July 21, A. M.:

"Johnston has amused Patterson and reinforced Beauregard.

McDowell this morning forcing the passage of Bull Run. In two hours he will turn the Manassas Junction and storm it to-day with superior force."

General Scott to the commanding officer at Baltimore, July 21:

"Put your troops on the alert. Bad news from McDowell's army; not credited by me."

Captain Alexander to Washington:

"General McDowell's army in full retreat. The day is lost. Save Washington and the remnants of this army. The routed troops will not reform."

General Scott to McDowell:

"Under the circumstances it seems best to return to the line of the Potomac."

President Davis to General Cooper, Manassas, July 21:

"Night has closed upon a hard fought field. Our forces have won a glorious victory."

Colonel Kerigan, at Alexandria, to Cameron, July 22:

"There are about 7,000 men here without officers; nothing but confusion."

General Mansfield, to Captain Mott at the Chain Bridge, July 22:

"Order the Sixth Maine to keep their demoralized troops out of their camps."

General Mansfield to General Runyan, July 22:

"Why do the regiments I sent to you yesterday return so precipitously to Alexandria without firing a shot?"

W. T. Sherman to the Adjutant-General, July 22.

"I have at this moment ridden in with, I hope, the rear men of my brigade, which in common with our whole army has sustained a terrible defeat and has degenerated into an armed mob."

General Scott to General McClellan, July 22, 1 A. M:

"After fairly beating the enemy and taking three of his batteries, a panic seized McDowell's army and it is in full retreat on the Potomac. A most unaccountable transformation into a mob of a fine appointed and admirable led army."

These few extracts are enough to show the utter rout of the Federal army. Twenty-eight pieces of artillery, about 5,000 muskets and nearly 500,000 cartridges, a garrison flag, and ten colors were

captured on the field or in the pursuit. Besides these we captured sixty-four artillery horses with the harness, twenty-six wagons, and much camp equipage, clothing and other property abandoned in their flight. Would that we could have ended at Manassas, and the thousands of lives of the heroic men of the South been spared.

“Adown the coming years did beat,
The pulse of hope, life seemed so bright,
That little recked we of defeat,
Nor dreamed such days should close in night.”

Athens, Ga., May 24, 1902.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, April 27, 1902.]

COLD HARBOR SALIENT.

The Story Told From the Other Side.

Through the kindness of a friend I am in possession of copies of your paper of dates of February 16th [see Vol. XXIX, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, page 285] and March 9th, in which correspondents very graphically describe what to us is the other side of that fierce struggle for the so-called bloody salient at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864. Having been a participant in that short but sanguinary encounter, I must say I was highly interested in the perusal. In encounters of that kind it is a source of satisfaction to know who were our opponents, or commonly speaking, we run up against. In that little affair we had no time to ask questions, for our stay was short in that neighborhood. Hence, I am glad even at this late day to learn who it was who put up so strong an objection to our occupying that salient, and it may be equally interesting to those survivors who so bravely defended it, to learn who it was who ran up against them on that memorable 3d of June morning. This leads me to say one correspondent labored under a very wrong impression when he says Hancock's whole corps was there. On the contrary, it was a very small portion of it—in fact, only one regi-

ment, and that regiment, in a measure, new recruits—one of those heavy artillery regiments whose first experience in the field dated no further back than Spotsylvania. It was the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery to which the writer belonged.

In the charge at Cold Harbor the Second (Hancock's) Corps formed the left wing of the army, with the First (Barlow's) Division on the left, and the Second Division in reserve. As near as I could judge, the Seventh Heavy Artillery was on the extreme left of the line. Early in the morning we were ordered forward, and halted near a narrow strip of woods, where we waited for the sound of the signal gun for the charge. We had not long to wait. As we gained the other side of the woods this salient came to our view for the first time. At the command, double quick, it was but a few moments ere we were scrambling up its incline. So quick had been our movements only a few musket shots had been fired by the enemy. And here, let me say, the charge of misbehavior imputed to the occupants of that salient is unjust and untrue; for if any body of troops ever got a warm reception we did. The enemy bravely stood their ground, not waiting for us to come over their works, but meeting us on the parapet. They contested every inch. I remember as I reached the top of the works a brave fellow confronted us. Standing below he thrust his bayonet into the comrade by my side, and was about to give me the same dose, but a charge from my gun changed his mind. It was a hand-to-hand fight to the finish. Clubbed muskets, bayonets, and swords got in their deadly work. Both sides can be equally credited with deeds of valor. In reference to the capture of that flag, the honor of performing that deed was awarded to Corporal Terence Bigler, of Company D. For this Congress awarded him a medal, but he did not live to receive it; he was killed at Petersburg.

Corporal Thomas Healy had a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with a stalwart fellow; but lives to-day to tell of his narrow escape. It was evident from the first that the odds were against the enemy. The bravest could not have withstood the impetuous onslaught of our superior numbers. And like any true soldiers they gave discretion the preference to valor, and doubtless with heavy hearts submitted to the inevitable.

Your correspondent gives the number of prisoners captured at 180. We are credited with capturing 400. Thus far we had had it about all our own way; but looking off in a field beyond, what was our dismay in seeing a long line of the gray approaching on the run.

What was to be done? We had lost all semblance of organization—a veritable mob with no means to turn the captured guns upon the enemy. In this dilemma, each man decided that question for himself. Green soldiers though we were, our short experience had taught us to know just when to run, and run we did, I assure you. We did our level best to get to a place of safety, though we did not reach it till many had been stricken down by the bullets of the approaching column and were left between the lines, the dead to lie there till their decomposed bodies appealed for their burial, while the wounded suffered untold agonies in the broiling sun until death came to their relief. None dared to rescue them. In one instance a rescuing party went out in the night and brought in one of our boys, who had lain for two days so near the opposing lines his cries for water awakened the better nature of the enemy who kindly threw canteens of water to him.

Thus the last desperate attempt of Grant to get between Lee and Richmond had failed. Although baffled, subsequent events proved the Army of the Potomac was not vanquished. In all that long assaulting line only the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery had succeeded in penetrating Lee's lines. But the honor was won at a fearful cost. We left Cold Harbor with over 400 less in our ranks than when we came. Yet, the grand assault was by no means all of Cold Harbor. We who were there well remember those ten or twelve long days that we lay hugging our breastworks, when it was almost sure death to show a head, and when at the close of each day came the terrific artillery duel. Then, as the boys used to say, hell had broke loose. There was no time during the war, probably, when the sharpshooters got in their deadly—I might say murderous—work, more successfully.

In reference to the burial of the dead, wherein your correspondent intimates a lack of humanity on the part of General Grant in refusing the request of General Lee, permit me to say those of the Army of Northern Virginia should be sufficiently impressed with the magnanimity of General Grant to feel convinced such a refusal would be foreign to his nature. By the way, I was one among the number detailed to bury the dead, and have a vivid recollection of the scene—how we chatted familiarly with the like detail from the other side while engaged in our gruesome task; how Major Springstead, our officer in charge, and the Confederate officer exchanged cordial greetings. However, that was not all; they seemed to be more interested in the contents of a black bottle than in the burial of the

dead. But, Mr. Editor, I fear you will give me a boil down if I further intrude on your space. When we old soldiers get in our war talk mood we hardly know when to stop.

Allow me to say in closing that we who wore the blue have none but the highest respect for those of the gray, who so bravely opposed us on many a hard-fought field. And as soldiers, regardless of by-gone differences or the opinions of others, we can stand on one broad level proud in the fact that we demonstrated to the world that the American soldier is second to none on the face of the earth.

A. Du Bois,
Company F, Seventh New York Heavy
Artillery, Albany, N. Y.

THE CAMPAIGN AND BATTLE OF LYNCHBURG.

An Address Delivered Before the Garland-Rodes Camp
of Confederate Veterans at Lynchburg, Va.,
July 18, 1901.

By Captain CHARLES M. BLACKFORD, of the Lynchburg Bar.

With Appendix of Rosters of the Lynchburg Companies in the
Service of the Southern Confederacy, 1861-65.

The strategic importance of the city of Lynchburg was very little understood by those directing the military movements of the Federal armies during the Civil war, or, if understood, there was much lack of nerve in the endeavor to seize it.

It was the depot for the Army of Northern Virginia for all commissary and quartermaster stores gathered from the productive territory lying between it and Knoxville, Tennessee, and from all the country tributary to, and drained by, the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad. Here, also, were stored many of the scant medical supplies of the Confederacy, and here many hospitals gave accommodation to the sick and wounded from the martial lines north and east of it. Lynchburg was, in addition, the key to the inside line of

communication which enabled the Confederate troops to be moved from our northern to our eastern lines of defence, without exciting the attention of the enemy.

Under these circumstances, it can well be understood that the Confederate authorities were ever on the alert to guard so important a post. They relied, however, on the facility with which its garrison could be reinforced, when threatened, and not on an army of occupation, for it could not afford to keep so many troops idle.

Though equally important to the success of the Northern armies, in their operations in Virginia, no serious effort was directed against it until the spring of 1864.

On the 6th of June, 1864, General Grant wrote from the lines around Richmond to General David Hunter, then commanding the Department of West Virginia, informing him that General Sheridan would leave the next day for Charlottesville for the purpose of destroying the Central (now the Chesapeake & Ohio) Railway. Having given this information, he directed General Hunter to operate with the same general end in view, adding that "the complete destruction of this road and of the canal on the James river is of great importance to us." He further says, "you [Hunter] are to proceed to Lynchburg and commence there. *It would be of great value to us to get possession of Lynchburg for a single day.*"

According to this letter, Hunter, after reaching Staunton, was to move on Lynchburg, *via* Charlottesville, and thence along what Grant calls "the Lynchburg branch of the Central Road," meaning the Lynchburg extension of the Orange & Alexandria Railroad. Having captured Lynchburg and destroyed the bridges and vast stores there concentrated, he was to return by the same route, join Sheridan, and together they were to move east and unite with Grant, who then proposed to move his whole army south of the James and make his attack on Lee at, and south of, Petersburg. (*70 War of Rebellion*, 598.)

Hunter was given some latitude as to how he should execute this order, and as to the best mode of reaching Lynchburg. It seems he determined to move up the Valley, and to that end called on General William W. Averell to "suggest a plan of operations, the purpose of which was the capture of Lynchburg and the destruction of the railroads running from that place in five days." (*Id.*, 146.)

During the first three years of the war, raids were made upon the line of the Virginia & Tennessee Railway (now Norfolk & Western)

west of Lynchburg, for the purpose of destroying Lee's communications with the South and Southwest over that important conduit of supplies.

By these raids some damage was done by burning depots and overturning bridges, but none which caused any permanent injury or produced any serious delay in transportation over it. Except for local panics and the destruction of a small amount of property, these raids were, from a strategic point of view, a useless expenditure of military strength. They did, however, fortunately direct the attention of the Confederate authorities to the importance of this line and greatly increase their vigilance.

On the 9th of June, 1864, when Averell's plan was laid before Hunter, he approved and adopted it. He was then at Staunton, Virginia, in command of an army, the exact number of which is not disclosed by the records. The official report for the month of May, 1864, for that department, discloses the fact that upon the 31st of that month there was in it an aggregate present for duty of 36,509. (70 *Id.*, 571.) The published correspondence shows that during the month of May every possible effort was made to concentrate these forces, and it seems from the roster that every brigade and division in the department was represented at Staunton when the expedition started. Hence, making due allowance for heavy details on guard, provost and escort duty, it may well be claimed that when the start was made there were present for duty, of all arms, at least 25,000 men, fresh and well equipped. (*Id.*, 103.)

Some of these troops, like their leader, were renegades from the traditions and instincts of their forefathers, and hence very little to be trusted; but far the greater proportion of the force was composed of high types of the soldier from Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York, and, under a proper leader, would have been very formidable. The want of such a leader, despite the efficient aid of able subordinates, made the campaign a fiasco with no historical parallel, except, perhaps, that of the famous King of France, who,

"With twenty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

Hunter's army consisted of four divisions, two of infantry, commanded respectively by Generals Sullivan and Crook, and two of cavalry, severally commanded by Generals Duffie and Averell. Each division consisted of three brigades, and they were accompanied by eight batteries of artillery, with an aggregate of thirty-two guns.

Major-General David Hunter, the commander, was a Southerner by race and environment, and members of his family had often been honorably connected with the history of the State of Virginia. He had been an officer in the United States Army, and on the breaking out of the war between the States, ignored the traditions of his race and took up arms against Virginia. It is not the custom of those of Virginian blood to be disloyal to their State, and it is her proud boast that the roll of those who have been false is very short. What moved Hunter to act as he did must be developed by his biographer; it is enough for the historian to record the fact of his apostasy. Most Southern officers in the old service disapproved the secession of the States, but on the breaking out of the war, with rare exceptions, they resisted the powerful temptations held out as inducements to stay and join the Northern army. They preferred poverty and the uncertainties of the approaching conflict to a military distinction which could only be won by shedding the blood of their brothers and friends. With this faith they joined in the defence of their several States, whether they agreed with them in their political course or not. Such was the course of the Lees and the Johnstons, of Stuart and the Hugers, of the Maurys, and of hundreds of others who stood by their people, right or wrong. They believed it alike the path of duty and of honor to draw their swords in defence of their native land, in the hour of its greatest need, and they turned a deaf ear to the whisper of that tempting thrift which is so often the reward of fawning.

When Hunter and his army were approaching Staunton a part of his force, estimated at about eight thousand men, had a battle with a small, disorganized detachment under General William E. Jones, at a place called Piedmont, near Port Republic. The troops under Jones were much worn, and were weary with hard work, sharp fighting and scant rations. Those of Hunter were fresh, vigorous and well equipped. Jones and his men fought well, but he was killed early in the action. His death had a bad effect on his command, and it gave way in much confusion and with heavy loss. Much good was done during the confusion by Lieutenant Carter Berkeley and his two ubiquitous guns, which afterwards did such good service in the lines around Lynchburg and upon Hunter's retreat.

After this disaster Jones' command, under Vaughan, fell back first to Fishersville and Waynesboro, and then towards Charlottesville. This left the Valley open as far as Buchanan, except for the

small, but ever vigilant force of cavalry, so skillfully and manfully handled by Brigadier-General John McCausland, who had shortly before been transferred from the command of an infantry to a cavalry brigade.

Imboden, with a small body of cavalry, which had escaped from the battle of Piedmont, and which was badly mounted and equipped, had crossed the Blue Ridge and was energetically attempting to defend the Orange & Alexandria Railroad (now the Southern), in Nelson and Amherst counties, from a heavy detachment from the column of General Duffie, sent by Hunter to destroy that road for the purpose of cutting off reinforcements from Lynchburg.

After the death of General Jones and the defeat of his little army, Hunter blew his trumpets with boastful triumph. Staunton, of course, forthwith fell into his hands, which was the occasion for another blast. General Hunter, in his report of the battle of Piedmont, written on June 8, says, with pride, that his "combined force, now in fine spirits and condition, will move, day after to-morrow, toward the accomplishment of its mission," which was the capture of Lynchburg, and the destruction of its bridges and stores. (*70 War of Rebellion*, 95.)

The plan of campaign which General Averell had suggested and Hunter had adopted, was a movement up the Valley to Buchanan in four columns, each column composed of a division, commanded respectively by himself, Crook, Sullivan and Duffie. The last-named division was to march in the same direction on the western slope of the Blue Ridge, sending raiding parties through the gaps to destroy the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, and was finally to move through White's Gap to Amherst Courthouse, whence it was to march toward the James river, cross it below Lynchburg, cut the James River & Kanawha Canal, destroy the Southside Railroad, and then move up the river and join in the attack upon the objective point of the campaign. (*70 War of Rebellion*, 146.)

For the purpose of carrying out this plan, General Hunter left Staunton on the 10th of June, with his army marching in four columns, as suggested by Averell. Drums were beating, flags were flying and triumphant bulletins flashed over the wires to announce to the Secretary of War the great deeds which were soon to astonish the nation.

On the day Hunter left Staunton with so much pomp and circumstance, the city of Lynchburg was resting quietly, guarded only by the convalescents from the hospitals, and the halt and the maimed

who were there congregated in invalid camps. A gallant and appropriate leader was found for this anomalous force in General Francis T. Nicholls, who was in command of the post. He had left *a leg and an arm*, respectively, upon two different battle-fields, but he still managed to mount his horse and do heroic service. He heard of Hunter's movements as soon as a start was made, and commenced organizing his sick and wounded into an army of occupation. From his trenchant dispatches it seemed that he had determined to hold the town with his cripples against Hunter's whole force. (70 *War of Rebellion*, 760.)

The little remnant of the detachment which had been defeated under Jones at Piedmont was then along the line of the Orange & Alexandria Railroad, and near Charlottesville, under General Vaughan, much demoralized and short of ammunition and supplies. It came by forced marches, however, to the aid of Lynchburg, where it was under the immediate orders of General John C. Breckinridge, the commander of the Confederate Department of Southwest Virginia. Unfortunately General Breckinridge, though in Lynchburg, was an invalid in bed, having been injured when his horse was shot under him at Cold Harbor. Some of the troops which had fought under him around Richmond were *en route* to the Valley, and, their destination being changed, they reached Lynchburg before Early's Corps, or any part of it, came up.

There was also another small but efficient force which, by almost an accident, was added to the troops defending Lynchburg. The Botetourt Artillery, a battery of six guns, under Captain H. C. Douthat, had been operating in Southwestern Virginia. On the fifth of June it was ordered to the Valley, *via* Lynchburg, to the command of General W. E. Jones. It reached Lynchburg as soon after receiving the order as transportation could be afforded, and reported to General Jones by the wires. He directed the battery to remain in Lynchburg until further orders.

The battery was on the 11th of June ordered to Staunton, and it and its men, about one hundred in number, were at once put on a freight train on the Orange & Alexandria Railroad and started, despite rumors of raiding parties, on its proposed route.

At New Glasgow Station the conductor was notified that a large raiding party was at Arrington Depot, and the smoke disclosed the fact that the depot buildings were being destroyed.

Captain Douthat at once pushed forward with the train, upon which there happened to be a car-load of muskets, with suitable

ammunition. Douthat's object was to reach the Tye river bridge before the Federal troops and save it from destruction. This he did, and, breaking open the ordnance boxes, armed his men with muskets and forty rounds' of ammunition, and then, at a double quick, crossed the Tye river, and got into position to defend the bridge.

When the Federal videttes came in contact with what seemed a heavy infantry picket they retired and reported a large infantry force on hand, and the whole raiding party at once withdrew and the bridge was saved. Had it been destroyed, Lynchburg must have fallen, as reinforcements could not have come up in time to protect it.

The sound judgment and prompt and bold action of Captain Douthat and the gallantry of his men on this occasion is worthy of all praise—yet, strange to say, as he was unattached at the time, there is no official report of this valuable service.

The battery, after this, was unable to continue its journey to Staunton, as the railroad had been much damaged, and it therefore fortunately returned to Lynchburg and took a very active part in the defence of the city. It aided in the repulse of Duffie's Division on the Forest road, one section of two guns being stationed at the old soapstone quarry on that road, on the crest of the hill beyond the road to Tate's Spring. These two guns protected the railroad bridge over Ivy creek and drove the Federal cavalry from it whenever they approached. The other four were on the other side of the road, supporting the brigade under Colonel Forsberg, and kept up a very heavy fire on the enemy during his stay. Our comrade and fellow-citizen, Mr. A. H. Plecker, was a gunner in this battery, and for his gallant services was tendered a commission. This he declined on the ground that he could do better service as a gunner, in the discharge of which duty he had won much reputation.

The arrival of these different detachments of troops gave much comfort to Nicholls, and they were at once placed in position. There were still, however, so few of the Confederates on the ground that they counted more as a picket than as a regular line of battle.

To add to the general confusion incident to this campaign which had been inaugurated in General Lee's rear, it must be remembered that General Sheridan, with a large body of well-equipped and well-mounted cavalry, had, on the 7th of June, crossed the Chickahominy, and on the 10th had struck the Virginia Central Railroad (now the Chesapeake & Ohio), with the intention of joining Hunter in his march on Lynchburg. He was met on the 11th and 12th of

June at Trevillian's Depot, in Louisa county, by a Confederate force of cavalry, under General Wade Hampton, and was repulsed with such disorder that he hurried back to the cover of Grant's lines in disorganized confusion, leaving the road open for the reinforcements which Lee was hurrying to the defence of Lynchburg.

Some description of Hampton's great cavalry battle at Trevillian's Depot would strictly be a part of any history of the siege and battle of Lynchburg, for had he failed, Lynchburg would necessarily have fallen into the hands of the enemy; but time will not permit so pleasant a digression. It is enough to say that it was one of the most brilliant and successful engagements in which our troops were involved during the war, and one which shed well-deserved renown not only on General Wade Hampton, who commanded, but on every officer and man under him. Conspicuous for their gallantry and valuable service in that battle was the Second Virginia Cavalry, under our distinguished fellow-citizen, General T. T. Munford. This great regiment was made up of companies from Lynchburg and the surrounding counties, and was, therefore, one of whose record we all have a right to be proud. On the day of that fight it was especially distinguished for its daring courage and for its achievements. It was in the front of the charging column which broke Custer's line and captured *four* out of the five caissons lost by Sheridan on that day. It captured Custer's headquarters, his sash and private wagon and papers. The wagon was used by General Munford until it was recaptured, a few days before Appomattox.

On the 12th of June General Lee, who had anxiously been watching the movements of the enemy in the Valley, and who was perfectly informed of his designs, gave verbal orders to General Jubal A. Early to hold his corps (the Second, or Ewell's), with Nelson's and Braxton's artillery, in readiness to march to the Shenandoah Valley. After dark upon that day these orders were repeated in writing, and he was directed to move to the Valley that night at three o'clock *via* Louisa Courthouse, Charlottesville and Brown's Gap. He was further ordered to communicate with General Breckinridge at Lynchburg, with a view of a combined attack on Hunter. Breckinridge was to attack in front and Early in the rear.

The Second Corps was then at Gaines' Mill, near Richmond, numbering about eight thousand muskets. (*Memoirs of J. A. Early*, page 40.) It had been for the last forty days constantly fighting, and had taken a prominent part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Gaines' Mill and Cold Harbor, and had

had no time or place for rest or reorganization. At Spotsylvania Courthouse it lost nearly a whole division. Its commander, Major-General Edward Johnson, had been wounded and captured. Four of its brigadier-generals had been killed during the campaign, four desperately wounded, and two more had been promoted to major-generals and removed to other commands. The troops, therefore, though hardy and well-tried veterans, were in bad condition for so arduous an undertaking. Despite these facts, so well calculated to throw the command out of joint, it was on the march an hour before that fixed by General Lee in his order! No one but Early knew where they were going, but all felt that if Lee ordered the march it was right and led to victory. When it started, Hunter was within fifty miles of Lynchburg, while Early, on his route by Charlottesville, had to move one hundred and sixty miles, of which a part of his troops had the aid of very poor railway transportation for sixty miles.

On the 16th of June Early had reached Charlottesville, and his corps was at the Rivanna bridge, four miles east of that place, having marched eighty miles in four days, well maintaining the reputation won under Jackson as "foot cavalry." Here Early received a dispatch from Breckinridge announcing that Hunter was at Liberty (now Bedford City), only distant twenty-five miles. The Orange & Alexandria Railroad had not been sufficiently repaired for transportation in cars. Every effort was made, however, to hurry the repairs and to secure trains to speedily forward the troops from Charlottesville to Lynchburg, for Early, when the perilous position of that city was known was ordered to push on to save it from Hunter's advancing host. He could get only one engine and a few cars at first, but soon added to this limited transportation enough to enable him to move a part of his command. Duffie's attack upon the road between Charlottesville and Lynchburg had not been very serious either to the railroad or the telegraph lines, and both were repaired in one or two days, hence at sunrise on the morning of the 17th, Early commenced to move his corps by rail. The transportation was so limited that he could only get half of his infantry moved on that day. Ramseur's Division, one brigade under Gordon and part of another, were placed upon the train, while Rodes' Division and the residue of Gordon's were ordered to march along the county road, which runs parallel to the railroad, and to meet the train as it returned. The artillery and wagon trains were started over the county road the night before, but got no aid from the railway, and did not reach Lynchburg in time to take any part in the engagement

at that point. Rodes demanded the right to be sent forward with his division ahead of Ramseur, on the ground that he should be called upon to defend his native city. This privilege, from some unaccountable reason, was denied him, a denial which led to high words between Early and himself.

General Early was on board the first train, but so indifferent was the motive power, and so bad the condition of the track, that he and the first half of his corps did not reach Lynchburg until the afternoon of the 17th, and the rest of his small army did not arrive until nearly night the next day—too late to take part in the engagement. Early found Breckinridge in bed suffering from the injury to which reference is made above, and as Breckinridge could not go out to reconnoitre, he had called upon General D. H. Hill, who happened to be in the city, to ascertain and define the best lines of defence. This duty was performed by General Hill, with the assistance of General Harry T. Hays, of Louisiana, who was also in town disabled by a wound received at Spotsylvania Courthouse. Hill established the line close to the city in breastworks, which had been thrown up on College Hill. These were at once occupied by the disorganized infantry force which had been defeated at Piedmont under Jones, the Virginia Military Institute Cadets, and the invalid corps. To this was added Breckinridge's small command, when it arrived on the 16th, and Douthat's Battery.

Early, on his arrival, thought this line too near the city for the main defence. He feared that in case of battle the shot and shell of the enemy would do damage to the property and the people of the town; consequently a new line, further out, was established, to which were taken the troops with Early, Breckinridge's men and the artillery.

When he reached the field on the afternoon of the 17th, Early found Imboden with his small remnant of cavalry, and McCausland with his little brigades, occupying the hill at the old Quaker Meeting House, on the Salem Turnpike. This cavalry, with their gallant leaders, was holding the enemy in check, which was a great achievement, and was one absolutely essential to the safety of the city. They were, however, very slowly driven back as the main body of Hunter's army advanced.

The small force under Ramseur, which arrived on the evening of the 17th, was at once thrown forward and occupied the new line established by Early, across the Salem Turnpike, about two miles

from the city and a mile and a half beyond Hill's line on College Hill. This force, with two guns of Breckinridge's command, in charge of Lieutenant Carter Berkeley, of Staunton, now Dr. Carter Berkeley, of Lynchburg, two guns of Lurty's Battery, some of the guns of Floyd King's Battalion and two of Douthat's Battery, were placed in the redoubt near the toll-gate and stayed the advance of the enemy until dark closed the engagement for the day.

These guns of Lieutenant Berkeley had done good service in the Valley and rendered themselves and their young commander very famous. They reached Lynchburg by forced marches, through the upper part of Amherst county, on the evening of the 16th of June. On their arrival at the bridge across James river, they were urged forward, as it was supposed Hunter was even then in sight. The general direction in which the enemy was expected was pointed out to Berkeley, who was ignorant of Lynchburg and its topography. He was told to go directly out from the bridge to the hills west of the city; so he urged his weary horses up Ninth street, passed the old market house to the foot of Courthouse hill. There even his nerve was daunted, and he turned up Church street to Eighth. He halted a moment, wondering what sort of teams and conveyances they had in Lynchburg, but noticing that Eighth street was the nearest route to the enemy, he urged his horses up the steep declivity, putting several men at each wheel. One-third of the hill was thus surmounted, but there is a limit to human and equine endurance, and the two guns and their caissons stalled hopelessly. Fortunately some of Imboden's cavalry were just passing at the foot of the hill on Church street. They saw the trouble, and knowing how important it was to get those useful guns into action, jumped from their horses, reinforced the storming party, and soon had the guns at the top of the hill; thence, at a gallop, they moved forward into the line of battle.

The line then selected extended from a point some distance to the left of the turnpike through the toll-gate into what is now known as Langhorne's field. The residue of Early's command did not reach Lynchburg until late on the afternoon of the 18th, when it was hurried through the city at a double-quick, much to the relief of the citizens, who cheered them on their pathway. During the night of the 17th a yard engine, with box cars attached, was run up and down the Southside Railroad, making as much noise as possible, and thus induced Hunter to believe and to report that Early was rapidly being reinforced.

Senator John W. Daniel, then a major on Early's staff, though at the time disabled from duty by a very dangerous wound, describes the entrance of these troops upon the scene as follows:

"In this condition Tinsley, the bugler of the Stonewall Brigade, came trotting up the road sounding the advance, and behind him came the skirmishers of Ramseur's division with rapid strides. Just then the artilleryists saw through the smoke the broad white slouch hat of 'Old Jube,' who rode amongst them. * * * * * Poor Tinsley! His last bugle call, like the bagpipes at Lucknow, foretold the rescue of Lynchburg, but on that field he found, in a soldier's duty and with a soldier's glory, a soldier's death."

Up to that time Hunter's army was several times larger than that opposing him. The addition of Rodes' command and the residue of Gordon's to the Confederate forces the next night diminished the disparity, but made our army but little over one-half as large as that under Hunter. Yet Hunter did not make any serious demonstration on the 17th, nor until after two o'clock on the 18th. There was firing along the picket line and much cannonading, but no serious fight until that hour.

Half of the Second Corps and Breckinridge's command, with some fifteen guns, occupied the front line, while the cadets, the dismounted cavalry and the invalid corps occupied the inner line established by Hill.

On the 18th General Duffie's division of the enemy made some attack on Early's right. This attack by Duffie with his division of two brigades of cavalry and a battery of artillery is described by him in a report made in the field to General Hunter on June 18. He says:

"I have carried out your order in engaging the enemy on the extreme left. I attacked him at 12:30 and drove him into his fortifications. Have been fighting ever since. Two charges have been made and the enemy's strength fully developed in our front. His force is much superior to mine. All my force is engaged. The enemy is now attempting to turn my right. I shall send a force to check him. I do not communicate with Averell on my left." (70 *War of Rebellion*, 650.)

This force which Duffie describes as so superior to his consisted of two small brigades of infantry under General Gabriel C. Wharton and the cavalry under General John McCausland. It is impossible that the whole force was half the size of Duffie's. Whar-

ton's command was but a remnant left from Gaines' Mill and Cold Harbor, and McCausland's had been in one continuous fight for ten days, and was therefore much dismounted, worn and weary. Of the two so-called brigades under Wharton, one was commanded by our gallant comrade, Colonel Aug. Forsberg, and had, under his leadership, been more than decimated in the fights around Richmond during the four weeks immediately preceding.

Had Hunter made a vigorous assault on the line through Judge Daniel's Rivermont farm, he could have marched directly into Lynchburg and burned the railroad bridges without successful resistance, for Early could not have spared a man from his line to oppose him. Wharton's two brigades were both east of the Blackwater, and between that stream and James river there was only the skirmish line of McCausland's cavalry, and a few old men in the trenches across the Rivermont farm. These old citizens, however, though entirely "muster free," either from age or physical infirmity, did good service. They remained in the trenches, though without equipment or even the scant comforts of the regular soldier, and were anxiously and gallantly awaiting the anticipated attack. Had it been made, they were ready to die in defence of their homes.

A reconnoissance was made by Averell on the 18th in the direction of Campbell Courthouse turnpike. It amounted to nothing, and he soon returned to the main lines. Beyond these two movements, picket firing and artillery duels, nothing was done until about 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, when the infantry divisions of Sullivan and Crook commenced their advance upon Early's centre. This brought about for a short time a very active engagement. Our skirmish line was driven in upon the main body, as is usual in such cases, and the engagement was fairly general, and for a time very sharp. The enemy soon fell back into a new line, and there each side rested on their arms apparently for the night.

Early scarcely felt himself strong enough, before Rodes arrived, to attack the enemy on ground selected by them, but was courting an attack all day. The enemy's forces showed no signs of weakness or timidity, but the indications were that its movements were lacking in well-defined purpose, and there was obviously want of confidence on the part of the subordinate brigadiers in the major-general commanding. That this feeling prevailed amongst the division and brigade commanders is clearly observed on reading their official reports, in which they differ with him as to what was done and the causes of the failure to do more.

The report of General Crook, who was a very excellent officer, is particularly striking. After telling of his march and the occupation of his corps on the 17th, he says (70 *War of Rebellion*, 121):

"Next morning I was sent to the right with my division to make a reconnoissance for the purpose of turning the enemy's left; found it impracticable after marching some three or four miles, and just returned with my division and got into position to support Sullivan's division when the enemy made an attack on our lines."

Having said this, and without further word of explanation or description of the result, he continues:

"On the retreat this evening my division brought up the rear. When I reached Liberty, I found General Averell had gone into camp on the edge of the town. The infantry were going into camp some mile and a half further on."

He sings no psalm of victory, as did Hunter, but preserved a silence which is suggestive, if not eloquent.

General Sullivan made no report. All that General Averell says about the movements is an elaborate analysis of the causes of the failure, chief amongst which he asserts was General Hunter's delay at Lexington (70 *War of Rebellion*, 148). Colonel Frost, who commanded a regiment in Crook's division, reports that on the 18th—

"His command marched three miles to the right, and on the afternoon was ordered again to the front of the enemy's works, and were afterwards formed in line on our left under a heavy fire of artillery. Our brigade charged the enemy and drove them back to his rifle-pits.

"Here the right gave wave, and our brigade being exposed to a close firing of musketry, grape and canister, we were obliged to retire about thirty paces to a new line of battle, which was held *until orders were received to fall back*. *Marched all that night*, and reached Liberty about 3 P. M. on the 9th. (70 *War of Rebellion*, 135.)

Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States, in reporting the battle of the 18th, says:

"Pursued the retreating rebels and drove them from their rifle-pits to the protection of their main works. The works being too strong to be carried by the force then before them, the regiment *retired in some disorder*, but was promptly reformed before reaching our own lines. After leaving Lynchburg the officers and men of the

First Brigade sustained themselves through the hardships and privations of the retreat like good soldiers." (70 *War of Rebellion*, 123.)

Other quotations from other reports might be made to the same effect.

That these reports may have their true significance it is necessary that we note what General Hunter himself says of what took place on the 17th and 18th. It will be found difficult to understand where all the glory comes in. He writes:

"Early in the morning of the 17th orders were given for the troops to move, but the march was delayed for several hours at the Great Otto river, owing to the difficulty in crossing the artillery, and in consequence we did not overtake the enemy until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour Averell's advance came upon the enemy, strongly posted and entrenched at Diamond Hill, five miles from Lynchburg. He immediately attacked, and a sharp contest ensued. Crook's infantry arriving at the same time, made a brilliant advance upon the enemy, drove him from his works back upon the town, killing and wounding a number and capturing seventy men and one gun. It being too late to follow up this success, we encamped upon the battle-field. The best information to be obtained at this point of the enemy's forces and plans indicated that all the rebel forces heretofore operating in the Valley and West Virginia were concentrated in Lynchburg, under the command of General Breckinridge. This force was variously estimated at from ten thousand to fifteen thousand men, well supplied with artillery and protected by strong works.

"During the night the trains on the different railroads were heard running without intermission, while repeated cheers and the beating of drums indicated the arrival of large bodies of troops in the town, yet up to the morning of the 18th I had no positive information as to whether General Lee had detached any considerable force for the relief of Lynchburg. To settle the question, on this morning, I advanced my skirmishers as far as the toll-gate on the Bedford road, two miles from the town, and a brisk fire was opened between them and the enemy behind their works. This skirmishing with musketry, occasionally assisted by the artillery, was kept up during the whole of the forenoon. Their works consisted of strong redoubts on each of the main roads entering the town, about three miles apart, flanked on either side by rifle-pits protected by abatis. On these lines the enemy could be seen working diligently, as if to extend and strengthen them. I massed my two divisions of infantry

in front of the works on the Bedford road, ready to move to the right or left as required, the artillery in commanding positions, and Averell's Cavalry Division in reserve. Duffie was ordered to attack resolutely on the Forestville road, our extreme left, while Averell sent two squadrons of cavalry to demonstrate against the Campbell Courthouse road, on our extreme right. This detachment was subsequently strengthened by a brigade. Meanwhile I reconnoitered the lines, hoping to find a weak interval through which I might push with my infantry, passing between the main redoubts, which appeared too strong for a direct assault. While the guns were sounding on the two flanks, the enemy, no doubt supposing my centre weakened by too great extension of my lines, and hoping to cut us in two, suddenly advanced in great force from his works, and commenced a most determined attack on my position on the Bedford turnpike. Although his movement was so unexpected and rapid as almost to amount to a surprise, yet it was promptly and gallantly met by Sullivan's Division, which held the enemy in check until Crook was enabled to get his troops up. After a fierce contest of half an hour's duration, the enemy's direct attack was repulsed; but he persistently renewed the fight, making repeated attempts to flank us on the left and push between my main body and Duffie's Division. In his effort he was completely foiled, and at the end of an hour and twenty minutes was routed and driven back into his works in disorder and with heavy loss. In the eagerness of pursuit one regiment (One Hundred and Sixtieth Ohio) entered the works on the heels of the flying enemy, but being unsupported, fell back with trifling loss. Our whole loss in this action was comparatively light. The infantry behaved with the greatest steadiness, and the artillery, which materially assisted in repelling the attack, was served with remarkable rapidity and efficiency. This affair closed about 2 P. M. From prisoners captured we obtained positive information that a portion of Ewell's Corps was engaged in the action, and that the whole corps, twenty thousand strong, under the command of Lieutenant-General Early, was either already in Lynchburg or near at hand. The detachment sent by General Averell to operate on our right had returned, reporting that they had encountered a large body of rebel cavalry in that quarter, while Duffie, although holding his position, sent word that he was pressed by a superior force. It had now become sufficiently evident that the enemy had concentrated a force of at least double the numerical strength of mine, and what added to the gravity of the situation was the fact that my troops had scarcely enough

of ammunition left to sustain another well-contested battle. I immediately ordered all the baggage and supply trains to retire by the Bedford turnpike, and made preparation to withdraw the army as soon as it should become sufficiently dark to conceal the movement from the enemy. Meanwhile, as there still remained five hours of daylight, they were ordered to maintain a firm front, and with skirmishers to press the enemy's lines at all points. I have since learned that Early's whole force was up in time to have made a general attack on the same afternoon (18th)—an attack which under the circumstances would probably have been fatal to us; but, rendered cautious by the bloody repulse of Breckinridge, and deceived by the firm attitude of my command, he devoted the afternoon to refreshment and repose, expecting to strike a decisive blow on the following morning. As soon as it became dark I quietly withdrew my whole force, leaving a line of pickets close to the enemy, with orders to remain until twelve o'clock (midnight), and then follow the main body. This was successfully accomplished without loss of men or material, excepting only a few wounded who were left in a temporary hospital by mistake."

By a critical examination and comparison of these reports it will be seen that the men who did the fighting say nothing of the Confederate force being "disgracefully routed," or of their "overwhelming numbers," and maintain a prudent silence as to the cause of Hunter's withdrawal. No one can read the whole correspondence without being satisfied that such men as Averell, Crook, Sullivan and Hayes, who seemed to have all been gallant soldiers, were much discouraged and had no faith in Hunter. They believed they could have forced their way through our lines and were anxious to do so, for they knew that they had force superior both in numbers and equipment. Believing this, they were chagrined that a retreat was ordered just as victory was apparently within their grasp.

Hunter claimed that he was overwhelmed by numbers, and that he was short of ammunition. That he was not outnumbered the official reports plainly show. He had two full divisions of infantry, each with three brigades, two of cavalry, composed in the aggregate of five brigades and thirty-two guns. Early, on the other hand, had only the small though very efficient force belonging to Breckinridge's Department, McCausland's and Imboden's Cavalry, the Corps of Cadets, the Silver Grays of the city, the invalids, and about one-half of Ewell's Corps; the second half did not reach Lynchburg in time to take active part in the battle on the 18th. Opposed to Hun-

ter's thirty-two guns, Early had none of the artillery attached to the Second Corps and only the guns under Major Floyd King belonging to Breckinridge's command, Douthat's Battery, two of Berkeley's and several of Lurty's, some fifteen or twenty all told. King had four companies of four guns each in his command, but Otey's Battery was on duty elsewhere. The batteries with him were Chapman's, Bryant's and Lowry's. Doing good service in Lowry's company was our townsman M. H. Dudley, of the Glamorgan Works.

Early's Cavalry, opposed to the elegant divisions of Averell and Duffie, consisted of Imboden's remnant, one-half of which was dismounted, and all of which, though it did good service, was disorganized by the defeat at Piedmont, and, in addition, the gallant little brigade so admirably handled by General McCausland.

If General Hunter did not know all this, it was his fault, for it was his duty to know, and he had ample opportunity to acquire the information. He had scouts on both railroads and the country was filled with the vigilant spies who prided themselves on their cleverness. They were famous under the name of "Jessie's Scouts;" a name assumed in honor of Mrs. General Fremont, who was a daughter of Senator Thomas H. Benton. He also had the aid of several notorious local traitors, who affected to keep him informed. The truth is he had all the necessary information, but lacked the nerve to act on it.

The other excuse made by General Hunter that his army was out of ammunition, is equally untenable. It cannot be believed that a corps was short of ammunition which had been organized but a few weeks, a part only of which had been engaged at Piedmont, and which had fought no serious pitched battle, and the sheep, chickens, hogs and cattle they wantonly shot on their march could not have exhausted their supply. The corps would not have started had the ammunition been so scarce. It would have been against all precedent, and any thinking man must know that the Ordnance Department of the United States army, always full-handed, had well supplied ammunition to an army about to start on so important an undertaking. No brigade or division commander in his correspondence or in his report made any such complaint. It would have given them pleasure to have had some excuse for retreating. They undertook to give no excuse, and their silence is so logical that it points out with great effect the fact that they had no belief in Hunter's excuses, and laid the real blame of the ignominious failure upon the incompetence of Hunter himself.

The obvious cause of Hunter's failure was that he did not reach Lynchburg on the 16th, the day upon which, according to Averell's plan, he was due. Had he reached his destination on the 16th he could have occupied the town without opposition. General Breckinridge was there, an invalid, and his troops were there in small numbers, much wearied, and they, with a few Silver Gray home guards, and the boys from the Institute, constituted the sole garrison opposing his army of twenty-five thousand men. Why he did not come up is accounted for upon two grounds. The first of which was the unnecessary delay at Lexington.

He says in his report, after giving the detail of his performance there, "I delayed one day in Lexington" (70 *War of Rebellion*, 97). Colonel Hayes says *two* days. (*Id.*, 122.) Had he marched without delay he would have been in Lynchburg before Early or any part of his troops left Charlottesville, and the town would have surrendered without firing a gun. He delayed at Lexington that he might vent his personal ill-will upon the State of Virginia. He says in his report that he ordered the Virginia Military Institute, a college for the education of youth, to be burned, and that he also ordered the burning of the residence of Hon. John Letcher, formerly Governor of Virginia, alleging as his reason for this latter act of barbarity that the Governor had urged the people to rise in arms to repel the invasion. In burning both places he gave no time for anything to be saved. The family of Governor Letcher barely escaped with the clothes upon their persons, and the torch was applied to the Institute without the opportunity to save its library, its philosophical apparatus, its furniture or its archives. All alike were consumed to appease his vindictive spite. The statue of the Father of his Country, belonging to the Institute, was stolen and sent to be erected upon the grounds at West Point. (*Id.*, 640.) It was returned after the war.

General Early in his memoirs says:

"The scenes on Hunter's route to Lynchburg were truly heart-rending; houses had been burned, and helpless women and children left without shelter. The country had been stripped of provisions and many families left without a morsel to eat. Furniture and bedding had been cut to pieces, and old men and women and children robbed of all the clothing they had except that on their backs. Ladies' trunks had been rifled and their dresses torn to pieces in mere wontonness; even the negro girls had lost their little finery.

* * * * *

“ Hunter’s deeds were those of a malignant and cowardly fanatic, who was better qualified to make war upon helpless women and children than upon armed soldiers. The time consumed in the perpetration of these deeds was the salvation of Lynchburg, with its stores, foundries and factories, which were so necessary to our army at Richmond.”

There was, however, another more potent influence which stayed Hunter’s advance. General John McCausland had been operating against the enemy in Southwest Virginia with a body of cavalry. When Hunter reached Staunton he was ordered across the country to meet him. When near Staunton, McCausland was joined by a small brigade under the command of Colonel William E. Peters, now Professor of Latin at the University of Virginia, who was then Colonel of the Twenty-first Virginia Cavalry. These two brigades, aggregating some sixteen hundred men, under McCausland’s leadership, ably seconded by Peters, at once commenced to worry Hunter and to keep his whole force in a constant state of alarm. This force was so ubiquitous that it was estimated by the enemy as being five times its real size. Amongst the officers in the force under Colonel Peters was his nephew, and our fellow-citizen, Major Stephen P. Halsey, who did good service and distinguished himself for his active gallantry.

As Hunter moved from Staunton to Lynchburg these brigades were ever in his front, one hour fighting and the next falling back as the main column would appear, but ever causing delay and apprehension. The tireless little band performed deeds of gallantry as they hung upon Hunter’s front, which entitled every officer and man to a cross of honor.

When Hunter’s army reached Buchanan McCausland had been hovering in front of his vanguard for many miles. There was a bridge at this point across James river, over which Hunter expected to cross. McCausland sent his men over the bridge, and from the south side of the river they opened fire on the head of Hunter’s column as it appeared in sight, and thus checked their advance. McCausland had caused hay to be piled on the bridge, much of which was wet with coal oil. He, with Captain St. Clair, of his command, had remained on the north side for the purpose of setting fire to the bridge. The Federal cavalry charged up very close to him before McCausland applied the match, as he was desirous that every man of his command should get safely over. As fire was opened on him

he applied the torch to the hay, and the coal oil at once flashed up in a furious blaze.

Captain St. Clair ran up the river bank, and the enemy was so occupied in the effort to kill him that they did not see McCausland, who escaped in a small boat under the burning bridge, and was not again under their fire until he was climbing up the opposite bank of the river.

This thoughtful and gallant conduct of McCausland delayed Hunter's column for a whole day, thus giving Lynchburg a better chance for defence and rendering Hunter's raid ineffectual.

In Early's dispatch reporting the battle at Lynchburg an expression is used which implies a doubt as to whether the cavalry would do its duty. Never did cavalry do better service than did that under McCausland, both as Hunter advanced and as he retreated. Had McCausland had the full command of the cavalry on the retreat, Hunter's wagon train and artillery would have fallen into the hands of the Confederates; but for some reason, which is now unnecessary to explain, great opportunities were permitted to pass without advantage being taken of them. McCausland at Hanging Rock with his force was in a position to have attacked the retreating column of the enemy and to have cut off his wagon train and many of his guns. He begged to be allowed to attack, but was told to await the arrival of the infantry. While he waited the enemy discovered his position and so far withdrew that when the inhibition was withdrawn the great opportunity was gone, though, despite the delay, a number of guns, wagons and supplies were captured by his force.

During the second day that Hunter was in the lines around Lynchburg McCausland made a raid around his rear and attacked his train at Forest Depot, driving a guard of one regiment of infantry and one of cavalry back to the Salem pike. This gave Hunter much apprehension and threw his force into confusion; how much it contributed to his rapid flight that night can never be known. Due credit was not given McCausland for this, nor for many of his other valuable services.

Lynchburg owes much to Ramseur's Division of the Second Corps and to the men who occupied the lines when Hunter arrived, but it was the skill of McCausland and Peters and the unflagging energy and courage of their officers and men, which so retarded Hunter's movements that when he did arrive there was force enough on our line to prevent his capturing the city. McCausland and his com-

mand were the real saviors of the city, and some lasting memorial of its gratitude should be erected to perpetuate their deeds.

McCausland proved himself a soldier of a high type. There were few officers in either army who, with such a force, could have accomplished as much. His little command had been in constant contact with the enemy for many days, had been continuously in the saddle and on exhausting marches, was badly mounted and badly equipped; everything about it was worn and weary but their dauntless spirit; that, under the example of their indomitable leaders, never flagged for an instant. The truth is, heroism was so common a quality amongst the "old Confeds" during that war that heroes were almost at a discount and heroic acts passed unnoticed, however great.

The services of this command were recognized at the time by a vote of thanks adopted by the City Council of Lynchburg on the 24th of June, 1864, "for their gallantry in opposing for ten days the march of a greatly superior force, thereby retarding the advance of the enemy on our city until a proper force could be organized for its defence." The citizens of the town at the same time presented General John McCausland with a sword and a pair of silver spurs in token of their gratitude.

It is not fair to close this special notice of the service rendered the city by McCausland's command without referring especially to the gallant conduct of Captain E. E. Bouldin, of the Charlotte Cavalry, who commanded its rear guard as it fell back before Hunter's army. The records show that the numberless charges of Captain Bouldin and his valiant band upon Hunter's vanguard were conspicuous, even amongst the men of a command where each proved himself a hero. Captain Bouldin still survives, and is a useful and modest citizen of Danville, Virginia, and a learned and efficient member of its bar.

What General McCausland did in this defence was not the only service he rendered the city. When Lee surrendered he rode off with his men toward the mountains of Southwest Virginia for the purpose of there disbanding. As he approached Lynchburg a committee from the civil authorities met him, and, after telling him that the place was being looted by lawless squads of disbanded soldiers from Lee's army, asked his aid. He at once sent in a squadron which cleared the streets and soon restored order. He continued to preserve order until the civil authorities organized a force sufficient to maintain it.

When Hunter commenced his advance from Staunton our towns-

man, Colonel J. W. Watts, of the Second Virginia Cavalry, was at his home near Liberty, recuperating from severe wounds. Despite his disabled condition, he mounted his horse, joined McCausland and rendered him valuable aid. To him was assigned the duty of blocking the road from Buchanan to the Peaks of Otter. He did this work very thoroughly, but he states that so complete was the equipment of Hunter's pioneers that they cleared the road in less time than it took him to blockade it. Nevertheless the blockade was one of the causes which materially delayed the advance of Hunter, and therefore was one of the causes which led to the relief of the city.

Major Robert C. Saunders, of Campbell, was at the time of the attack by Hunter a resident of the city, being in charge of the Quartermaster Department for the collection of the tax-in-kind for this Congressional District. He had been in the field as captain of an infantry company from Campbell county, and as soon as Hunter's approach was a certainty General Nicholls sent for him and sent him out to bring him definite information of Hunter's position. He started immediately and soon was among Hunter's vanguard, but, though much exposed, he wonderfully escaped under cover of the night and brought accurate information which was very valuable. He was sent out again, and was in the sharp battle fought by General McCausland at New London and by McCausland and Imboden at the Quaker Meeting House, and then, as Hunter retreated, he was with McCausland and Peters, and saw much hard service with those sturdy soldiers and their men. His manuscript account of what he saw is very interesting, and might properly be inserted in this paper but that it would make it too long for one evening's address.

Be the cause of General Hunter's failure what they may, the fact is he did fail, and fail disgracefully, where he should have succeeded, for he had every advantage of numbers, of guns and of equipment. There are many pages of reports of Federal officers about this campaign published in the records of the *War of the Rebellion* by the United States Government, but the cotemporaneous literature on the part of Confederate officers is very scant; they fought better and longer than they wrote. As a specimen of the Confederate reports, that of General Early may fitly be taken. It contrasts strikingly with the ten-page document of General Hunter upon the same subject, found in the seventieth volume of the *War of the Rebellion*, page 94.

General Early's report is as follows:

"NEW LONDON, June 19, 1864, 9:30 A. M.

"*General:*

"Last evening the enemy assaulted my line in front of Lynchburg and was repulsed by the part of my command which was up. On the arrival of the rest of the command I made arrangements to attack this morning at light, but it was discovered that the men were retreating, and I am now pursuing. The enemy is retreating in confusion, and, if the cavalry does its duty, we will destroy him.

"J. A. EARLY,

"*Lieutenant-General.*

"General R. E. Lee."

This report is brief and to the point. It has been construed as ignoring the troops belonging to the command of Breckinridge, and as doing injustice to the cavalry of Imboden and McCausland. General Early should have been more careful in writing it, but it must be remembered that when it was written he was not informed of the great service which had been rendered by the cavalry, or of the faithful work which had been done by the troops, other than those belonging to the Second Corps.

In his memoirs (on page 44) General Early says that some time after midnight it was discovered that Hunter was moving, but, owing to the uncertainty as to whether he was merely changing front or retreating, nothing could be done until daylight, when, the retreat being ascertained, the pursuit commenced. Early's army moved in three columns, the Second Corps on the Salem Turnpike, Breckinridge's command, under Elzey, on the Forest road, and the cavalry, placed by Early under General Robert Ransom, on the right of Elzey. The enemy's rear was overtaken at Liberty by Ramseur's Division and was driven through that place at a brisk trot.

It is not within the scope of this paper to follow up the retreat of Hunter, nor to narrate the incidents of Early's campaign in Maryland and the scare he gave the Government at Washington. What a commotion his little army created can be easily understood by inspecting the 70th and 71st volumes of the *War of the Rebellion*, a large part of which is taken up by the numberless orders and counter-orders, alarms and outcries incident to the fright then prevailing. General Grant seems to have been the only person in command on the other side who kept his equilibrium and acted with consistent courage and judicious poise.

But before we return to the scenes around Lynchburg incident to the attack, it may well be noted that Hunter, after reaching Salem, turned off to Lewisburg, West Virginia, and did not feel safe until he had placed his army far beyond the Alleghanies and upon the banks of the Ohio at Parkersburg. The effect of this remarkable line of retreat was that the Valley was left open, and Early seized the opportunity and at once commenced his march for the Potomac practically unmolested. On the 5th of July, Hunter and his command were at Parkersburg, on the Ohio, while Early, whom he was to obstruct, was crossing the Potomac river into Maryland.

Poor Hunter! he seems to have had few friends, and it is almost cruel to recite his history, but men who undertake great enterprises must expect to be criticised when they fail. He got little comfort, and expected none, from the Confederate leaders, but he got even less from the Federal, except when it came in the form of such reports as that sent by Captain T. K. McCann to General Meigs, the Quartermaster-General, in which he says that "General Hunter fought four hours on the 17th; on the 18th the General ascertained that Rebel force at Lynchburg was fifty thousand men, and from a prisoner taken it was reported that Lee was evacuating Richmond and falling back on Lynchburg, and consequently General Hunter was obliged to fall back." (*Id.*, 679.) General Grant, however, on the 21st of June, wrote General Meade to know where Hunter was, and said: "Tell him to *save his army* in the way he thinks best." (*Id.*, 657.)

On the 17th of July Halleck wrote to Hunter, giving him some directions in regard to his future movements, saying that General Grant directs, if compelled to fall back, you will retreat *in front of the enemy* towards the Potomac, so as to cover Washington and *not be squeezed out to one side*, so as to make it necessary to fall back into West Virginia to save your army." This order he disregarded most ignominiously.

In the same letter Halleck wrote Hunter that General Grant said that in the marching *he does not want houses burned*, but "that he wants your troops to eat out Virginia clear and clean as far as they can, so that crows flying over it for the balance of the year will have to carry their rations with them." (*Id.*, 366.)

C. A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, wrote to Grant on the 15th of July (*Id.*, 332): "Hunter appears to have been engaged in a pretty active campaign *against the newspapers* in West Virginia." And Halleck on the same day wrote to Grant that he thought "*Hun-*

ter's command was badly used up in the Lynchburg expedition." (*Id.*, 331.)

These assaults, and many others of a like nature, wounded General Hunter so greatly that he not only asked to be relieved, but wrote a letter to Grant, in which, after speaking of the depressing effect upon him of these comments, he unstopped the vials of his wrath against his subordinates, upon whom he put the blame of his defeat.

In this letter he says that Sullivan, who commanded one of his divisions, was "*not worth one cent; in fact very much in my way,*" and, again, he says: "I dashed on toward Lynchburg, and *should certainly have taken it if it had not been for the stupidity and conceit of that fellow Averell*, who unfortunately joined me at Staunton, and of whom I unfortunately had, at the time, a very high opinion, and trusted him when I should not have done so." (71 *War of Rebellion*, 366.)

With these quotations from the correspondence of his associates, General Hunter may be left to the verdict which will be accorded him by the future historian of the stirring events in which he took part.

War is not a gentle occupation, and its customs are harsh. To make it effective, it is clearly within the rules of civilization to strip an enemy's country through which a hostile army is passing of everything which will sustain the life of either men or beasts. Hence Grant's historic order about the crow carrying his rations, while cruel, is within the line of legitimate warfare. But putting non-combatants to death, insults to women and children, the wanton destruction of household goods and clothes, the application of the torch to dwellings, factories and mills, or the destruction of public buildings, and especially of institutions of learning and their libraries, and works of art and science, is a style of warfare long since relegated to the savage. The disgrace of reviving this barbaric strife in modern times was reserved for Hunter. General Crook, one of his division commanders, a soldier brave and true, felt constrained to note the conduct of the troops, and published an order in which he says he "*regrets to learn of so many acts committed by our troops that are disgraceful to the command.*" Hunter knew all this, but there was no word of protest or repression from him.

It is to be regretted that later in this campaign, when we carried the war across the Potomac, some of our troops retaliated for these brutal acts upon innocent parties. That Hunter had set the example

was no good excuse, though it was plead. (See General Bradley T. Johnson's Report, 90 *War of Rebellion*, 7.)

General Early has been severely criticised for permitting the escape of Hunter. It is always much easier to criticise than to accomplish; to point out how a thing should have been done, after we know the result of what was done, than to do it at the time. The facts heretofore stated can leave no doubt that all was done, as far as the prompt pursuit of Hunter is concerned, which could have been done. Early's line of defence, owing to the smallness of his force, was not only thin, but was short; he had, therefore, to keep in a such a condition that by changing front rapidly with the troops he had, he could supply the place of those he did not have. Hence, when he noticed Hunter moving away from his immediate front, he did not suppose he was retiring, but merely withdrawing for the purpose of making his attack at another point, and prudence demanded that he should keep his troops in hand until the enemy's purpose was developed. To do this the delay until daylight was essential.

It is a subject of remark that with Hunter's army there were two men who very faithfully discharged their duties as soldiers and subsequently became Presidents of the United States—one Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes, who commanded a brigade, and the other Major William McKinley, who was a staff officer.

The loss on neither side was very heavy, but it was very much greater on that of the invader than upon ours. Hunter left his dead on the field to be buried by his enemy, and his wounded in a field hospital; facts which show how precipitously he departed.

The Federal line of battle was formed on the left, directly through the yard of the residence of the late C. H. Moorman, whose farm lay on both sides of Blackwater creek, and occupied most of what is now called West Lynchburg. When it was known that Hunter was approaching, Mr. Moorman packed several wagons with provisions, and, with his negroes and stock, moved down toward the Staunton river, leaving his house in charge of his young, unmarried daughter (now Mrs. Hurt), his wife, an old negro man and several negro women. Before Mr. Moorman cleared his own plantation, which was large, he found it necessary to lighten his load, and to that end selected a spot and buried his supply of well-cured and much prized hams. It turned out that the line of battle of Crook's division ran across the spot, and the buried treasure was discovered, much to the delight of the troops, who greatly enjoyed a very fine

lot of old Virginia hams, always valuable, but especially so under such circumstances.

At sunrise on the morning of the 17th, Miss Moorman went out on a hill near her house to reconnoitre the military situation. She saw a column of Federal troops moving on the Salem turnpike, and was looking at them very anxiously, when she was shocked to see a line of blue coats crossing the field close to her home. She at once ran back, sheltering herself behind the fence, but the officer in command was at the door before she was, and very politely advised her to stay in the house while the fight was going on. The family were not molested during the two days that the troops were there. With exceptional visits to the front yard, she obeyed the officer's instructions very carefully. She heard the constant cannonading and the picket firing without cessation all of the 17th and until the evening of the 18th, when the sounds changed and indicated that a real battle was going on close at hand. She was naturally in a fever of excitement, but could hear nothing of the result. About midnight of the 18th, or more probably on the morning of the 19th, she heard the rumbling of wagons and artillery on the Salem turnpike, and found the lines around her house were being withdrawn, but it was some time before she discovered that the Federal troops were retreating. It was then nearly daylight, and she slipped out of the house and ran down to the ford across Blackwater creek and notified the cavalry at that point what she had seen. A company was at once sent off in pursuit to verify her statement. After they had gone, and as she returned home, she met a solitary Federal soldier on foot, who asked her what had become of his command. She told him they had been whipped and had retreated, and informed him that he was her prisoner. He stated he had fallen asleep and had been left, and at once surrendered to her.

On reaching her home, although it was not yet sunrise, she started over on foot to the point where the heaviest fighting had taken place, that she might learn the fate of her brother, Major Marcellus N. Moorman, who commanded a battalion of artillery in the Second Corps. He had not been in the fight, as the battalion had not reached Lynchburg until during the night of the 18th. His command had started in the pursuit when she left home on her mission, but she met him on the battle-field going to tell his mother good-bye. Thus another son of Lynchburg was in line to battle for her defence.

On the extreme right of the Confederate lines, and on a part of

what is now the farm of Senator Daniel, was stationed the brigade in command of Colonel Aug. Forsberg, then a stranger in the city, and here merely by the accident of war. On the right of his brigade was the Thirtieth Battalion of Virginia Infantry, under the command of Captain (now Judge) Stephen Adams, who on the breaking out of the war, was a practicing attorney of West Virginia. He had married Miss Emma Saunders, of Lynchburg, but was then a stranger thrown into the line of defence of the city by the like accident. Captain Adams, after he became a citizen of Lynchburg, purchased the very land on which his men were that day formed in line of battle, and has often dug up pieces of shell and bullets which were fired at him. He now preserves them as pleasant reminders of the past. Both Captain Adams and Colonel Forsberg are now valued citizens of Lynchburg, and we owe them a debt of gratitude for their gallant efforts in its defence.

It is not generally known that a few of the Federal shells were thrown into the city, but such was the case. The writer has in his possession a part of a three-inch percussion shell, shot from a rifle cannon, which fell in what was then known as "Meem's Garden," near the spot where the Catholic Church of the Holy Cross is now situated. His mother lived in the immediate vicinity of the place where it exploded, and, when the sound was heard, one of the servants ran over and picked it up, and it was thus preserved in the family.

The blood-stained and battle-torn little command of Breckinridge reached Lynchburg on the 16th of June. Up to that moment no one in the city had hoped that the place could be saved from Hunter's vandalism by the cordon of boys, cripples and irregular troops which surrounded it, and there was an anxiety which cannot be described; its depth may be imagined, but the pen cannot paint it.

The arrival of this small force brought hope back to the hearts of the old men and helpless women and children who constituted the population of the city, and as the hardy old veterans moved up Main and then up Fifth streets they were cheered by joyous crowds of excited women, jubilant convalescents and hopeful old men. The troops had made a two-days' forced march from the headwaters of Rockfish river and were in bad physical condition, but in high spirits. They much enjoyed their cordial reception. This is shown by a little incident preserved out of the many of the same character by a person who was one of the girls present on the occasion.

In the column of troops, as they swung along in a double-quick

to meet the advancing foe, was one red-haired soldier who had lost both hat and shoes, but was advancing with the same alacrity as his comrades who had been more fortunate in preserving these valuable articles of dress. Miss Sally Scruggs, then a young lady, radiant with the enthusiasm of the occasion, was standing upon the wall of the front yard of what was then the residence of Mr. H. I. Brown, at the south corner of Fifth and Church streets, together with a great many other ladies. She was wearing a Confederate broad-brimmed straw hat of her own make, trimmed with all the colors which could be raked from the discarded finery of the past. Seeing the gallant fellow passing without a hat, she tore her own from her head and threw it to him. He caught it, tied it over his auburn locks, raised his musket to a present arms, and the brigade cheered as long as they were in sight.

The writer has taken much pains to gather from eye-witnesses incidents of these eventful days in the history of our city, but with little success. It is astonishing how few people took note, or, if they did, can narrate the small incidents which would be so interesting to the present generation. The main and patent facts they remember well, but the official reports and newspapers preserve them to us very accurately. What is wanted, and what is the prime aim of this paper, is the preservation of those traditional facts which give a reality to history which historic papers cannot impart. Little aid has been rendered in this respect, though many letters have been written asking it, and many personal applications made to those who might, with a little trouble, have reproduced from memory many of those incidents so essential to the personal interest of such a sketch as this.

Among the facts which have been preserved, it is pleasant to tell of another soldier whose subsequent career was one in which every citizen took pride. Young W. C. Folkes, the son of our late much respected member of the legislature from this city, Ed. J. Folkes, was at home disabled by a wound which had carried away one of his legs. Though far from recovered, he seized his crutch and a musket and started out to the lines, taking with him our townsman, Mr. E. C. Hamner, then not sixteen years old. The two marched out to the furthestmost line, and there did a soldier's duty under fire all day. Young Folkes, after the war, studied law at the University of Virginia and then moved to Memphis, Tennessee, where he soon rose to the front rank in his profession, and, while yet a young man, was elevated to the Supreme bench of the State, where, after a few years

of distinguished usefulness, he died, beloved and respected in his adopted as well as his native State.

The last incident shows the spirit of the boys. But the old men on that day were boys also. Mr. Mike O'Connell was over eighty years of age. He went out with the Silver Grays. His company was placed on the inner line, but with his long rifle he marched out to the skirmish line and kept up a constant fire on the enemy all day, though himself under a heavy fire.

The writer of this sketch was, he regrets to say, in another part of the Army of Northern Virginia at this time, and therefore can give nothing from his own experience. He was, however, in constant correspondence with his wife, who wrote him very full accounts of all that happened. Unfortunately all her letters on this subject, but one, have been lost; one extract from that may be worth inserting. It is dated Tuesday, June 21, 1864:

"I received three letters from you, for all of which you must accept my thanks. It was amusing to me in reading those of the 17th and 19th to see how little idea you had of the stirring times through which we were passing at Lynchburg.

"On Monday, the 13th, we begun to fear that Hunter would make Lynchburg his point of attack, but it was not a definite fear until we heard of his being in Lexington, and that he was turning this way. On Thursday, the 16th, we heard of his being at Liberty, marching in this direction, and then all was excitement and apprehension.

"General Breckinridge, with some troops, got here on Wednesday night, and as we saw them passing out West street, it was a most reassuring sight, and never were a lot of bronzed and dirty looking veterans, many of them barefooted, more heartily welcomed. The streets were lined with women, waving their handkerchiefs and cheering them on as they moved out to a line on the hills west of the city. We were made more hopeful, also, by the knowledge that General Early, with several brigades, was at Charlottesville, *en route* to reinforce the small command of Breckinridge. He arrived with some of his troops on the evening of Friday, the 17th, but could do little more than get what he had into position. On Saturday, the 18th, more of Early's men came, and it was a delightful sound to hear their cheers as they passed out to the lines. Eugene was among them, and seemed to delight in the chance of making a fight right at home.

"Saturday, the 18th, was a day we will not soon forget. There

was no general engagement until about three o'clock, but a constant cannonade and heavy skirmishing went on all day. Our lines were out near and in Spring Hill Cemetery; the enemy's further out. Their skirmish line was in Mr. John B. Lee's yard, where a number were killed by our cannon. I went out on College Hill and watched the fighting much of the time. It was very exciting to see the cannon fire from both sides and the explosion of the shells on the opposite side. It was fascinating beyond description. I could see our troops moving and taking new positions, and could see the Yankee batteries doing the same thing, and then the fearful reality of the scene was forced upon me by the line of ambulances which were kept busy bringing our wounded into town.

"Colonel Floyd King called at our house and told me, on Friday night that we should put our most valuable things in the cellar for protection, and should stay down there ourselves. Many things were carried into the basement, including the pictures, china, silver, etc., etc., but we did not go there to sleep, thinking it was time enough to do so when the shells actually commenced to fly. Our people, of course, were very much excited; but, on the whole, behaved very well, and with more coolness than I had anticipated. I had so much to do I did not have time to be scared, though I was deeply anxious. The sight of the familiar faces of the veterans as they marched through our streets, reassured me entirely. Early got his men into line on Saturday evening, but for some reason I do not understand did not attack, and the next morning the coward, Hunter, was gone. Early at once started after him, but has not yet overtaken him, we hear.

"Our people criticise Early with much bitterness for not attacking Saturday, but I think we ought to be only too glad we got through safely without the hazard of a battle. Eugene had the headquarters of his sharpshooters at one time in the cemetery, close by his father's grave. He went on, of course, with his command. It was a great relief when we heard that Hunter was gone. Mother stood it remarkably well. She was, of course, very anxious about Eugene, as she would hear the booming of the cannon, but she kept up her nerve and spirits.

"Hunter's headquarters were at old Major Hutter's. He told them that he proposed to capture or burn Lynchburg. Major Hutter was, of course, politely treated while Hunter was there, but after he and some of his generals who were with him had left the house, other officers and men robbed it—robbing Miss Hutter's chamber of

her clothing and other valuables. Many wounded were left in Major Hutter's yard; indeed, the flight was so rapid that all but the slightly wounded were left behind, together with many small arms and some cannon. Early may not have done all he might have done, but certain it is Hunter's whole campaign seems to have been a farce. He was gallant when there was no enemy, and a coward when they were in sight. He burned the Military Institute, which was not even garrisoned by boys, and set fire to Governor Letcher's house, which only a woman protected. If the 'bravest are the tenderest,' how true it is that the cowards are the cruelest. The renegade, David H. Strother (Porte Crayon), was with Hunter as one of his staff at Major Hutter's. Another traitor to his State, his name and his race.

"The soldiers who came up with Early gave the most distressing accounts of the condition of affairs in Louisa county, where the Yankee raids have done so much harm to the unprotected. They say the desolation is so great that as they marched through the women and children flocked to the road for something to eat, and would grasp eagerly all the bits of cold corn-bread they could spare them from their haversacks. Is it not horrible to think of?"

A remarkable incident happened in connection with the depredation of Hunter's troops at Lexington. When the corps of cadets was ordered to leave the Institute on the approach of Hunter, they deposited their trunks in the residences of neighboring gentlemen for safe keeping.

Young Mr. Carter H. Harrison, of Staunton, was then a cadet, and with several others, put his trunk at Professor Campbell's to save it. When the battle was over at Lynchburg and Hunter was gone, the cadets were not put in the chasing column, but were relieved from further active duty. Mr. Harrison, with others of the corps, went to the battlefield, and during his inspection visited the field hospital where the wounded of the enemy were being cared for by our surgeons. He noticed one man who was badly wounded in the leg, and whose pantaloons were ripped up that the surgeon might more easily dress the wound. As Harrison looked at the soldier he observed his own initials on his socks, and upon further investigation discovered that all the man's underclothes were similarly marked and all belonged to him, and were a part of those he had left in his trunk at Professor Campbell's.

The man confessed that they had looted Professor Campbell's house,

and that the underwear was part of the booty. Arrangements were made by which possession followed the legal title.

It is needless to attempt to describe the anxiety of the citizens as Hunter approached, heralded by the accounts of his vandalism at Lexington and on his march. Until their nerves were restored by the arrival of Breckinridge's little army of some fifteen hundred men and the guns of Berkeley and W. S. Lurty's battery, every woman and non-combatant was actively engaged in hiding silver, jewels, provisions and other valuables—generally putting them in the very place where skilled looters would be sure to go in search. Many things were put away at that time which have never been found since, and never will be. The anxiety of the hidors so affected their memory that the place of hiding was forgotten.

As soon as hope was restored by the appearance of additional troops, the energies of the women were directed to the effort of giving food to the hungry and travel-worn troops whose arrival had brought them so much comfort. While the cannon were booming over the hills of the suburbs and the fierce rattle of contending musketry could be heard, our women were bending over the fires cooking rations for the men in the lines, or scraping lint and rolling bandages for the wounded. The first ray of hope restored confidence, and the inhabitants of Londonderry or Leyden were not more calm or heroic, or more actively engaged in doing all in their power for defence, than were these women and the old men, who were the only other inhabitants of the city left.

The old men, with such weapons as they could procure of every variety of style, were in the trenches across the plateau now known as Rivermont, ready to sacrifice their lives in protecting their loved ones and their homes from the marauding troops which were advancing with a devastating purpose, long since abandoned as unfit for civilized warfare. Thus men and women alike braced themselves for the great struggle, and, though not put to the final test, were calm, collected and brave in the supreme moment when the enemy were thundering at our gates. This fact is one of which the city may well be proud, and should stimulate coming generations to emulate the example of their forefathers.

The Garland-Rodes Camp has induced the preparation of these pages, that the truths of history may be preserved from that oblivion to which human memory consigns all details dependent upon it. It is their duty, indeed it is the duty of every citizen of the whole State and of every part of it, to garner up the facts connected with our

heroic struggle, and to so preserve them, that they shall become the well-established traditions of our people. Such traditions are a part of the wealth of a race. They both elevate and stimulate succeeding generations. By them a high national character is established, and under their influence that species of patriotism is engendered whence springs the glorious sentiment,

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”

The fires of patriotism do not burn most fiercely where the land is most productive, or where wealth most accumulates. Nations which have owned broad savannahs upon which nature has been most lavish have often been driven from their country with little show of manly courage and without that zealous patriotism which creates heroes, while the peasant of Switzerland and the cottager of the Highlands, neither of whom can afford greater luxuries than oat-meal and goat's milk, have held their vales and their fastnesses for centuries against all odds. To them each dell has a story of valiant deeds of their forefathers, and each mountain is crowned by traditions which tell of the great achievements of their race. For dells and mountains thus sanctified by the glories of the past, the peasant and the lord of the manor alike are willing to die. It was their love for the stories and romance of their race which sustained the nerve of the Swiss Guards in the discharge of their duty to the King, when, without a faltering nerve, one by one they sunk under the blows of the infuriated Jacobins of Paris, and well won the grand inscription to their courage on the Lion of Lucerne. A like love was the foundation of the wonderful heroism of the Highlanders at Lucknow and of the Scotch who climbed the Heights of Abraham at Quebec. So it was their love for the historic memories of Virginia which nerved the courage of that dauntless division which, under a fire never before poured on line of battle, reached the brow of the hill at Gettysburg.

By gathering the traditions of the Highlands and thus perpetuating them, Scott has done a great work for Scotland. Others have done the same thing for England. It is for this generation to gather the same wealth for Virginia. Thus will the history of her people, of her valleys, her rivers and her mountains be preserved, and the facts be secured to generations yet to come, which, when mellowed by time, will be perpetuated in story, in poetry and in song.

Thus, and thus only, can we keep Virginia and her people on the elevated plane upon which they have stood for centuries, and thus

can we make her, in the future, the land of poetry and romance. It is Wallace and Tell who are the heroes of the poet and the novelist, not the commanders of the great forces with which they contended. In the far future many a novel, many a poem, and many a song will tell of Lee, of Jackson, of Stuart and of Mosby—ideal heroes of romance—long after the names of the leaders who fought them will be mere facts in the prosaic history of the power of the greater to overcome the less.

It is not our duty to weep over the past or to bemoan the fate which resulted in the final overthrow of the Confederacy; nor should we do anything to keep alive the bitterness of that strife. On the contrary, it is our duty to bow to the logic of what has happened and to believe in the wisdom of the all-wise Director of the affairs of nations and of peoples; but it is also our duty to see to it that what is good and great be preserved, and that our children and children's children keep green the traditions which will nerve them to a higher courage and stimulate them to a generous emulation of the deeds of their forefathers.

APPENDIX.

Lynchburg Companies in the Service of the Confederacy, 1861-'65.

THE RIFLE GRAYS, COMPANY A, ELEVENTH REGIMENT VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS.

First Captain, M. S. Langhorne.	First Sergt., Joseph A. Kennedy.
Second Captain, G. W. Latham.	Second Sergt., Elcano Fisher.
Third Capt., Robt. M. Mitchell, Jr.	Third Sergt., Henry D. Hall.
First Lieut., G. W. Latham.	Fourth Sergt., Peter B. Akers.
First Lieut., John W. Daniel.	First Corp., Geo. T. Wightman.
Sec. Lieut., Ro. M. Mitchell, Jr.	Second Corp., Samuel R. Miller.
Sec. Lieut., H. C. Chalmers.	Third Corp., Lucas Harvey.
Sec. Lieut., James O. Thurman.	Fourth Corp., J. O. Thurman, Jr.

PRIVATES.

Allman, William H.	Akers, William L.
Bailey, James H.	Bailey, James W.
Benson, Henry G.	Brown, Leslie C.
Beckwith, Henry C.	Burroughs, Henry A.

Ballard, James F.	Bagby, George W.
Cheatham, Thomas F.	Cochran, Robert L.
Cooney, Thomas.	Camp, Albert G.
Crumpton, James A.	Crumpton, Joseph A.
Clinkenbeard, William E.	Conklen, Thomas A.
Connolly, Jerry M.	Devine, Frank.
Diuguid, Edward S.	Davis, Thomas N.
Delano, Joseph S.	Dady, David.
Evans, William H.	Edwards, James M.
Elam, H. F.	Feyle, Frank H.
Fulks, James W.	Frances, Joseph M.
Furry, William H.	Gooldy, John F.
Henry, Charles W.	Henry, John L.
Harvey, Charles C.	Hollins, John G.
Hollins, James E.	Heybrook, L. G.
Hersman, William B.	Hunt, William R.
Johnson, Shelby.	Jones, William B.
Jones, Charles J.	Kennedy, Michael.
Kidd, George W.	Latham, Robert F.
Linkenhoker, Samuel.	Mitchell, John R.
Mitchell, T. Holcomb.	Mitchell, John J.
Mitchell, William H.	McKinney, Samuel H.
McCrary, William B.	Marks, James L.
Milstead, William.	McDivitt, C. P.
Norris, Michael A.	Norvell, Otway B.
Omohundro, T. A.	Porter, Thomas D.
Pendleton, William.	Price, N. Leslie.
Parrish, Booker S.	Pugh, Charles E.
Peters, John I.	Rucker, Edward P.
Raine, John R.	Robertson, Thomas D.
Rainey, Charles W.	Rogers, James B.
Rock, John J.	Rector, Thomas S.
Sims, Robert F.	Sewell, George W.
Stubbs, Robert F.	Stewart, Philip H.
Slagle, John H.	Slagle, David H.
Sholes, Thomas C.	Stewart, Stephen P.
Stabler, Thomas S.	Shepherd, Joseph H.
Tyree, Charles H.	Taylor, William H.
Thurman, Powhatan.	Turner, John H.
Truxall, Andrew J.	Tyree, William D. R.
Tyree, John R.	Taliaferro, Rhoderick.

Torrence, William H.

Victor, Henry C.

Wren, Peter R.

Warfield, Thomas.

Williams, William H.

LYNCHBURG RIFLES, COMPANY E, ELEVENTH REGIMENT VIRGINIA
VOLUNTEERS.

First Captain, J. E. Blankenship.	Sergeant, A. D. Read.
Second Captain, C. V. Winfree.	Sergeant, James W. Wray.
Third Captain, John C. Ward.	Sergeant, Thomas Keenan.
First Lieut., C. V. Winfree.	Sergeant, E. G. Williams.
First Lieut., James W. Wray.	Sergeant, William M. Seay.
Second Lieut., W. A. Strother.	Sergeant, John L. Marion.
Second Lieut., W. M. Taliaferro.	Corporal, J. H. Shepperd.
Lieutenant, John P. Knight.	Corporal, John Lovett.
Lieutenant, Walter R. Abbott.	Corporal, D. M. Pettigrew.
Lieutenant, Adolphus D. Read.	Corporal, Thomas H. Love.
Lieutenant, Charles H. Tyree.	Corporal, John Kelly.
Lieutenant, George P. Norvell.	Corporal, John R. Holt.
First Sergeant, W. R. Abbott.	Corporal, John Lovett.
Sergeant, John C. Ward.	Corporal, W. P. Whitlow.

PRIVATES.

Anderson, Thomas N.	Atkinson, John.
Butterworth, John M.	Butterworth, William W.
Bradley, Winfree.	Brown, F. M.
Brown, Hillary.	Burks, Paulus Powell.
Burke, S. C.	Bailey, Samuel D.
Bailey, Thomas D.	Coffee, William H.
Colvin, Howard H.	Colvin, William O.
Colvin, Robert O.	Clark, C. C.
Clark, C. B.	Clark, R. C.
Carey, John H.	Carey, James.
Day, Thomas E.	Davis, Arthur P.
Davis, T. D.	Dunnivant, William.
Evans, T. F.	Equi, Joseph.
Elder, Hiram P.	Farriss, William.
Fortune, William.	Foster, William E.
Grant, Bluford.	Gaulding, T. Henry.
Gregory, Edward S.	Gregory, N. H.
Goins, James.	Gilbert, George W.

Gilbert, William.	Gilbert, Thomas.
Hart, Patrick S.	Haines, Robert L.
Hurt, Samuel.	Hickey, Patrick H.
Hendricks, James.	Howard, John.
Houston, Francis R.	Hudgins, James L.
Hancock, W. T.	Jones, Charles T.
Jenkins, J. Samuel.	Johnson Charles Y.
Kayton, J. Patrick.	Lawhorne, Delaware.
Lawhorne, James H.	Lawhorne, Lorenzo.
Lawhorne, Lucas P.	Lipscomb, Charles P.
Moore, Thomas H.	Miller, James M.
Mann, Daniel.	Milstead, Benjamin.
Marshall, John W.	Marshall, James.
Marshall, Charles.	Marshall, David B.
Myers, William.	McCarthy, Patrick.
Nangle, Edward A.	Neville, Lewis C.
Noell, James H.	Pettus, John E.
Patrim, William A.	Paris, Thomas H.
Parr, John E.	Padgett, J. J.
Parker, Joseph A.	Roberts, Charles R.
Rucker, Jackson.	Rockecharlie, V.
Strause, Simon.	Stewart, William H.
Simpson, Charles W.	Searson, Thomas.
Sullivan, Michael.	Spillan, Patrick.
Smith, George W.	Smith, John G.
Smith, Thomas.	Smith, Robert H.
Smith, James.	Thomas, Andrew J.
Taylor, William.	Taylor, Burley T.
Trent, George W.	Turner, G. Kempton.
Turski, Francois.	Ward, James S.
Williamson, L. C.	Wooldridge, James R.
Wooldridge, Joseph.	Wright, William Richard.
Wray, Ellis D.	Wills, John McD.
Walker, J. S. L.	Wray, Thomas C.

HOME GUARD, COMPANY G, ELEVENTH REGIMENT, VIRGINIA
VOLUNTEERS.

First Capt., Samuel Garland, Jr.	Sergeant, J. C. Johnson.
Second Capt., Kirkwood Otey.	Color Sergeant, William Sanford.
Third Capt., J. Holmes Smith.	Fifth Sergeant, B. L. Blackford.

First Lieut., K. Otey.	Corporal, C. D. Hamner.
Second Lieut., J. G. Meem.	Corporal, John K. Seabury.
Third Lieut., S. M. Simpson.	Corporal J. H. Smith.
Ord. Sergeant, J. L. Meem.	Corporal, Hugh Nelson.
Third Sergt., W. J. H. Hawkins.	Surgeon, Benjamin Blackford.

PRIVATES.

Abrahams, H. J.	Adams, R. H. T.
Akers, E. A.	Armistead, James.
Apperson, R. F.	Anderson, John G.
Ballowe, T. H.	Barnes, C. F.
Blackford, W. H.	Booth, S. C.
Bugh, J. B.	Burks, E. W.
Button, R. P.	Burch, Samuel.
Cabell, Breck.	Cabell, P. H.
Cabell, S.	Campbell, Wiley.
Colhoun, Robert.	Conley, John.
Cosby, C. V.	Creed, J. J.
Cross, J. H. (K.)	Crumpacker, John.
Dowdy, T. N.	Dabney, H.
DeWitt, C.	Eubank, E. N.
Franklin, James, Jr.	Franklin, P. H.
Ford, William A.	Gregory, W. S.
Guggenheimer, M., Jr.	Guy, D. C.
Goggin, John P.	Harris, H. V.
Harris, Meade.	Hawkins, S. M.
Holland, William.	Ivey, J. W.
Jennings, J. H.	Jennings, T. D., Jr.
Johnson, Minor.	Kean, R. G. H.
Kinnear, James F.	Kinnear, James O.
Kabler, N.	Kreuttner, Joseph.
Kent, J. R.	Lee, John A.
Lavinder, G. T.	Langhorne, C. D.
Leckie, M. M.	Lewis, John H.
Lucado, L. F.	Lyman, G. R.
Lydick, James H.	Lydick, D.
Mayer, Max L.	McCorkle, C.
Miller, A. H.	Moseley, C. A.
Moorman, S. L.	Mosby L. C.
Nelson, W. S.	Nowlin A. W.
Oglesby, John.	Page, C. H.

Percival, C. D.	Pierce, R. C.
Peters, R. T.	Preston, L. P.
Preston, S. D.	Preston, T. L.
Salmons, G. J.	Sears, J. R.
Shelton, G. W.	Simpson, T. H.
Snead, W. B.	Spencer, C. S.
Stratton, A. B.	Sumpter, John U. H.
Shaver, W. H.	Taliaferro, Van.
Terry, A. W. C.	Thompson, J. H.
Toot, W. A.	Trigg, W. K.
Valentine, Joseph.	Waldron, R. L.
Watkins, R. W.	Walsh, T. C.
Woods, W. H. H.	Wheeler, J. M.

JEFFERSON DAVIS RIFLES, COMPANY H, ELEVENTH REGIMENT,
VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS.

Captain, J. Risque Hutter.	Third Sergeant, D. C. Wright.
First Lieut., William L. Goggin.	Fourth Sergt., Wm. S. Thayer.
First Lieut., William S. Hannah.	Fifth Sergt., Brandon P. Neville.
Second Lieut., James W. Hord.	First Corporal, George L. Jesse.
Second Lieut., Ro. D. Early.	Second Corp., Geo. T. Mitchell.
First Sergeant, Jas. O. Freeman.	Third Corporal, Pat. H. Rourke.
Second Seargt., S. B. Wright.	Fourth Corp., Charles Schade.

PRIVATES.

Akers, H. C.	Banton, Robert.
Banton, James H.	Banton, Richard.
Blanks, John N.	Blanks, Robert.
Buford, William.	Boland, John.
Brown, John C.	Cramer, A. W.
Callan, Dan.	Cunningham, Felix.
Davis, John R.	Davis, Thomas M.
Daniel, John.	Doyle, Henry.
Donatini, G.	Eagan, Gabriel.
Floyd, Alex.	Floyd, John J.
Floyd, Nathan D.	Flowers, William P.
Flowers, Joseph W.	Fulks, Robert.
Fox, Edward.	Farrer, Robert.
Fitzgerald, Cyrus.	Fitzgerald, Peyton L.
Gouldin, H. L.	Gouldin, William.

Geurtz, Peter.	Grossman, William.
Hanly, John.	Hurt, John H.
Humphrey, M. L.	Jones, Thomas.
Kyle, Benjamin M.	Labby, M. H.
Lavinder, James.	McCormack, L.
McCormack, S.	McCormack, William.
McCormack, William D.	Mitchell, Richard H.
Micalany, Peter.	Musgrove, Franklin.
Myers, Samuel W.	Oliver, Pleasant.
O'Brien, Michael.	Rucker, George W.
Rucker, Paulus G.	Reynolds, James.
Reynolds, John H.	Rodgers, George W.
Rider, William.	Still, Thomas.
Stanly, Joseph.	Stanly, D. W.
Singleton, William H.	Seay, Isaac.
Seay, Richard.	Sprouse, Samuel.
Turner, Charles.	Whitten, James.
	White, John W.

WISE TROOP, COMPANY B, SECOND REGIMENT VIRGINIA
CAVALRY.

First Capt., John S. Langhorne.	First Sergt., Wm. Langhorne.
Sec'd Capt., Chas. M. Blackford.	First Sergt., Robert W. Lacy.
Third Capt., George B. Horner.	Second Sergt., E. G. Scott.
Fourth Capt., William Steptoe.	Second Sergt., John S. Massie.
First Lieut., C. M. Blackford.	Third Sergt., A. S. Watson.
Second Lieut., Van R. Otey,	Fourth Sergt., W. B. Cross.
Second Lieut., Wm. H. Stratton.	Sergeant, M. B. Langhorne.
Second Lieut., A. D. Warwick.	Sergeant, C. Christian.
Second Lieut., John Alexander.	Sergeant, James Chalmers.
Second Lieut., John O. Thornhill.	Sergeant, John T. Luckett.
Second Lieut., J. P. Robertson.	Corporal, S. M. Alexander.
Lieutenant, R. B. Isbell.	Corporal, C. V. Donohue.
	Corporal, F. M. Stone,

PRIVATES.

Abbott, J. P.	Akers, E. A.
Alexander, E. A.	Allen, T. W.
Barnes, A. J.	Barnes, E. F.
Bays, John R.	Berkley, Joseph.

Bibb, John R.
Bowman, N. B.
Boyd, James.
Brooke, St. George T.
Browning, John.
Carnefix, E. M.
Clay, D. C.
Cox, John C.
Cox, Samuel,
Crumpton, Robert.
Dobyns, Joe.
Early, S. H.
Edwards, J. T.
Eubank, W. E. J.
Fariss, J.
Flood, Thomas W.
Godsey, F. M.
Green, John L.
Holley, W. E.
Ingram, J. R.
Jones, J. W.
Kefauver, William.
Kinnear, George A.
Kinnear, William.
Lawson, Joe.
Leake, F. M.
Lewis, John C.
Love, A. D.
Love, T. H.
Luck, Henry,
Mays, C. Richard.
McCorkle, S. M.
Mitchell, J. E.
Morgan, J. H.
Offterdinger, Herman.
Percival, George.
Perriman, William P.
Phelps, J. C. W.
Read, John A.
Rucker, James G.
Seabury, E. C.

Bolling, W. R.
Boyd, Andrew.
Bradley, William.
Browning, C. P.
Callahan, J. E.
Caruthers, John.
Coles, John.
Cox, P. S.
Cox, Thad.
Dameron, C. D.
Dunnington, V. G.
Edwards, J. E.
Edwards, W. P. M.
Everett, H. B.
Flemming, F. W.
Floyd, Charles A.
Green, Charles.
Hammerling, C. D.
Hunt, H. C.
Irvine, W. A.
Kasey, J. B.
Kemper, Hugh.
Kinnear, John A.
Langhorne, J. Kent.
Lawson, S. M.
Leman, A. H.
Lock, Daniel.
Love, S. A.
Lucado, William F.
Mays, C. J.
Mays, H. H.
Meriweather, C. J.
Moore, Sampson.
Norvell, Charles.
Palmer, C. F.
Perrigo, George.
Pettyjohn, S. W.
Purvis, W. C.
Roberts, H. T.
Sale, J. E.
Seabury, R. M.

Seabury, W. J.
 Smith, John Thomas.
 Sneed, S. Emmitt.
 Stone, Frank.
 Sumpter, S. R.
 Taylor, O. P.
 Thurman, Alexander.
 Toler, W. D.
 Tyree, Richard.
 Watson, W. H.
 Witt, J. C.

Sherrar, John C.
 Smith, William N.
 Spencer, W. R.
 Sullivan, Dennis.
 Taylor, John O.
 Taylor, Thomas P.
 Thurman, Powhatan.
 Tucker, Willis.
 Wall, Thomas.
 Whitlow, W. H.
 Woodruff, A. M.

Wright, J. L.

LEE BATTERY, COMPANY A, BRAXTON'S BATTALION, VIRGINIA
 ARTILLERY.

First Capt., Pierce B. Anderson.	Second Lieut., William Early.
Second Capt., Chas. J. Raine.	Second Lieut., W. H. Hughes.
Third Capt., Wm. W. Hardwicke.	Second Lieut., James Hughes.
First Lieut., C. W. Statham.	First Sergeant, W. H. Broyles.
Second Lieut., Chas. J. Raine.	Second Serg't, Thos. Franklin.
Second Lieut., John R. Massey.	Third Sergeant, Wm. Eads.
Sec'd Lieut., W. W. Hardwicke.	Fourth Sergeant, Thos. Wood.
Orderly Sergeant, Alex. East.	

PRIVATES.

Alvis, Sam.
 Brooks, James.
 Brooks, Thomas.
 Bransom, Jackson.
 Broyles, Samuel A.
 Caldwell, Archer.
 Coleman, Singleton.
 Coffee, Thomas.
 Depriest, William.
 Dunn, Samuel,
 East, William,
 Eads, Joe.
 Friedhoff, Hammond.
 Falwell, John.
 Gowin, John,
 Gaddess, John B.

Brooks, William.
 Brooks, T. S.
 Bowman, John.
 Bateman, Sam.
 Cregg, Callahan.
 Cox, John.
 Coleman, George.
 Castillo, Patrick.
 Davidson, Benjamin.
 Donovan, William.
 Eads, Thomas.
 Eads, Samuel.
 Fletcher, Lucian.
 Gowin, James.
 Gowin, Sam.
 Green, Charles.

Goolsby, Joshua.
Goolsby, Louis.
Hyman, Henry.
Hughes, James.
Johnson, Thomas,
Kersey, William.
Kinlock, William.
Lynch, John.
Layne, Wm.
Milstead, Frank.
Manning, John.
Norvell, George.
Purdue, Josiah.
Phelps William.
Roach, William.
Rider, Isaiah.
Robinson, James.
Richey, James.
Raine, James.
Sprouts, William.
Shepard, Joseph.
Smith, Joseph.
Stanley, William, Jr.
Sharp, Henry.
Turner, Wm. R.
Taylor, James.
Walker, Reese.
Walker, William.
Wood, Patrick.
Wooldridge, Richard.
Wooldridge, Beverley.

Grubs, William.
Green, John.
Hugus, Benjamin.
Johnson, Charles.
Johnson, Joseph.
Kersey, James.
Kirsey, Edward.
Lipscomb, Wm.
Mays, Alonzo.
Mitchell, William.
Moraity, Patrick.
Norvell, Marion.
Purdue, Benj.
Plumb, Louis.
Roach, James.
Rule, Peter.
Robinson, Turner.
Rock, George.
Stewart, William.
Sprouts, Henry.
Shepard, Richard.
Stanley, William.
Sharp, William.
Seay, James.
Turpin, Riley.
Trent, Benjamin.
Walker, John.
Whorley, William.
Wright, William.
Wooldridge, Peter.
Wooldridge, Daniel.

BEAUREGARD RIFLES (AFTERWARD BEAUREGARD ARTILLEY, OR
MOORMAN'S BATTERY), MUSTERED INTO SERVICE AT LYNCH-
BURG, VA., MAY 11, 1861.

First Cap., Marcellus N. Moorman.	Sec'd Sergt., Jno. J. Shoemaker.
Sec'd Capt., John J. Shoemaker.	Third Sergt., James K. Read.
First Lieut., Blake L. Woodson.	Fourth Sergt., Ed. H. Moorman.
Second Lieut., Ferd. C. Hutter.	First Corp., Henry D. Yancey.
Third Lieut., Joseph B. Smith.	Sec'd Corp., Aug. Leftwich (K).

First Sergt., Charles R. Phelps. Third Corp., Charles L. Burch.
Fourth Corp., John Hurley.

PRIVATES.

Burkholder, Robert C.	Boyd, James M.
Boyd, Charles A.	Boyd, Edward D.
Brown, Samuel H.	Brown, William R.
Burford, William E.	Burford, William C.
Burford, Archer L.	Burch, Thomas P.
Boydton, Wm. Shelley.	Bradley, James M.
Cobbs, James A.	Cary John.
Cullen, Thomas P.	Clopton, William A.
Christian, John S.	Coffee, William W.
Dornin, Anthony E.	Derr, Charles H.
Edmondson, John T.	Edwards, John T.
Fitzgerald, Wm. N.	Farmer, Calvin.
Fisher, G. W.	Ferguson, Stephen B.
Fitch, Charles.	Fariss, Richard.
Green, George W. L.	Gordon, Samuel A.
Hanks, Peter D.	Hamlett, Robert A.
Isbell, David D.	Johnson, William R.
Jones, McK. W.	Jones, John D.
Kinnear, George A.	Logan, Henry D.
Loose, William.	Morris, Charles W.
Morris, William A.	Murphy, Walter B.
Murphy, Albert E.	Meredith, Samuel A.
Mundy, Zachary N.	Mayo, Leonard.
Marx, William.	Miller, Robert R.
Morford, William P.	Moore, Joseph.
Marshall, Hunter.	Meadow, T. P.
Mauck, Peter D.	McDonald, Alex.
McMaster, John.	McGrath, John.
McAlister, Robt. C.	Nunnalee, Lewis T.
North, Clayton.	Pamplin, William J.
Poindexter, G. H.	Percival, Peter.
Pettyjohn, Charles.	Pettyjohn, Joseph.
Pettyjohn, Jesse N.	Preston, Samuel T.
Padgett, Radford H.	Perkins, Richard J.
Quinlan, Edward.	Rucker, James G.
Ritchey, Harvie F.	Reid, William S.
Read, John A.	Rose, Harry J.

Rosser, Ed. B.	Steptoe, Nathaniel M.
Smithson, Leslie C.	Stephens, James D.
Stephens, James W.	Slaughter, John A.
Stratton, Albert F.	Stratton, Jacob.
Smith, Vincent C.	Schaffter, Aurelius.
Turpin, W. R.	Vorhauer, William.
Watts, Richard A.	Wood, John F.
Webb, John W.	Woodroof, Suprey C.
Woodroof, J. W.	Wooling, Henry B.
Wills, Alexander F.	Whitten, A. E.
Williams, Charles W.	Yeatman, Thomas R.

LATHAM'S BATTERY, COMPANY D, THIRTY-EIGHTH VIRGINIA
BATTALION.

First Captain, H. Grey Latham.	Second Lieut., J. L. Thompson.
Second Captain, James Dearing.	Second Lieut., Jos. G. Blount.
Third Captain, Jos. G. Blount.	Second Lieut., W. H. Blackwell.
Fourth Capt., J. W. Dickerson.	Second Lieut., N. H. Hazlewood.
First Lieut., Geo. S. Davidson.	Sergeant, C. A. Taylor.
First Lieut., Jas. W. Dickerson.	Sergeant, S. R. Lampkin.
First Lieut., T. F. Richardson.	Sergeant, G. W. Apperson.
First Lieut., J. L. Thompson.	Sergeant, M. L. Percival.
Second Lieut., W. J. Folkes.	Corporal, Wm. P. Taliaferro.
Second Lieut., L. Clark Leftwich.	Corporal, J. B. Ley.
Second Lieut., William King.	Corporal, R. J. Rice.
Second Lieut., Chas. A. Taylor.	Drummer, James Chenault.

PRIVATES.

Allen, A.	Blackwell, Wm. H.
Biby, George W.	Coleman, Clifton L.
Carndea, William.	Cox, William F.
Camden, Samuel H.	Cullen, J. W.
Creasy, James F.	Coleman, R. H.
Chavers, J. L.	Camden, William.
Chenault, C. O.	Day, C. R.
Davidson, F. M.	Dickell, Charles.
Dayton, E. T.	Dowdy, James M.
Fields, Leon.	Fat, George F.
Godsey, Frank.	Goff, Thomas.
Gilliam, James D.	Gilliam, Wm. A.
Gilliam, Cornelius.	Graham, Thomas.

Hughes, Hugh.	Hickey, Daniel.
Heckworth, L. C.	Hughes, T. N.
Kendall, George E.	Kennady, John.
Laine, J. H.	Lindsey, W.
McGuley, J. B.	McCanna, James.
McCreary, Daniel.	McCreary, John W.
Moore, W. S.	Moore, Jere.
Moseley, G. W.	Marks, T. V.
Mason, J. N.	Mays, James W.
Oliver, William H.	O'Brien, Wm. A.
Owen, J. B.	Perry, J. G.
Padgett, George.	Pettit, E. D.
Phelps, Thomas.	Perry, C. M.
Phelps, Jos. M.	Phelps, J. B.
Patteson, W. H.	Read, William.
Reynolds, Benj.	Ross, Thomas.
Radley, John.	Richardson, T. F.
Robinson, A. P.	Stanley, George W.
Sumpter, A. McK.	Spencer, Albert.
Spencer, Wm. A.	Spencer, James.
Thompson, J. L.	Tibbe, John A.
Torgee, George W.	Wicker, R. T.
Wicker, William.	Wyatt, C. N.
Woolridge, M. W.	Walden, E. H.
Wright, G. R.	Woolridge, Peter W.
Wright, C. L.	Viar, Jacob.

DAVIDSON'S BATTERY, COMPANY C, THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA
BATTALION.

First Capt., Geo. S. Davidson.	Second Lieut., W. Roane Ruffin.
Sec'd Capt., J. H. Chamberlayne.	First Sergt., James C. Otey.
First Lieut., John A. Elliott.	Sec'd Sergt., D. M. D. Smithson.
First Lieut., Joseph Lawson.	Third Sergt., Ed. J. Duffield.
First Lieut., St. G. R. Fitzhugh.	Fourth Sergt., Wm. A. Ballard.
Sec'd Lieut., W. T. Oliver.	Fifth Sergt., Christopher C. Boyd
Sec'd Lieut., John T. Johnson.	Fifth Sergt., James L. Wood.
Sec'd Lieut., Thos. W. Powell.	Corporal, John J. Smith.
Sec'd Lieut., James C. Otey.	Corporal, Joseph Cohn.
Sec'd Lieut., Robert Ellett.	Corporal, John R. Daniel.
Sec'd Lieut., Joseph Cohn.	Corporal, Wm. W. Omohundro.

PRIVATES.

Alvis, G. E.	Alvis, J. T.
Allen, William.	Ballard, John.
Brooks, Custis.	Briggs, George L.
Bryant, John J.	Broyles, John J.
Childress, William T.	Callahan, Hezekiah L.
Callahan, John.	Dunbar, George W.
Davidson, Ellis C.	Doss, Robert H.
Daniel, John R.	Day, John R.
Driskill, John R.	Echols, William C.
Echols, Thomas.	Eika, Frederick.
Fulks, Marshall.	Freeman, Leroy.
Foster, James.	Frye, Ferd. K.
Frye, William H.	Graham, Samuel.
Gilliam, Robert.	Glenn, Richard.
Hunter, Nehemiah H.	Holcomb, Henry.
Hannah, Robert M.	Hall, Samuel F.
Jones, W. W.	Jenkins, Obediah.
Johnson, Thomas H.	Keys, W. H.
Kelly, Robert.	Lewis, John R.
Layne, David S.	Loath, Julius.
Liggon, D. L.	Lawhorne, Thomas G.
Leonard, William.	Lloyd, Edward.
Manley, J. H.	Melton, John F.
Marsh, John W.	Marsh, Robert M.
Marsh, Peter M.	Martin, Samuel J.
Moore, Charles M.	Moore, Samuel F.
Moore, James H.	Moore, Richard.
McClintick, Robert.	Murry, Michael.
Morrison, John.	Miller, William H.
Nowell, Robert H.	North, Adam.
Newell, Thomas.	Nelson, Robert P.
Omohundro, John B.	Omohundro, William W.
Peters, Jesse.	Plumb, Lewis.
Phelps, Charles.	Phelps, Charles R.
Phelps, John.	Phelps, Joseph E.
Perkinson, Henry.	Padgett, Callohill C.
Padgett, John W.	Padgett, R. B. F.
Pribble, Cornelius J.	Pribble, Frank C.
Powers, John.	Parson, John R.

Roberts, Richard.
 Reynold, John J., Jr.
 Rourke, William O.
 Stewart, Warren A.
 Stanley, Henry.
 Seay, Peter.
 Smith, John J.
 Thomas, W. T.
 Thomas, William H.
 Thayer, Robert.
 Waldron, Adell.
 Wells, James M.

Reynolds, John, Sr.
 Reynolds, Fayette.
 Richardson, S. M.
 Stewart, John P.
 Shell, Landon H.
 Seay, Isaac.
 Seymour, William S.
 Thomas, Marcell. A.
 Taylor, William H.
 Umphreys, Edward.
 Wood, James L.
 Whitten, Gustavus.

HEAVY ARTILLERY, COMPANY C, FOURTH REGIMENT VIRGINIA
 ARTILLERY.

First Capt., Samuel D. Preston.	First Sergt., Stephen C. Perrow.
Sec'd Capt., Thos. S. Preston.	Sec'd Sergt, F. J. Rockenbach.
First Lieut., Thos. S. Preston.	Third Sergt., J. J. Linkinhoker.
Sec'd Lieut., Wm. H. Banton.	Fourth Sergt., A. M. Davies.
Sec'd Lieut., John W. Davis.	Fifth Sergt., George W. Wyatt.
Sec'd Lieut., Stephen C. Perrow.	Corporal, William C. Mays.
Sec'd Lieut., Thomas A. Tibbs.	Corporal, J. N. Haynes.
Sec'd Lieut., F. J. Rockenbach.	Corporal, Benj. H. Hawkins.
	Corporal, Alfred D. Hickman.

PRIVATES.

Brafford, Robert A.
 Bocock, S. R.
 Brown, Preston.
 Bryant, Lyman.
 Crawford, William.
 Campbell, W. A.
 Cafflin, John W.
 Dixon, John J.
 Fitzgerald, George A.
 Goolsby, Paul A.
 Grant, W. H.
 Hickman, Alex.
 Holt, George W.
 Howard, John C.

Ballowe, W. A.
 Brown, Bird.
 Bryant, Joseph.
 Butts, William R.
 Cash, John I.
 Cushwell, Thomas.
 Dawson, Harry.
 Fitzgerald, Charles J.
 Ford, Simeon W.
 Grant, Paul H.
 Harris, A. W.
 Hickman, Matthew A.
 Hope, Robert.
 Isenhower, James.

Isaacs, W. H.	Johnson, John J.
Johnson, Robert A.	Jones, James W.
Kenny, James M.	Kirby, W. R.
Lane, Edward.	Lingleton, W. R.
Maine, Isaac S.	Mays, Joshua B.
Mason, Benjamin D.	McCormack, Caspar.
Moore, Gustavus.	Morris, George W.
Morris, N. D.	Morris, W. C.
Moxley, George W.	Oneman, N. Proffit.
Perdew, John.	Phelps, James R.
Read, W. N.	Rice, D. C.
Shelby, W. M.	Sasser, W. T.
Terry, R. S.	Thacker, D.
Tucker, C. D.	Tucker, C. H.
Tucker, William.	Thurman, Archibald.
Tolly, J. H.	Turner, Thomas H.
Tyree, Augustus.	Vier, Edward.
Walker, George T.	Warren, Edward.
Wilkerson, Thomas.	Yuille, Philip P.

LEE'S BODY GUARD, AFTERWARDS COMPANY E, THIRTY-NINTH
BATTALION VIRGINIA CAVALRY.*

Captain, A. H. Pettigrew.	First Lieutenant, J. A. Armistead.
	Second Lieutenant, Fred. Mitchell.

PRIVATES.

Baber, John.	Bagby, Lilburn.
Couch, James M.	Craddock, David.
Chumbley, Joseph.	Christian, Nat.
Franklin, Thomas E.	Franklin, Samuel.
Farmer, William.	Hunter, Thomas.
Johns, J. O.	Jones, Edmund W.
Jones, John T.	Kinnear, James.
Perrow, Willis.	Rodes, John.
Slaughter, Samuel.	Taliaferro, C. C.
Taliaferro, Hugh.	Thompson, Thomas.

* Partial roster.

KIRKPATRICK'S BATTERY, COMPANY A, THIRTY-FIRST BATTALION
VIRGINIA ARTILLERY.*

Captain, Thos. J. Kirkpatrick. Second Lieut., R. G. Scott.
First Lieut., George W. Hobson. Third Lieut., A. R. Woodroof.

PRIVATES.

Butterworth, Moses.	Christian, John,
Doss, William.	Hains, Christopher.
Hewitt, A. Bowling.	Hewitt, A. I.
Hewitt, A. R.	Horner, James W.
Inge, William J.	Kinckle, Frank T.
Kinnear, John H.	Lewis, John,
Mason, John T.	McCausland, Jas. F.
McDaniel, William L.	Moore, Thomas W.
McKinney, Barney.	McCorkle, William.
McCorkle, John J.	Miller, Frank T.
Nowlin, James B.	Petty, William J.
Rodes, Lafayette P.	Steptoe, W. T.
Steptoe, Jacob M.	Wills, Edwin D.
	Yancey, W. T.

SECOND REGIMENT VIRGINIA CAVALRY.†

First Colonel, R. C. W. Radford.
Second Colonel, T. T. Munford.
Third Colonel, Cary Breckinridge.
First Lieutenant-Colonel, T. T. Munford.
Second Lieutenant-Colonel, J. W. Watts.
Third Lieutenant-Colonel, Cary Breckinridge.
Fourth Lieutenant-Colonel, W. F. Graves.
First Major, J. S. Langhorne.
Second Major, A. L. Pitzer.
Third Major, Cary Breckinridge.
Fourth Major, W. F. Graves.
Fifth Major, Thomas Whitehead.
First Adjutant, R. H. Banks.

* This is a roster of the Lynchburg members.

† First mounted regiment organized in Virginia. Organized at Lynchburg, May 8, 1861, Colonel J. A. Early, mustering officer.

Second Adjutant, Lomax Tayloe.
Third Adjutant, John W. Tayloe.
Fourth Adjutant, Samuel Griffin.
First Assistant Surgeon, S. H. Meredith.
Second Assistant Surgeon, W. H. Bowyer.
Third Assistant Surgeon, W. B. Davies.
Fourth Assistant Surgeon, J. H. Nelson.
Fifth Assistant Surgeon, W. H. Peake.
Sixth Assistant Surgeon, James Roan.
Seventh Assistant Surgeon, W. H. Shackelford.
First Quartermaster, W. H. Trent.
First Commissary, Albert McDaniel.
First Sergeant-Major, William Steptoe.
Second Sergeant-Major, John Fulks.
Third Sergeant-Major, R. T. Watts.
Fourth Sergeant-Major, W. J. Holcombe.
Fifth Sergeant-Major, Samuel Griffin.
First Color-Sergeant, Lomax Tayloe.
Second Color-Sergeant, H. D. Yancey.
Third Color-Sergeant, James E. Tucker.
Fourth Color-Sergeant, J. T. Morgan.
First Commissary-Sergeant, C. H. Almond.
First Quartermaster-Sergeant, F. Merriweather.
Farrier, F. Williams.
Chief Blacksmiths, W. B. Bowyer and B. Hughes.
First Bugler, J. H. Kasey.
Second Bugler, William Wilson.
Chaplain, W. W. Berry.
Adjutant's Clerk and Ordnance Officers, M. Guggenheimer and T. P. Tayloe.

Regimental Band, George R. Lyman, Leader; Charles H. Rau, Thomas Walker, Frank Myering, A. R. Edwards, James M. Edwards, Hercy E. Carper, H. M. Harris, R. W. Thurman, Thomas Wilson.

Company A, Captain William R. Terry, Bedford county.
Company B, Captain John S. Langhorne, Lynchburg.
Company C, Captain Andrew L. Pitzer, Botetourt county.
Company D, G. W. B. Hale, Franklin county.
Company E, Edgar Whitehead, Amherst county.
Company F, James Wilson, Bedford county.

Company G, R. C. W. Radford, Bedford county.

Company H, Joel W. Flood, Appomattox county.

Company I, J. D. Alexander, Campbell county.

Company K, Eugene Davis, Albemarle county.

[From the Baltimore (Md.) *Sun*, February 4, 1905.]

THE SOUTH AND THE UNION.

To Whom Should the Southern People Build Monuments,
to Lee or to Grant, to Lincoln or to Davis?

Some years ago a clergyman of Washington, who had been a brave Confederate soldier, made an address in Alexandria, Va., to the Camp of Confederate Veterans, an audience consisting mainly of Virginia people. He referred to the war between the States and said that he supposed that there was no one within the sound of his voice who would now wish that the result had been different. Like sentiments have come from other men of note in the South, and very lately General Alexander, a soldier distinguished in the war between the States, said the like at West Point, where he was serving on the board of the Military Academy.

If this is the right view to take of the result of the late struggle between North and South, let us consider carefully what it means and what an honest man's duty is in the premises. If he believes this, I hold that he must say as follows: "I am glad that we failed in our efforts in 1861-1865 to establish a government separate from and independent of the Government of the United States, because if we had succeeded and won the political independence we were fighting for our conditions as a people would have been worse than it is now. Having been compelled to come to this conclusion what must I, in consequence, further conclude about the good and brave men who in 1861 led us in asserting and maintaining our cause?

"Were they right or wrong, in the broadest sense of those terms; not merely did they have a right, but were they wise in exercising that right? Granted that the Southern States had a right to secede,

as a large majority of the people of the United States believed in 1860, was it expedient, was it wise to exercise that right? What must be said of the wisdom of the men who led us into a terrific struggle, costing hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of money to win a success which when won would, as is assumed above, have put us in a position not only worse than we had then, but worse than our present condition? There can be but one reply. Brave and good men we know them to have been, but very unwise, if not foolish, in leading their people to withdraw from the Union. Compare them with such men as the Virginians, Botts and Lewis, who steadily refused under much odium and obloquy to take any step to leave the Union.

“Are not these the men whom, if the assumption is correct, we Virginians should honor with monuments and hold up to our children as guides and counselors in public affairs? Compare General Lee and General Thomas, Virginians who took opposite sides in the contest; both brave men, each fighting for the cause he thought right. But which was right? If it was better for us to fall, surely it must follow that Thomas was right and Lee wrong. When men rise up in resistance to an established government, they must establish, or aim at establishing, some better government for their people. If this aim could not have been realized, even had they been successful in their effort, they can have but small claim to the love and honor of the people whom they, however good their intentions, have led to disaster and ruin. If the independence they aimed at was to be a blessing to their people, success or failure should make no difference in our estimate of them, except that in failure they are even more deserving of the sympathy and reverence of their people, like Aristomenes, Sertorius, Emmett and other unsuccessful patriots. But if success could have brought (as is assumed) no blessing, then the sooner these leaders are forgotten the better. Had Washington and the other leaders in 1776 failed in their efforts to throw off the British yoke, they would still have a strong claim on the gratitude and love of their people, not because they thought they were right, but because they were right. The leaders in Monmouth's rebellion no doubt thought they were right, and died bravely in that unfortunate effort; but they were mistaken and wrong, and are justly held responsible for the great evils that befell their followers in that ill-judged and ill-fated enterprise.

“If it was better for us to fail in the war of secession, a great mistake was made in the South in 1861. Who were responsible for it? Our

leaders. Let us weep for them. But if we accept the assumption, we cannot tell our children to imitate them. Let not sentiment blind our judgment. Impelled by a mistaken sense of duty they tried to destroy (we must logically conclude) 'the best government the world ever saw,' and failed. We must, then, to be consistent, be thankful that they failed and strive to overcome a sentiment in their favor, and learn to honor and imitate the men who fought on the other side; who fought in a cause that not only they thought was right, but which we now know to have been right. We are compelled by the logical consequences of what has been assumed to believe that we profit now by their bravery and endurance, and are enjoying the blessings of this 'great and glorious' Union because they in their superior wisdom prevented us by force from wilfully throwing away, like naughty children, those same blessings. Let us be consistent and learn to build our monuments to Lincoln and Grant, but for whom we should have forfeited forever the privileges and blessings now secured to us and our children in our common country."

Such must logically be the convictions of the man who now looking back at the struggle between the States thinks it was better for the Confederacy to fail. For the sake of my children and the rising generation, who have largely taken the places of those who formed the late Southern Confederacy I can honestly say that I wish I could accept the above-described assumption and all the logical consequences that are shown to follow. It would be better for them and their future in their present environment if we old soldiers of the Confederacy could honestly and truly say to them: "We made a grave mistake in 1861, and it was best for the Confederacy to fail. Forgive us the mistake, costly and ruinous as it was, for the sake of our good and honest intentions. Bring up your children to love those who risked their lives or died to preserve the Union."

But in truth the whole assumption is false. A most grievous wrong and mortal hurt was done to the cause of constitutional liberty by Lincoln and his followers in forcing the seceding States back into the Union. A tyrannical sway was established over them. Our State governments have been debased and corrupted by negro suffrage forced upon us by them, a wrong the guilt of which and the evil consequences of which few are now found to deny. This is a cancerous sore eating into the heart of the body politic. The Union into which Virginia was forced in 1865 is utterly different from the one into which she entered voluntarily in 1788. This Government of

the United States is now a government of one section, by that section and for that section. The Republic of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and other great men of those times has been changed into a nation ruling subject provinces; subject, we say, just as really now as in 1866 in "reconstruction" days when Virginia was "Military District No. 1"; for whatever political rights we now enjoy we have only as the gift of our conquerors. As puppets in their hands the conquered States voted such amendments to the Federal Constitution as the Republican party prescribed, and occupy a position in this present Federal Union which the great Virginians of 1776 would have rejected with contempt and loathing. "What rights have they who dare not strike for them?" When we are asked to be glad that the "Lost Cause" was lost, let us count up what the loss has cost us, and is costing us, and promises to cost us. Consider the years of the "reconstruction" time. Gradually the apologists for it have been silenced, and no respectable Northern authority of any late date attempts to justify its shameful infamies. And there it stands, a pernicious precedent for like usurpations and tyranny in the future. Think again of the amendments to the Constitution made at that time, and passed by farcical devices, which will let any future President make more to suit himself in any future war or serious crisis. Then consider the pension burdens—the millions paid by the South to the Northern soldiers who conquered them—ever growing as the real soldiers die, till the monstrous burden has become a reproach that the best Republicans blush to mention; then the tariff, so adjusted in the long domination of the Republican party that the agricultural South gets from it next to nothing, while the money that it has to spend buys hardly two-thirds of what it would buy but for the tariff.

Is there need for any other reason than this to account for the fact that the able men whose fathers owned and farmed the lands of the South have abandoned them and gone to crowd the competition for employment by the monopolists of the cities on such terms, however humiliating, as suit their employers? Yet we are told that never were there greater opportunities for men of merit to rise. Men of what sort of merit? Does not their merit consist in their acquiescence in the present plutocratic control of the Government? Can a man, whatever his merit, win success now who declares boldly that bribery and corruption have largely brought about the present enormous accumulation of wealth in the hands of a few hundred money kings?

Then we have a standing army now three-fold what was abundantly large as late as 1898, and which the President may at his pleasure make five-fold. The terrible danger to liberty in that no intelligent man needs to be told. Expansion was the name affected by its defenders for the foreign conquests of the United States, but, growing confident from impunity, they now frankly call it by its proper name—imperialism. Such staunch and veteran partisans of the North as the late Mr. Godkin, Senator Hoar, Carl Schurz, Charles F. Adams, and other like men have set forth its terrible evils. They show the vile things done on a large scale, and press in vain on the President for a hearing. The President sets forth afresh in his address in Philadelphia on November 22, 1902, his reasons for rejoicing in the career of the armies of conquest in Cuba, Porto Rico and in the Asiatic waters; but his Judge-Advocate-General has to report that 1 in 20 of this army, the nobleness of which the President so commends, has been convicted of crime within the last twelve months—1 in 20 of the whole army, not of the part in the tropics, and convicted, not merely tried. The President's order to defend his army has betrayed him more than once into salving his censures of the tortures (atrocities that the world hoped were left behind with the seventeenth century) by pleading in justification that the Fillipinos, too, were cruel and treacherous in their dealings. When men have trapped the tiger which they saw torturing—after the instinct of its kind—its human prey, would Mr. Roosevelt extenuate their barbarity if they tortured the beast?

In that same speech of November 22 the President touches on another evil so tremendous that even his ardent partisanship could not ignore it—the trusts. Insolently defying us while they rob us—all of us that eat beef or use a coal fire or coal oil—on a scale that yields them profits a hundred fold more than any Eastern despot ever extorted from his subjects, the trusts could not be ignored. The brave words in which the President declared that the Government had the power and would find the way to curb the trusts bring no relief, nor promise any. It is in strange contrast with the humble attitude in which he so lately approached Pierpont Morgan—a mode of procedure so humiliatingly different from the way that Presidents have hitherto summoned citizens to their councils, that it has justly provoked scornful criticism and bitter satire.

As to the future, what may we hope? For those who are humbly submissive to the powers that be there is no doubt a sort of career. Some few Southerners showed long ago that a good name could be

sold at a good price to the authorities in Washington. Do any wonder that a Republican party exists in the South, on which that party has brought nothing but blight and ruin for a generation and more? Outside of Heaven there was never a place where a ruler with even one-tenth of what the President and his dependents have to bestow could lack a following. That so few have surrendered to the temptation when that way lay the only opening to political preferment is an honor to the South. But many now who neither seek nor want office are finding out how pleasing it is to be the dominant section, to be assured that they were right in reforming the Union by force in 1861-65, especially those of that section who, seeing the great evils that have come and are coming from a centralized and imperial Federal Union, are having misgivings as to the wisdom, if not the justice, of a forced Union. And many roads to success outside of politics are made easier by such subservience, given, it may be said, more or less unconsciously, but not the less pleasing to the recipients on that account. To agree with the dominant party on that point makes it easy to vote with it, and the wonderful success of that party for the last forty years is very persuasive to win adherents.

To Southerners the fate of the negro is a matter of deep interest; the poor negro whose behavior in the war between the States was worthy of all praise, and whose conduct since has been far better than could have been expected, considering the false position into which he has been forced by his unwise friends in the North. Is not their condition far worse than in 1860, as to the great mass of them? And does it not promise to be worse as time goes on and the hostility between the races steadily increases? Will disfranchising them make them content and submissive and put a stop to the dreadful lynchings and burnings and their dreadful cause (which leads to them almost inevitably, though it cannot justify them), while the great body of Christendom sympathizes with them and considers them as tricked out of their right to vote? Many hope so, but does the present strong tendency in the world toward universal suffrage make it a reasonable hope?

In building monuments to Davis and Lee, Jackson and Stuart we are declaring to the world and to future generations that the cause for which Lee fought and Jackson and Stuart and many thousands of our bravest and best died was a good and glorious cause, the cause of constitutional liberty, and that those who fought against that cause, however unconscious of it they may have been, were fighting

in the cause of tyranny—were fighting to enslave a gallant people struggling for independence like their forefathers in 1776.

When the monument to Lee was unveiled in Richmond some years ago a picture in *Judge* represented Davis and Lincoln, Lincoln saying: "If Davis was a patriot, what was I?" This picture sets forth a great truth. One of two things is true; there is no middle ground. If Davis was a patriot, Lincoln was a tyrant. If Washington was a patriot, George III was a tyrant. Lincoln conquered the South and built up a powerful nation, in which true lovers of liberty cannot rejoice, for it cost the lives of two noble republics, the old United States of America and the Confederate States of America.

BERKELEY MINOR.

Staunton, Va., January 19, 1903.

[From the Mobile, Ala., *Register*, May 20, 1894.]

THE GALLANT PELHAM.

Jeb Stuart's "Boy Artillerist" From Alabama.

HOW JOHN PELHAM, BY HIS SKILL AND COURAGE, WROTE
HIS NAME HIGH ON THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

JOHN PELHAM.

(By JAMES R. RANDALL.)

Just as the Spring came laughing thro' the strife,
With all her gorgeous cheer—
In the glad April of historic life—
Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps;
Hushed—in th' alabaster arms of Death—
Our young Marcellus sleeps!

Grander and nobler than the child of Rome,
Curbing his chariot steeds,
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the world—with deeds!

Gentlest and bravest in the battle's brunt—
The champion of the Truth—
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginia's snow,
The fiery pang of shells—
And there's a voice of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon droops, that led the sacred band
Along the crimson field;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand,
Over the spotless shield !

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face,
While round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise !

Oh ! mother of a blessed soul on high,
Thy tears may soon be shed;
Think of thy boy, 'mid princes of the sky,
Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
Fevered with swift renown—
He, with the martyr's amaranthine wreath
Twining the victor's crown !

N. B.—This is the original version from Randall's manuscript.—
T. C. D.

No one can be accused justly of raking amid the ashes of the past to rekindle the fires of sectional prejudice when he undertakes to briefly sketch one of the many brilliant careers during the late war that illustrate the valor of the American soldier on a hundred battle-fields, especially when that career is all too little known, says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. In Alabama, in the vale of Alexandria, September 7, in the year 1838, there was born a babe destined to be Bellona's bridegroom, and write "John Pelham" across the sky in flaming letters of battle. His was a superb career, but for some reason or other it is scarcely known outside of his native State, and

even in that State but for being commingled with fiction the daring deeds and brilliant bravery of "Jeb" Stuart's "boy artillerist" would be almost mere tradition when the last Confederate shall have passed away. Indeed, while writers almost innumerable—both historical and penny-a-liners—have, in song and story, traced the career of lesser light of higher rank, they have scarcely mentioned much less eulogized the beardless boy whom General Robert E. Lee, in his report of Fredericksburg, termed "the gallant Pelham," thus knighting him upon the field. Of this same youth the *London Times*, in chronicling his death in 1863, said: "For his age no soldier on either side in this war (Confederate) has won such fame as has young Pelham."

John Pelham came from old Kentucky stock, his father, Dr. Atkinson Pelham, having removed from this State to Calhoun county, Ala., in 1837. Young Pelham was appointed a cadet at West Point in 1856 by the representative in Congress from the Talladega (Ala.) district, Hon. S. W. Harris. The only five-year class in the history of the academy was organized that year, which accounts for his being there at the opening of the war. Like many other West Pointers who have made gallant soldiers, his standing in his classes was low, but his commission was passed on, and he would have received it had he not resigned a week before commencement to go South. As a cadet he had a dash and a soldierly bearing, and it is related that when he started to walk across the parade grounds, or from one quarter to another, he went straight as a "bee line" and never looked back, no matter how much noise the other cadets made in his rear. He was considered the best athlete at West Point, and was there noted for fencing and boxing.

Then, as now, at the academy, a cat with its reputed plurality of lives would be dead a dozen times in taking half the chances those laughing cadets would eagerly seek in the cavalry drill, but Pelham excelled them all. The Prince of Wales was struck with his horsemanship when he visited the academy in 1860. His horseback riding was marvellous, and went down from class to class as a sort of tradition, and long years after he had met a soldier's death the cadets would relate to gaping plebes how Pelham rode.

In 1861, when the laughing blue of the Southland sky was overcast by the dark cloud of civil strife and Alabama called to her sons in every clime to come to her defence, Pelham resigned his cadetship at the academy and started South. At New Albany, Ind., he was intercepted by the Federal authorities, for it was known there

by some one who reported the fact that he had left West Point to join the Confederate army. He was placed under surveillance and not allowed to cross the river to Louisville. However, he accepted the first opportunity to elude the authorities and went up to Jeffersonville.

Around his stay at Jeffersonville and subsequent escape there is woven a pretty little romance, which, whether true or not, is worth relating. He had disguised himself as one of General Scott's couriers, so the story goes, before entering the town, and while watching his chance to slip across the river, he became acquainted with a pretty Yankee maiden, who was visiting friends in the place. She became smitten with the handsome young soldier, and they were together much.

By and by he gained her confidence sufficiently to disclose his identity without fear of betrayal, and informed her of his purpose to go South and join the Confederate army. She was a true Northern girl, and endeavored to prevail upon him to stand by the "old flag," but he was firm. Love has been known to be stronger than patriotism in hearts colder than that of a sympathetic maiden. It was true in her case, and Cupid overthrew Mars in her heart.

Finding her entreaties of no avail, she volunteered to ferry him across the river. Consequently they took a skiff the following day for a pleasure row on the Ohio, but they never came back; that is, he did not, for they landed on the old Kentucky shore, where he bade his fair benefactor a last farewell and she returned to Jeffersonville by way of the ferryboat. From the time he set foot upon Kentucky soil Pelham's brilliant career began. However, he did not remain in Louisville long, but hurried on to Montgomery, then the capital of the Confederacy, and reported for duty. He was commissioned first lieutenant in the regular Confederate States Army, and assigned to duty at Lynchburg, Va., where he had charge of the ordnance. Shortly after reporting there he was ordered to Winchester, Va., and was drillmaster of Albertu's Battery.

In the meantime, the Federal army, like a huge snake, was coiling itself around Manassas preparatory to striking Richmond. The Confederate army went out to receive the blow and deliver another in return, and Pelham rushed to the front with his battery. All that long day of Manassas he fought with superb courage. So well did he handle his guns that he attracted the attention of that Prince Rupert of American calvarymen, General J. E. B. Stuart. General Stuart saw what was in the boy, and intrusted him with the organi-

zation of a battery of six pieces of horse artillery. Some of these men were from Virginia and Maryland, but most of them were from Alabama. From Talladega, Ala., near Pelham's home, went forty men under Lieutenant William McGregor, a gallant officer now living in Texas. One gun was manned by French Creoles from Mobile, Ala., who were called by Pelham the "Napoleon Detachment." They were gallant fellows, and invariably in battle the voices of these men could be heard above the roar of the guns singing the "Marseillaise," that stirring song that roused the man of destiny's imperial eagles on many a gory field where the Old Guard could die, but never surrender. This six-gun battery was the nucleus around which gathered that brave body of men that goes down in history as Stuart's horse artillery. Wherever the dashing Stuart and his cavalry went there were Pelham and his war dogs. At Williamsburg and Cold Harbor Pelham fought with bull dog tenacity. At the latter fight he advanced one gun a third of a mile to the front, and for more than an hour it was the only gun on the Confederate left firing, drawing the attention of a whole Federal battery, until Stuart said to Stonewall Jackson:

"General, all your artillery on the left is idle; nobody is firing except Pelham." After the battle the warm pressure of Jackson's hand told Pelham how well he had demeaned himself. That is history. Shortly after this Pelham drove a gunboat from the "White House" with one gun.

He again received the thanks of old Stonewall at Second Manassas, where he thrust his guns forward almost into the enemy's columns and used them with bloody effect. During this fight Jackson said to Stuart, pointing to the young artillerist: "General, if you have another Pelham give him to me." He was then twenty-three years old.

In the bloody repulse the Federals received at Sharpsburg, his guns roared for hours, and a little later he was with Stuart in the bloody track he made from Aldie to Markham's, fighting the immense odds of the foe till they were in a few yards of his guns, drawing off to a better position only to fight again. In was in this gory track that an instance occurred which illustrates his courage. He was with one gun far in advance of the others when the enemy almost reached him, and Stuart ordered him to retire, but he begged to be allowed to remain a little longer, which request was granted. His cannoneers scampered away and left him alone. He loaded the piece and fired almost in the face of the enemy, surging forward like

a great billow, and then mounting one of the lead horses, began to gallop away with the cannon, but had not proceeded far when the horse was shot from under him. Quickly cutting the traces to free the dead animal he mounted another, and it, too, was shot down immediately. He escaped with the gun only after a third horse had been shot down and cut from the traces. At Sharpsburg he commanded nearly all the artillery on the Confederate left, and rent the blue lines with shot and shell.

But it was at Fredericksburg that the zenith of John Pelham's renown was reached. The martial king of the proudest nation in all the tides of time might well envy—if the shades in Valhalla are given that privilege—the story that crowned the “boy artillerist” in that stupendous fight and dreadful revelry of death. All was quiet in the Confederate army at Fredericksburg on the morning of the thirteenth of December, 1862. The flower of the South's young manhood was there on the heights in double lines behind bristling bayonets and grimmer guns. Every soldier knew there was to be a fearful fight before the sun sank behind the western wood. The Federal army had crossed the Rappahannock and was forming line of battle under cover of the river bank. Jackson, Stuart and Lee rode down the Confederate lines to the extreme right, followed by waves of cheers, where the Stuart horse artillery was parked. Stuart called to Pelham and said something. Then Pelham turned and galloped to his guns. Immediately he dashed down the heights followed by one gun. It was the “Napoleon detachment,” of Mobile Frenchmen. Onward they rushed far down the foot of the heights where the road forks. There they halted, unlimbered and prepared for action. The mist that overspread the field cleared away and the men from the South saw moving toward them steadily, swiftly, with measured tread, a long, compact blue line. On swept the fierce men in blue, their bayonets glistening in the streams of sunshine that stole through the fog. There was a flash, a boom, the earth shook—Pelham's Napoleon had bellowed. Then there was a shrill, hideous, indescribable shriek of a shell as it swirled in the air and went crashing through the charging lines of blue. The surging mass recoiled, halted, hesitated, then with a demoniacal yell, pressed forward toward the single gun. The yell ceased and for a moment there was a ghastly hush, and then, there came thundering through the chilly, December air from across the Rappahannock boom on boom. From southeast to east, from east to northeast. Then from

the north came huge shells whirling death in their arms. Pelham had drawn upon himself the concentrated fire of half a dozen batteries—twenty four guns. Yet his gun continued to roar, and roaring never failed to slaughter. No other gun on the Confederate side had yet opened, but the lone war-dog howled on. And in the half lull between the boom of the cannon there floated above the noise a sound that seemed strange on that day of multitudinous terrors—the Napoleon detachment singing the Marseillaise as they fought their gun. Like infernal imps of Tophet they flitted about in the smoke of battle. Two armies looked on while the Mobile Frenchmen wrote history with blood. Arms, legs, heads were whirled off, and the ground around torn as by Titan plows. No other Confederate gun had opened, but the fierce Federals could not pass the bellowing Napoleon. Time wore on. Still the gun roared and the sound of its roaring thundered through the air in breaths of battle to the ears of General Robert E. Lee, as he viewed the red revel from the heights. “It is glorious,” he exclaimed, “to see such courage in one so young.” And in his report of the battle he spoke of no one but Pelham below the rank of major-general, terming him “the gallant Pelham.”

Once, twice, three times, Pelham drove back the Federal columns and delayed the battle an hour. When his ammunition was spent he retired, in obedience to a peremptory order, and was assigned to the command of all the artillery on the Confederate right.

Amid shot and shell he had opened the great battle of Fredericksburg and had become immortal. The part played by Pelham at that fight is history that will survive with General Lee's report. He was a major of artillery then. His commission as lieutenant-colonel was issued soon after, and only awaited confirmation when he was killed. This was at Kellv's Ford, on the Rappahannock, March 17th, 1863. He had gone to visit some ladies in Culpeper county, when he heard the cannonading and hurried to the scene. His artillery had not come up, but he galloped to a regiment that was wavering and shouted: “Forward, boys! Forward to victory and glory!” and at that moment was struck by the fragment of a shell that penetrated the brain and he died shortly after midnight. He died as he had wished—amid the roar of battle.

General Stuart telegraphed to Hon. J. L. M. Curry, at present trustee of the great Peabody fund and well known in Louisville,

who then represented Pelham's Alabama district in the Confederate Congress:

"The noble, the chivalric, 'the gallant Pelham' is no more. He was killed in action yesterday. His remains will be sent to you to-day. How much he was beloved, appreciated and admired, let the tears of agony we shed and the gloom of mourning throughout my command bear witness. His loss is irreparable."

His remains were taken to Richmond and lay in state at the capitol, viewed by thousands. He was buried at Jacksonville, Ala., amid the scenes of his childhood. General Stuart's general order to the division announcing his death concluded:

"His eyes had glanced over every battlefield of this army, from the first Manassas to the moment of his death, and, with a single exception, he was a brilliant actor in all. The memory of 'the gallant Pelham,' his many virtues, his noble nature and purity of character is enshrined as a sacred legacy in the hearts of all who knew him. His record has been bright and spotless, his career brilliant and successful. He fell—the noblest of sacrifice—on the altar of his country, to whose glorious service he had dedicated his life from the beginning of the war."

He was calmly and recklessly brave, and saw men torn to pieces around him without emotion, because his heart and eye were upon the stern work he was performing. Such is the brief but resplendent career of the "boy artillerist."

The deeds of Pelham's nephew, who was a private in Terry's Texas regiment, caused the Texas Legislature to enact that as he, "a hero in more than a hundred battles," had fallen while charging the enemy at Dalton, Ga., leaving no issue, the name of a certain child, a nephew, should be changed to Charles Thomas Pelham, to perpetuate his memory.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, January 17, 1903]

A MARYLAND CONFEDERATE.

Matchless for Hard Fighting and Bravery.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MAJOR JAMES BREATHED.

By H. H. MATTHEWS, Pikesville, Md., a Member of Breathed's Battery.

So little is generally known of the early life and ancestry of Major James Breathed, the fearless, dashing artillery officer who commanded the celebrated battery which has always been known as Breathed's Battery, since the death of the immortal Pelham, on March 17th, 1863, at Kelly's Ford, Va., I thought the public would perhaps be gratified by a recital of his early life up to and after the Civil war.

Please pardon the length of this letter, as I find it impossible to do him justice in a shorter one.

Major James Breathed, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, Cavalry Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A., was the son of John Breathed and Ann MacGill Williams, of Hagerstown, Md. His ancestors came from England and the north of Ireland, and to Maryland in 1740. John Breathed moved into Virginia, at Janesville, sold his large landed estates in West Virginia and Maryland that he inherited from a bachelor uncle, and purchased Durriganess, originally the old Randolph estate. Major James Breathed was born February 13th, 1838, in Virginia, at Fruit Hall, Morgan county, near Berkeley Springs. At an early age his father and mother moved over near Hagerstown, Md. Young "Jim" Breathed was sent to St. James College, near that place. After being there some time he concluded to study medicine, which he did in the office of Dr. MacGill for two years; then he went to Baltimore and took a course of surgery under the celebrated Dr. Nathan R. Smith. He received his diploma and graduated as an M. D. at the age of twenty-one years. He went to St. Joseph, Mo., shortly afterward, and began the practice of medicine, remaining there until Virginia seceded, on April 17th, 1861. All his relations were strong Southerners.

The late Governor Jackson, Marmaduke, "Jeff" Thompson, and

Price were making war speeches, advocating secession. Breathed was with them, being a relative, and in the fire of youth, he determined to go into the service of the South and link his fortunes with them.

When "Jeff" Thompson, and Generals Marmaduke and Price were compelled to leave their homes and firesides by the orders of the United States Government, Breathed went with them, determining to stand by them and the views they advocated to the end. Breathed's parents begged him not to be too precipitate, and had him to return to Maryland.

En route to Maryland, and while he was on the cars, he sat in the same seat with the then Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, U. S. regular cavalry, who was returning to Virginia, to offer his services to the Governor of the State of his birth.

Breathed, two days after reaching home, crossed the Potomac river at Williamsport, Md., went to Martinsburg, Va., and joined a company of cavalry that was being organized at that place under the command of Captain John Blair Hoge, afterward Company B, First Virginia Cavalry, Army of the Shenandoah, under General Joseph E. Johnston. While in this command he again came in contact with Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, who at that time was Colonel of the First Virginia Cavalry. When they met Stuart recognized Breathed as his travelling companion of a few weeks previous, when they were both *en route* for the South with the same purpose in view—to join the Southern Army of Virginia. Stuart was struck with Breathed's manly and bold bearing, and when Pelham organized the celebrated battery of Stuart Horse Artillery at Centreville, Va., in the fall of 1861, he was transferred from Company B, First Virginia Cavalry, as a private, to that battery. Later, at the election of officers and at General Stuart's suggestion, Breathed was elected first lieutenant of the battery, and started on his unparalleled record as the hardest artillery fighter the war produced. (So said General R. E. Lee, his commander.) The organization to which he attached himself was not only known throughout the breadth of this fair land, but also in Continental Europe. The names of the incomparable Pelham and the intrepid, reckless, dashing Breathed will be handed down to generations yet to come, hand in hand, as true types of Southern valor and manhood. Breathed, at the time of which I am writing, was only 22 years of age, being Major Pelham's senior by one year.

After the war he returned to Hancock, Md., where his sister, Mrs. Robert Bridges, resided, and again began the practice of

medicine. Being near Mason's and Dixon's line, his profession naturally took him over in Pennsylvania. Some of the stay at homes living in Pennsylvania at that time notified him that if he came over into Pennsylvania they would kill him. They did not know the temperament of the man, or they certainly would not have indulged in such idle talk. Those threats made against him virtually forced him into forbidden territory, and go he did, spurning with contempt the low bred hirelings that had tried to intimidate him, and for years—up to the time of his death—went in and out across the line, penetrating the State of Pennsylvania for miles, fearful of no one except himself. He found friends that stood by him when adversity overtook him.

Our dearly loved, idolized hero—loved by his old battery to a man—passed away at Hancock, Md., February 14th, 1870, and was buried in the beautiful cemetery of St. James Episcopal church. His age was 32 years. On Memorial Day Federal soldiers who have felt the power of his sword and the thunder of his battery, strew flowers over his grave and silently shed a tear over the mound that contains the remains of as true a type of manhood as the world can produce. As in life he was always found upon the uttermost edge of his country's fortune, so in death he sleeps on the extreme limit of the State he loved so well—old Maryland.

“We laid him to rest in his cold, narrow bed,
And 'graved on the marble we placed o'er his head,
As the proudest tributes our hearts could pay,
'He never disgraced the dear jacket of gray.'”

ROLL AND ROSTER OF PELHAM'S,

Afterward Breathed's, Famous Battery, Stuart's Horse
Artillery Battalion, Cavalry Corps, Army of
Northern Virginia, C. S. A.

Corrected and verified at various times by Captain Daniel Shanks, Lieutenant J. Wm. Cosgrove, Orderly Sergeants S. Murray and Z. F. Williams, and Privates H. H. Matthews, L. O. Bennett, Walter G. Smith, Henry Weeks, T. Frank Yates, and others.

Revised by Colonel Winfield Peters, of Maryland Line, member of Historical Committee, etc., United Confederate Veterans, Baltimore, Md., February, 1903.

This renowned battery grew out of the Newtown, Va., Battery; when, at Centreville, Va., in November, 1861, it was changed to a horse battery (every man mounted), under the command of Captain John Pelham, and was attached to the cavalry at the instance of Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart, and the battery was known as the Stuart Horse Artillery. Other horse batteries, uniting with Pelham's, formed the battalion, Stuart Horse Artillery, and Pelham was promoted to major.

Major John Pelham was killed in the cavalry battle at Kelly's Ford, Va., March 17, 1863.

Major R. F. Beckham (formerly Captain of the Newtown Battery) succeeded Major Pelham, April 8, 1863, and was relieved in the fall of 1863. Major R. Preston Chew succeeded Major Beckham in the spring of 1864, and, on the recommendation of General Hampton, Major Chew was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, August 10, 1864.

Captain James Breathed succeeded Captain Pelham as battery commander. Captain Breathed was promoted to major, Stuart Horse Artillery Battalion, in the spring of 1864, serving until the end of the war.

By order of General Stuart, Private James Breathed, Company B, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, was transferred to Pelham's Horse Battery, November, 1861.

Major Breathed died at Hancock, Md., February 14, 1870.

Captain P. Preston Johnston succeeded Captain Breathed as battery commander. Captain Johnston was promoted to major, Stuart Horse Artillery Battalion, in the fall of 1864, serving until the end of the war. Now living, and the only surviving officer of the battery.

Captain Daniel Shanks succeeded Captain Johnston as battery commander in the fall of 1864, serving until the end of the war.

Shanks had served as corporal, Company H, and as color-corporal in the First Maryland Infantry, June 18, 1861, until June 18, 1862. He was then honorably discharged, and thereupon enlisted in Captain Pelham's Battery.

Captain Shanks died in Leonardtown, Md., July, 1892.

First Lieutenant, William Hoxton. Wounded badly at Trevillian Station, Va.

- First Lieutenant, Francis H. Wigfall. Promoted to Major and Aide-de-Camp, Staff of General Joseph E. Johnston.
First Lieutenant, M. W. Henry. Killed at Sharpsburg, Md., "Antietum," September 17, 1862.
Second Lieutenant, J. William Cosgrove. Died near Mt. Ephraim, Montgomery county, Md., December 6, 1902, aged 69 years.
Second Lieutenant, Edgar Hill.
Second Lieutenant, M. A. Febry. Acted as Quartermaster and Commissary of the Battery. Died at Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers' Home, Pikesville, Md.
Dr. William H. Murray, Assistant-Surgeon.
Rev. George H. Zimmerman, Chaplain.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

- Sergeant-Major of Battalion Stuart Horse Artillery, Elijah T. Russell. Promoted from Private in Breathed's Battery. Killed in Luray Valley, Va.
Sergeant-Major, Battalion Stuart Horse Artillery, Town Dodson. Promoted from Private in Breathed's Battery.
Orderly Sergeants, Stirling Murray and Z. F. Williams. Sergeant Murray was captured at Westminster, Md., June 29, 1863. In prison until fall of 1864.
Color-Bearer, Robert L. Mackall.
Sergeant, Alfred Russell.
Sergeant, Charles Seymour.
Sergeant, Smith (Mississippi).
Sergeant, Harry Thomas.
Corporal, Demetrius Coode. Wounded at White House, Va., on Pamunkey river. Killed at Aldie, Va., June 18, 1863.
Corporal, C. D. Costigan. Killed at Union, Va., November 2, 1862.
Corporal, Fay.
Corporal, Fayette Gibson.
Corporal, Hal. H. Hopkins. Wounded at Union, Va.
Corporal, Joseph Warro.
Bugler, Martin Burke. Lost a leg at Blackburn's Ford, Va.
Bugler, Frank Willis.

PRIVATES.

- Addison.
Aiken, Thomas.
Anderson,

- Arnold, Frank.
Baber, 1st.
Baber, 2d.
Balch, William.
Beall, Lloyd. Reputed Captain Battery M, Fourth Artillery, U.
S. Regular Army.
Bennett, L. Orrick.
Bennett, William V.
Bollman, J. M., No. 7. Wounded at Union, Va., November 2,
1862, by the explosion of a caisson.
Boyd, Hamilton. Died near Orange C. H., Va.
Branch, Charles.
Brown, James F.
Bulger, John.
Bunch.
Burgess.
Burke, Hugh. Wounded at Funkstown, Md.
Byron. Killed; place not known.
Cahill, Martin.
Chapman.
Clatterbuck.
Coit.
Connor.
Conroy, Dennis. Orderly for Major Pelham.
Covington, William. Mortally wounded near Winchester, Va.
Culbreth, John, No. 8. Wounded at Union, Va., November 2,
1862, by the explosion of a caisson.
Dillon, Anthony. Wounded.
Dodson, Town. Promoted to Sergeant-Major Battalion Stuart
Horse Artillery.
Dorsey, John. Captured; confined in Fort Delaware; escaped;
returned to his command; got a furlough, and instead of
taking it, went with the command and was killed near War-
renton, Va.
Dumne, James.
Dusenberry, John.
Elam.
Epperly, 1st.
Epperly, 2d.
Evans, Benton. Killed in the Shenandoah Valley.

- Evans, Charles A. Lost an arm at Second Manassas.
Evans, William. Killed at Chancellorsville.
Gardiner, F.
Gavigan, Michael.
Garrison.
Gibson, E.
Goodman, William. Reputed to have been a captain in a Pennsylvania regiment.
Greenwell, Hebb. Killed at Aldie, Va., June 18, 1863.
Griffin.
Haller, Uriah.
Hart, Frank. Lost an arm at Second Cold Harbor, Va.
Henderson.
Higgins.
Hobson, Dean.
Hollins.
Hopkins, William. Wounded at New Baltimore, Va., September, 1863.
Hunter, Dr. Pat.
Jenkins, Thomas.
Johnston, F. N.
Kane, James C.
Kane, John.
Key, John R.
King, E. S. Captured at Westminster, Md., June 29, 1863.
Latimer, George S.
Lewis.
Lindsay.
Loudenslager, Thomas. Lost an arm at Second Cold Harbor, Va.
Lockett, George.
Lusby, John.
McCabe, George.
McCabe, William.
McManus.
McNellis. Killed at Fredericksburg, Va.
Mangum, 1st.
Mangum, 2d.
Mason, William.
Matthews, Henry H.
Merryman, Samuel.

Minnigerode, Charles.
Mintzner, Samuel. Killed at Winchester, Va., October, 1864.
Moore, John.
Morton, Clem.
Morton, N. S. M.
Muth, Alford. Killed at Little Baltimore, Va., October, 1863.
Myers.
Neal, Frank.
Neal, Henry (or Harry).
O'Brien, Edw. H.
Owens, James.
Owens, Thomas. Killed in the Valley of Virginia.
Parker, Joseph. Killed at Aldie, Va., June 18, 1863.
Phillips, John. Killed at Union, Va., November 2, 1862.
Porter.
Riley, Thomas. Died at Fredericksburg, Va.
Robinson.
Roe, David.
Russell, Elijah T. Promoted to Sergeant-Major, Battalion Stuart Horse Artillery.
Russell, Mit.
Ryan, John, 1st. Lost a leg at Shady Grove, Va., May 8, 1864.
Ryan, John, 2d.
Sheeler.
Sisson, Kit.
Slack.
Smith, Walter G. Wounded at Brandy Station, Va.
Smith (Richmond, Va.)
Smith (Washington, D. C.) Killed at Tom's Brook, Va., October 9, 1864.
Smith (Dutch).
Stanley, Pat.
Swancoat, Thomas.
Taliaferro, John.
Terryberry, William.
Terry, George. Wounded six times.
Thomas, George.
Thomas, Paulus.
Thomas (Lynchburg, Va.)
Thornton, Frank.

Tongue, Richard.
 Triplett, George. Lost a leg near Bull Run, Va.
 Trust, George.
 Turner, Thomas.
 Turner, Wilson. Killed at Second Manassas, Va., August, 1862.
 Vaughn (Alabama). Killed near Brandy Station, Va., October, 1863.
 Ward, Frank.
 Wagner, Harry. Wounded at Beverly Ford, Va., June 9, 1863.
 Weeks, Henry.
 Wile, Daniel L.
 Wilson, Charles.
 Yates, T. Frank. Shot on the nose at Carlisle, Pa., July 1, 1863.
 Young (Georgia). Wounded June 9, 1863.
 Zimmerman, William.

RECAPITULATION.

Commissioned Officers.

Captains,	-	-	-	-	-	4
Lieutenants,	-	-	-	-	-	6
Assistant Surgeon,	-	-	-	-	-	1
Chaplain,	-	-	-	-	-	1
						— 12

Non-commissioned Officers and Privates.

Orderly Sergeants,	-	-	-	-	-	2
Color-Bearer,	-	-	-	-	-	1
Sergeants,	-	-	-	-	-	4
Corporals,	-	-	-	-	-	6
Buglers,	-	-	-	-	-	2
Privates,	-	-	-	-	-	126
						— 141
Total,	-	-	-	-	-	153

[From the *Washington Post*, January 18, 1903.]

LAST OF THE SLAVERS.

Adventurous Voyage Made by the *Wanderer*.

YOUNG LAMAR'S DARING TRIP.

Some New Light Thrown on Closing Chapter in the Slave Trade by Representative Bartlett, of Georgia.

[Without diatribe as to the cruelty of the slave system, which obtained so extensively in the colonies entering into our original national compact; or as to the providence or beneficence of the patriarchal institution, which transplanted from barbarism, those sold into servitude by their own kindred, the following is given as a minute contribution to our National history.

It cannot be controverted that the condition of the negro as a slave in the Southern States was infinitely for his betterment, mentally, spiritually and physically, and a consequence was the provision of educated teachers toward the ameliorment of the race in Africa. It is in historical evidence, abundantly, that the institution of slavery was pressed upon the South, despite constant and continued protest, because it was at first profitable to Great Britain, and subsequently to our brethren of the North. These last further, when the hapless creatures enslaved by them could not longer be profitably employed by them—were transferred to the South to the great profit of their late masters.

New England did not confine her system to the enslavement of one race, but held in thralldom also the proud red man, the native lord of our soil.—ED.]

Those who are familiar with the history of the *Wanderer*, the vessel which, in 1859, landed the last cargo of African slaves in the United States, will be interested in the following unpublished fragments of history of that memorable event, related to a *Post* reporter, by Representative C. L. Bartlett, of Georgia. Apropos of this narrative, the following brief resume of the career of that famous vessel is given, in order that the reader may better understand the facts given by the Georgia member.

The *Wanderer* was built in New York in 1856 or 1857, by Joseph G. Bayless, for a Mr. J. T. Johnson, a wealthy member of the New York Yacht Club. Shortly after the *Wanderer* was launched from the ways of Bayless's ship-yard, Johnson sold it to a Captain W. C. Corrie, who retained possession of the yacht until about 1859. It was about this time that Charles A. L. Lamar, of Savannah, Ga., a young man of high social position, and a member of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic of Southern families (being a relative of L. Q. C. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland), decided to try the experiment of bringing a cargo of slaves from the west coast of Africa, landing them at some point on the southern coast of the United States.

Lamar, a daring and adventurous young fellow, was tempted to undertake this risky enterprise, by the enormous profits awaiting those who succeeded in landing a cargo of negroes in America, without attracting the attention of the courts and officers. Slavery had been outlawed for nearly half a century, and such was the vigilance of the British, French and American war vessels in patrolling the West African coast, and in running down suspicion-looking craft, that few other than the most daring, not to say foolhardy, cared to assume the risk of a slave voyage.

During the ten years preceding this event, the rapidly decreasing number of slave captains, used to leave the west coast with some 500 to 800 negroes, whom they purchased at prices ranging from \$5 to \$20 per head, paying for them in cloth, pot-metal muskets, rum, etc. Each trip they regarded as their last, for there was no telling what minute they would be run down, and, as a result of this ever present danger, they endeavored to gain a fortune in one voyage.

Every foot of space on the slave ship was crammed to suffocation with human flesh, and that instrument of torture, the "slave deck," was rigged up amid-ships, into which they packed the negroes like sardines in a box. Out of every 800 negroes they counted upon losing one-fourth. But, even with this loss they were certain, in the event they reached the Brazilian or Cuban coasts in safety, of a ready sale of the cargo at prices ranging from \$200 to \$500 per head. From this it is easy to form an idea of the profits realized in the African slave trade.

Having thus decided, Lamar took into his confidence Captain A. C. McGee, of Columbus, Ga.; Mr. Richard Dickerson, of Richmond, Va., and Captain Egbert Farnum, a former mail rider and Indian fighter. Proceeding to New York they purchased the *Wan-*

derer from Corrie; joined the New York Yacht Club, put on a great deal of style; spending money lavishly, and giving a series of dinners and parties which soon rendered them extremely popular with the fashionable set of the metropolis.

Soon after this event Lamar ordered Farnum to take the *Wanderer* to Charleston, S. C., telling his friends he intended to set out from that port on a pleasure cruise to China and return. The same report was industriously circulated, when, a few weeks later, they joined Farnum at the above-named port, and in the late spring of 1859, set sail for parts known only to themselves.

The voyage to the mouth of the Congo river, on the West African coast, occupied about twice the time needful, owing to the fact that Lamar had to steer clear of a great many vessels which he had no desire of meeting. They reached their destination in safety, however, entering the Congo river unnoticed by the war-ships patrolling the coast, which seemed at the time to be absent on other business. The anchor had barely settled in the soft alluvium of the river's bed before Lamar and his associates were negotiating with the native chiefs and half-caste Portuguese slave raiders for the delivery, at a point known nowadays as Brazzaville, of 400 or more negroes.

The negotiations were barely concluded when a curious thing occurred, illustrating in striking manner the wonderful self-possession resourcefulness and presence of mind of Lamar. The meeting with the chiefs and traders had just adjourned and the owners of the *Wanderer* were stepping from the yawl to the yacht when an English man-of-war appeared in the river, anchoring only a few hundred yards from the slaver. Did Lamar commit suicide, or surrender, or give up the venture as lost? Far from it. He was not that kind of man. The moment he caught sight of the vessel he ordered the crew of the yawl back to their oars, and with Farnum struck out for the representative of H. B. M. on the high seas.

Reaching the man-of-war, he mounted the ladder, and proceeding straight to the cabin, introduced himself in a manner so thoroughly agreeable that the officers could not hear of his returning until late that night. To meet an educated, refined and civilized gentleman in that wilderness of naked savages and sordid slave hunters they declared was a treat so rarely enjoyed that they proposed to make the best of it while it lasted. Next day Lamar arranged a dinner in honor of the British officers, which was given on board the *Wanderer*. He had completely disarmed their suspicions by stating

that as a gentleman of wealth, he and some friends were making a pleasure cruise to India.

The dinner was a great success. Champagne flowed like water, and every one, except Lamar, became intoxicated. While the revel was at its height, Lamar asked one of the guests if he did not think the *Wanderer* would make a capital slaver; a sally which excited uproarious laughter and applause among her Majesty's representatives, who declared that Lamar was a trump. That night the man-of-war sailed away in pursuit of an imaginary slaver, that, according to which Lamar had previously set in circulation, was down the coast loading negroes.

The rest of the story is soon told. The *Wanderer* ran up to Brazzaville, took on 400 negroes, set sail for the United States, and landed them on the coast of Georgia. Lamar's plan was to scatter the negroes about on a number of plantations until matters quieted down sufficiently to sell them. He succeeded in the first part of this programme, but not the last. The friends whom he depended upon turned traitors; he was arrested, hauled before the Federal courts, and the negroes, from whose sale he counted upon reaping a fortune, were seized by the United States marshal, pending orders from the court. Such, however, was not the case with all the negroes. Over one-third of them were appropriated, hidden, sold, etc., by those whom Lamar regarded as friends, and upon whom he depended for the successful execution of his plan, and it is this phase of the matter with which Representative Bartlett is familiar, and about which he relates the following incident:

"My father," he said, "was a member of the Georgia Senate, which was in session in the old capitol of Milledgeville at the time of the arrival of the *Wanderer* and the arrest of the owners of that vessel. From what he has told me of the matter, I imagine that it was the greatest sensation that ever broke the calm of old Milledgeville. The owners of the vessel were highly connected with the best families of Georgia, and many of their relatives were residents of the old State capital. To cap the Climax, the cargo of the *Wanderer* was landed upon the estate of one of the State senators, serving in the Legislature then in session, and who was obliged to answer a great many embarrassing and irritating questions.

"What made matters worse, the owners of the *Wanderer* selected this plantation as a base from which to distribute their human cargo about among other plantations of the sea-coast region, and what we call the 'wire-grass section' of Georgia. The matter was discussed

at length in the Georgia Senate and House, opinions being divided in the matter, some regarding the enterprise with disfavor and others taking the view that in arresting the owners and seizing the cargo the Federal Government was overriding States rights roughshod.

"But the most interesting phase of this matter was a thing that happened years after the Civil war, at a time when the people of this country had forgotten all about the *Wanderer*. It came about in this manner: The *Wanderer* landed her cargo on Georgia soil, either late in 1859 or the early part of 1860, and when the owners were arrested the United States marshal was directed to gather together the negroes brought over on this vessel and to hold them pending further orders from the court. According to the law passed by Congress many years before, the negroes taken from African slavers were to be sent to Liberia, and such would have been the outcome of this case, had it not been for the following circumstance:

"The United States marshal turned the work of collecting these negroes over to his deputy, John R. McRae, who, after several months of hard work, managed to get together something in the neighborhood of two-thirds, I should say, of the entire cargo landed. He had his hands full to accomplish that much even, for the owners had scattered them about over the country so thoroughly before they were found out that, between conflicting interests, duplicity, and falsehood, it is a wonder that he got together as many as he did. Before the Federal court could try the owners, however, and order the negroes sent back to Liberia, the Civil war came on, blocking further proceedings and leaving McRae without compensation for the months of hard work he had spent trotting about over the lowlands in search of the scattered cargo of the *Wanderer*. As for the negroes, they were released, and I have understood there are still quite a number of them living in the coast region about Savannah.

"Well, the war passed, McRae returned from the Confederate army, living for many years on his farm in Telfair county. He forgot all about his experience in gathering up the cargo of the *Wanderer* until old age began to tell on him. Then he wondered whether or not the government would still allow his claim for services. He brought the matter to the attention of Judge Henry G. Turner, who for sixteen years represented the Eleventh Georgia District in Congress, with the result that in 1896, just thirty-seven years after the landing of the last cargo of human beings on our shores, the latter introduced a bill before the Fifty-fourth Congress providing for the payment of \$700 to John R. McRae for services rendered the

government in 1860 in gathering together the last cargo of African slaves landed within the borders of the United States. The bill passed both houses unanimously. Northern and Southern members voting the compensation due McRae for services actually rendered. McRae died several years ago. He made good use of the money and left his family in good circumstances."

[From the Petersburg, Va., *Index-Appeal*, February 24, 1903.]

THE SOUTHERN CAUSE.

Happily and Logically Pleaded in a Touching Address Before R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, Richmond, Va., on the Evening of February 20th, 1903, by Hon. WILLIAM EVELYN CAMERON, Ex-Governor of Virginia, in Presenting to the Camp a Portrait of Governor JAMES LAWSON KEMPER, Major-General Confederate States Army.

Ex-Governor William E. Cameron presented a magnificent portrait of General James Lawson Kemper, Confederate States Army, and ex-Governor of Virginia, to R. E. Lee Camp on the night of the 20th. The gathering was the most attractive and the most distinguished held by this organization in years. It was a reunion of the living Governors of the old Commonwealth in honor of one of its chief executives, who is dead. Governor Charles T. O'Ferrall accepted the portrait in behalf of the Camp. Both speeches were made to a great gathering of the most representative men of the Confederacy now living, and the spirit as felt by them cannot be described. The speeches were full of patriotism as well as defence of the lost cause.

Cameron's history of the causes leading up to the war was complete, his reference to Lee's statue in Statuary Hall at Washington is a matchless piece of oratory, and his tribute to Kemper in touching affection and in good taste. It was approached by O'Ferrall's beautiful acceptance of the picture. General Fitzhugh Lee and Ex-Governor J. Hoge Tyler were also happy in their remarks, and Governor A. J. Montague, the only one of the distinguished quintette not a Confederate veteran, was not a whit behind in the enthusiasm of his tribute.

General Eppa Hunton also spoke impressively.

The following is a full text of Governor Cameron's address:

For nearly half a century the moons in Heaven have waxed and waned, and the tides of ocean, obedient to their sway, have flowed and ebbcd, since you, my comrades, were giving the devotion and service of warm young hearts to a country which has no place among the nations now—which has no name, except in history—and which has been blotted out from the atlas of the world.

So far remote from us, in time, that country is; but further still from the carking cares and selfish ambitions of our present lives.

But so embalmed in the inmost caskets of our souls, with the most precious spices from memory's storehouse, is all that we hoped for, joyed in, wept over and suffered there—that often still, an idle word, the odor of some simple woodland flower drifted to us on the fitful wind a passing strain of martial music—or, as to-night, the pathetic suggestion from eloquent canvass of eyes which were once our guiding stars in battle—will strike from our minds the shackles of the present and real; and lo! we stand again in Dixie's land—and the war is young—and touching elbow with us in the full ranks are those dear comrades we long had mourned as dead, and the flag is flying high on land and sea—and faith is steadfast and hope is radiant; for in the mercy of God, the smoke of initial victories yet hangs as a veil between our vision and the wrath that is to come!

That was a country of stately homes, well-guarded firesides—of smiling fields, of generous harvests. It was a country where manly and womanly virtue walked hand in hand with cultured minds and social graces. Where hospitality was the instinct and the law in mansion and in cottage; where wealth shed bounty as the skies drop dew; where unobtrusive piety was the guide of gentle lives; where justice dealt with even scales; where the standards of public life were lofty and office was reserved for the wise and the honest; where fiction and fanaticism found no congenial soil or atmosphere; where a happy people obeyed the laws, meddled not with the concerns of other folks, cultivated gentle manners and kindly feelings, did their duty in that state to which God had pleased to call them, and lived in peace and love with one another.

It was a country to be proud of. It was a blessed country to live in. It was a country worth dying for!

The ancestry of the men and women of that country were the pioneers of Christianity and civilization in the new world. At a later era 'twas they who inspired, formulated and achieved American

independence, and they were the architects of the American Union and the authors of the chart of its powers and limitations.

Their descendants inherited from these sages and statesmen a genius for government; an instinctive apprehension of those fundamental principles which constitute at once the sanction of all ruling authority and the boundaries of its power. They inherited a love for lawful liberty—a reverence for constitutional obligations—a fearless impatience of oppression—a jealous regard for the rights of the States—a positive credence in the doctrine that “all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed”—and a readiness to do and suffer all things in maintenance of a principle.

To such a race, so sired, so reared—so competent to know their rights, so trained in political perception, so loving peace and yet so brave, there came a crisis which forced them to a choice between two imperative evils.

If they waived their claim to constitutional protection of their property and domestic institutions, allowed the executive and legislative departments of the United States to nullify constitutional guarantees, and submitted that legislatures of Northern States should treat as empty words the decisions of the Supreme Court, they would but abandon their natural fortress for the open country and be thereafter dependent upon the caprice of a sectional majority.

Experience has taught them that every concession made to fanaticism but whetted the appetite of that raving beast for further aggression. Within ten years the cry of the ruling faction has changed from “compromise” to “surrender.” The ultimate fate of the weaker section, if a policy of submission should be accepted, was plain as the handwriting on the wall at the feast of Belshazzar. Not slavery alone was involved, but the sanctity of the constitutional compact and all the rights of the States which that involved, and under a government, controlled and administered by the experiments of a “higher law,” the only measure of forbearance in denial of their rights, antagonism to their interests, confiscation of their property, would be the unselfish mercy and elastic conscience of a party which had cannonized John Brown, pilloried Chief-Justice Taney for deciding the law according to the law, and had denounced the constitution as “a league with Satan and a covenant with hell.” On that road lay no safety; but, on the contrary, self-stultification, treason to their convictions, humiliation and ultimate ruin.

The alternative was to revert to the theory and practice of their revolutionary sires, to insist that the consent of the governed was

an essential to the legitimacy of any establishment, to reaffirm the doctrine of Franklin and Adams and Jay of the inherent right of a people to abolish and withdraw from a government which had ceased for them to subserve the purposes for which formed; to commit no aggressions, to make no demands outside of their own territory, but to assert and exercise the reserved rights of every party to a violated contract, the right to cease membership in a union which was no longer administered by the letter or spirit of the Constitution which created and defined its powers, and to erect within their own borders a structure adapted to their needs, consistent with their political views, and preservation of their domestic rights and institutions.

Thus, one by one, with deliberation and dignity, the States of that vanished country decided. They proclaimed their decrees of separation in solemn form, declared their pacific purposes, justified their action in almost the very language which the colonies addressed to Great Britain in 1776; and then assembled at Montgomery to launch a new ship of state upon the sea of experiment.

The answer (for the episode of Fort Sumter has no significance in determining the question of overt aggression), was the calm of a right and the announcement of a purpose to coerce by force of arms the submission of the seceding States to the bonds of union and the authority of the government at Washington.

So the issue was joined! And so there came a time in that far-off country (our time, my comrades), when the god of battle was involved against usurpation and armed invasion; and when all the blossom of youth and flower of manhood in that fair land, rallied to a flag which stood for constitutional liberty as the fathers of the republic had asserted and defined—and against despotic rule and coercion by the bayonet as George the Third had exercised.

Then came the splendor of heroic deeds, the dedication of an entire people, their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, upon the altar of sacrifice. The glory of fleeting victory, snatched from the very jaws of opposing fate! The pathetic spectacle of transcendent genius and almost superhuman valor fighting like Sisera, against the stars in their courses! The tender beauty of woman's ministrations and the brave, sweet faces which masked their aching hearts! The uplifting of souls to self-oblivion! The delirium of the headlong charge! The superb record of constancy, loyalty and endurance, which lent a rainbow's lustre to those bloody annals! The

flickering brilliance—the sunset of the Confederacy—of the last essays of desperate courage to avert the inevitable;

And then, — the darkness fell!

Exhausted by the very persistence and success with which they had protracted an unequal contest, those skeleton battalions, still standing grimly by their colors, had nothing left of all that makes up the efficiency of armies except the invincible spirit which tries only tempers and that courage which rises with the demands upon it, in mercy and in justice to these incomparable veterans, the order for surrender was given. But they had already won laurels not always placed upon the victor's brow. And there was little room for triumph to the hosts that stood by in countless numbers and saw the thin procession of emaciated forms and worn faces, "in ragged jackets but bearing bright muskets," march out under the April sky to give a last salute to the leaders they had followed so well and the flag they had worshipped.

When that was furled, the last seal had been set upon the tragedy of the ages.

In place of the once magnificent armies were a few thousands of haggard, footsore and heartsore men, treading their painful ways towards ruined homes and desolated plains. They had been first worshippers at the birth, they were the last mourners at the grave of the vanished nation.

Dear country of the soldier's dreams. Hail and farewell! The night falls upon a land of shrines and altars, peopled by ghosts and by memories.

* * * * *

Comrades,—To others than ourselves, and our own people, we cannot explain, and we would not make apology, that the four years we spent as soldiers of the Confederacy, despite the trials and losses that attended and the unspeakable disaster that crowned them, are treasured in and sanctified to our heart of hearts as the best and proudest and dearest experiences of our life.

We could not forget them, if we would.

We would not forget them, if we could.

Nay, remembering and realizing all that struggle cost us—the priceless lives, the desolated firesides, the rapine, the pillage, the devastation, the impoverishment of war, and the political and social evils that caused the period of reconstruction—recalling all the agony of impotent heroism, of unavailing prayers, of unfruitful sacrifice,

of undeserved oppression, of political persecution, and of social outrage—still I declare—and know that I speak for you in declaring—: That we would not turn back the tide of time, and have expunged the record of that heroic fight for fireside and for freedom, not if all we have endured could be undone, not if all that was wasted could be restored, not even could our dead be given back to us and all be as it were in the olden times.

We have long ago accepted the new destiny, as loyally as we battled to avert it. We are pledged without reserve to the duties of the present, and out of the wrecks of our ancient fortunes and systems we have builded a new industrial and political South. We have confronted rude fortune with a courage no less than that the Confederate soldier displayed upon the field. There is no stain upon the faith we plighted when the hard tutelage of reconstruction was ended and we renewed allegiance to the United States Government. Our representatives are in Congress, striving with fidelity to legislate for the good of the whole country. Once and again in recent years our sons have answered the drum beat of the Union and rallied to the flag which Washington made illustrious at Yorktown, and Scott at Lundy's Lane, and Davis at Buena Vista, and Lee at Chapultepec. And but now, in supremest evidence that we hold the new bond of union to be one of fellowship, Virginia has tendered, for a place in the capital at Washington, a statue of her best beloved son, the flower of Southern chivalry, the lion of the Confederacy—Robert Lee.

Ah, little they knew us who deem that we would offer up his noble effigy as the pledge of a half-hearted allegiance! And as little those who think that we would have him there on subtle legal plea—or on reluctant sufferance—or on any other terms than those of grateful welcome to the American Hall of Fame to the great captain and Christian gentleman whose name is the synonym of genius, valor and virtue throughout the wide, wide world.

But, notwithstanding the truth of all that I have said; nay, rather because of its truth—for, were we recreated to our past, of little worth would be our plighted faith for the time that is and is to be—just as true it is that, still, our souls are haunted, as the faithful shell by the murmur of its mother sea, by the proud and tender recollections of the days that were and are not. To have borne a part in them—no matter how humble, if faithful—is to us a badge of honor such as no earthly prince or potentate could confer.

And anchored in our souls, along with the creeds which entitle us to hope for Heaven, and to meet our loved ones there, is the faith that history will mete out justice to the Confederate soldier and his cause, and will reverse that verdict which, in the face of righteous plea and earthly precedent has yielded to the influence of "the heaviest battalions."

* * * * * *

To ensure and hasten such a verdict, is the holy and patriotic task over which you, my comrades of Lee Camp, have labored so wisely and so well.

By preserving in yonder gallery the forms and faces, and in your archives a record of the deeds and characters of men both great and good, you have entered a perpetual and cogent appeal against that adverse judgment of their cause which rests solely upon our arbitrament of the sword.

Such men are not of the spawn that foul and designing treason breeds. Not of such stuff are traitors made. Not from the thistle do we gather grapes, nor thorns from fig-trees.

And you are handing down to future generations, in the most vivid and appealing form, the incitement to revere and to emulate the heroic virtues and the strong, pure lives, which speak from the grave with testimony strong as the tongues of angels. Thus shall your reward be two-fold; not alone in vindication of our past, but in perpetuation to our children's children of a legacy of magnificent example. A statue of the ancient days bore this inscription: "Not to Aristides but to the Aristides, the Just." So we make idols, not of our leaders but of their genius, and without such idols a people is also without ideals. Without ideals no people can survive above the level of the beasts that perish. A race, a nation, a civilization, may be fairly judged, and its destiny fairly predicted, by the moral dimensions of its ideals and the veneration it accords them.

Look there, and there, and there. My countrymen! And how shall we despair in the time that is, or that which is to come, of the land we love.

* * * * * *

And now, comrades of Lee Camp, it is my privilege to tender to your pious custody, the counterfeit presentment of a real presence well worthy to join yonder goodly company of patriotic warriors.

He was a man in whose character and career the highest attributes of true manhood were illustrated. As a soldier, he was brave as the bravest, loyal to the core, faithful to the end.

A Virginian, he loved his State with all the force of an ardent and earnest nature. He came of Swedish stock—a sturdy, martial breed of Norseman which has preserved its national identity against Moslem, Muscovite and Gaul, through centuries of bloody battle.

When war came, he did not belie his lineage, but responded to the first call of the State upon her sons, in full conviction of her sovereign claim upon him and of the justice of her cause.

He was a graduate of that school at Lexington which a Federal general styled “The Military Nursery of the South,” and he had served as captain of volunteers in Taylor’s column in Mexico.

He entered the Confederate service as Colonel of the Seventh Virginia Infantry, but early in 1862 was given command of the brigade formerly A. P. Hill’s, and was commended for gallantry and efficiency at Seven Pines, in the seven days campaign around Richmond, at Second Manassas, at Sharpsburg. In 1863 his brigade was assigned to the division of Pickett, and was in the front line of the memorable assault at Gettysburg. Leading his men against the belching batteries on Cemetery Hill, he shared the glory of that brilliant charge with Armistead, Garnett and Hunton. Felled by a shot on the crest of that wave of heroism which has been called “The High Tide of the Confederacy,” his life was long despaired of, and he was never able to take the field again.

His career subsequent to the war was honorable and useful. His positive character and robust intellect earned speedy recognition of his capacity for leadership in the civic arena.

In the consolidation of the conservative political and social elements, which became essential to the safety of the State as a result of negro suffrage and other revolutionary features of reconstruction, he became prominently before the public as a man of firm convictions, inflexible purpose, strong in debate and wise in council. Nor was it long ere Virginia honored him with a position of trust commensurate with his talents and deserts. He entered the Governor’s office in 1894 and administered its duties with a fidelity and ability which sustained the best traditions of the Commonwealth and earned for him the respect of every class of his constituents.

Thereafter he never left the shades of private life. He survived to see his beloved State well started on a new era of prosperity and happiness, and he died in 1895 leaving a name as free from stain as the skies that bend in Indian Summer above his native mountains.

Such, in pregnant brevity, is the life record of the gallant officer,

honest gentleman, patriotic citizen, whose memory we are here tonight to honor and perpetuate.

His epitaph might be written as of one "Who never shirked a duty, evaded an obligation, paltried with the truth, quailed before a danger, nor betrayed a trust."

Commander, through you, I now give to the guardianship of Lee Camp the portrait of General James L. Kemper.

WHY WE FAILED TO WIN.

Inquiry Into the Causes of Confederate Defeat.

In its leading editorial article, February 1, 1903, the *New Orleans Picayune* answers the often-asked question—"Why it was that the Southern States were defeated in their struggle for independence?"

It says the people of this generation know that the Southern soldiers were inferior in numbers, but they likewise know that our armies repeatedly gained victories over greater forces and that our generals were more than equal in skill to those of the enemy's. Then the *Picayune* proceeds to give a thoughtful answer to the question propounded, presenting some views that have not occurred to all writers on this subject. We quote:

The army rolls show that from the first to the last the forces on the Northern side were two million, eight hundred and sixty thousand men, while on the Southern there were about six hundred thousand men, making an odds of more than four to one on the side of the North. But this enormous disparity of numbers did not appall the leaders and soldiers of the South, because they had established a reputation for tremendous and successful fighting that filled them with confidence.

If disproportion in numbers had been all, there are many reasons to hope, if not to believe with confidence, that the result would have been different. But the most serious features of the situation against the South and in favor of the North were in the fact that the Northern Government possessed all the military establishments, arms and

supplies that belonged to the army, and all the ships and the entire armament and equipment of the navy. If there had been a fair division of these resources between the two sections, the South would not have been totally destitute of them in the beginning, and would not have suffered grievously for the most necessary military munitions, equipments, and supplies.

It then became necessary to create from the very beginning establishments not only for the manufacture of arms, ammunition, equipments, war vessels and everything required for military operations, but it was also absolutely requisite to manufacture for all the needs of daily life the ordinary articles of common use that had been cut off from the Southern people by the naval blockade instituted by the Northern Government. Unfortunately, the Southern people had devoted themselves to the production of raw material and were therefore dependent on Northern States of the Union and on foreign countries for the simplest articles of daily use.

Just here comes in the most important question of finances. A war cannot long be successfully carried on without money. It is required for the purchase of material and supplies, and for the wages of the soldiers in the field. The men who have left their wives and children behind while they are standing in the forefront of battle must be able to send home for the support of their dear ones the money they earn in the public defence.

The plans of the Southern financiers were based on sound principles. In the four years of the war the South produced 20,000,000 bales of cotton worth \$600,000,000, and many million pounds of tobacco, worth also a great deal of money. It was proposed that the Confederate Government should purchase these products with bonds, and then ship them to the great European markets, where they would meet with the ready sale. This scheme, however, was defeated by the Federal blockade of Southern ports, which was begun in the summer of 1861. A belief was cherished in the South that the great manufacturing European nations would break the blockade in order to get cotton for their people to spin and wear, but this expectation proved wholly abortive, and the Southern Government was forced to imitate their adversaries in the North by issuing paper money.

The value of this paper currency held up very well in the beginning, but it rapidly lost the confidence of the people, and this fact, more than anything else, hurt the Confederate cause. It is true that the Confederate Government negotiated considerable loans in Europe, but the money was kept there to pay for warships built and equipped in European ports. From this brief statement of

facts it is seen that the Confederate cause was placed at a disadvantage for the lack of material supplies which were necessary for the conduct of the war and the comfort of the people that was vastly more serious than was the disparity in numbers.

Then there was a great disadvantage of geographical position and condition. The entire Southern section was divided from north to south by a great navigable river, the Mississippi. This enabled the Federal naval fleets to cut the Confederacy in two, and divorce its western from its eastern section. Its northern boundary was made by the Ohio and Potomac rivers, navigable for boats and largely used by war vessels and military transports. The Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the Southern country were beset by vessels of the blockading fleets.

But so far as the fighting was concerned, it all went well in that part of the Confederacy east of the Alleghany mountain. Army after army, each time under a new commander, was dispatched by the authorities for the capture of Richmond, where the Confederate capital had been set up, and each of those armies in turn had been hurled back, broken, defeated and dreadfully punished. In the meantime the victorious forces of Lee and Jackson had swept the enemy time and again from the celebrated valley of the Shenandoah, the granary of Virginia, while thrice they had fought the foe on his own territory in Maryland and Pennsylvania.

When the Confederate army which operated in Virginia retreated from the northern part of the State, it was only a strategic movement, for it always went back and occupied its old position. When the people saw Lee and Jackson leaving them for a southward march, they had full confidence that the troops would return as they always did. In some other parts of the Confederacy this was not the case. Some of the most noted commanders in the West retreated, never to revisit the positions which they had abandoned, and the people came to understand that this abandonment was final.

This constant retreating was not always necessitated by attacks and defeat at the hands of a superior force of the enemy, but was in obedience to a fixed plan of strategy named from the Roman general, Fabius Maximus, who in his campaigns against Hannibal made it a rule to avoid battle and always to retreat. Hannibal defeated all the troops he ever met, but Fabius, by eluding battle with the great Carthaginian, succeeded in a campaign that lasted thirteen years in wearing out his enemy, which could get no recruits or reinforcements from Carthage across the Mediterranean.

Whether the great Federal armies could have been worn out and

eventually ruined by a systematic course of retreat and evasion on the part of the Confederate forces does not appear, as it was not carried out to a conclusion. They saw their homes given up to the possession of the enemy, with no hope that the country would ever be recovered. If the South had been abundantly supplied with all the necessities for both peace and war, possibly the strategy of retreat might have been good policy, but in view of the destitute condition of the South, it would appear that the very greatest and most aggressive activity was necessary to meet the great superiority of force and material.

The object here is not to criticise commanders. There has never been a great soldier who was not a great strategist; but the greatest strategy in military affairs is that which has been used in gaining advantages in striking a foe rather than in evading him. Of course, rash fighting is all wrong, for it gives the advantage to the other side, but the soldiers who were able to deceive their enemies, and at the same time to deal their sudden and deadly blows when least expected, have been those who have stood highest on the rolls of fame.

Returning, however, to our first inquiry as to the reason for the South's defeat, it does not seem difficult to understand that it was for the lack of machinery and skill for manufacturing all our products, and for making all that was required for carrying on the war and for the maintenance of the people. If we had possessed these facilities, the South could have lived on its own resources and used barter in default of money. The trouble was that the South possessed the richest material resources a country could have, but for the lack of the arms and the skill for manufacturing them, these resources, rich as they were, could not be made available for the manifold uses of war and peace.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CEDAR CREEK AND FISHER'S HILL, OCTOBER 19th, 1864.

[See article by Captain Samuel D. Buck, *Ante* p. 104.]

I have just read Captain S. D. Buck's account of the Cedar Creek fight. I was there. I wish he could have described the conduct of

General Early's Indian orderly, who seemed to have gone wild when we broke the enemy's front and everything was stampeding. That Indian rode pell-mell into the fleeing Yankees, driving them to the rear, when one of them, bolder and cooler than the rest, after he had thrown down his gun and started to the rear, seeing the Indian pass on, deliberately wheeled, picked up his gun and shot the Indian dead.

My battalion was located on and to the right of the turnpike. At our final stand, when Sheridan made his attack and broke Gordon and then pressed down on Ramseur, I fought them with the guns I had on the pike until the two battle lines seemed to close together in deadly strife. Poor General Ramseur was there mortally wounded in that terrible strife.

My bugler asked me to let him go down and cross the creek and wait for me. I consented to this, but I never saw him again, though diligent search was made for him.

When I crossed the creek the Yankee cavalry had crossed above and captured two guns which I had placed in position to cover our crossing. When the last of the infantry broke, I retired with them, and came up with "Old Jubal"—some three or four hundred yards west of the creek—trying to rally his men on the road. Finding himself helpless, for his men would listen to nothing, in his desperation he bawled out: "Run, run; G—d—you, they will get you!" Passing over the hill, in rear of my guns, just before we struck the broken bridge, I heard the Yankee bugle sound the charge, and down upon us swept a squadron of cavalry. I rode into the bushes and let them pass. On they pressed to the broken bridge, where they found Captain Hardwicke, who had just passed his battery over. They rode up to the Captain and cried "Halt." The Captain, one of those impulsive men, and not knowing that they were Yankees, called out: "D—you, what are you halting me for?" The Yank replied, with his pistol right in the Captain's face, who, discovering his mistake, bade the Yank good-night.

I was also at Fisher's Hill when the Yankees pressed me so hard that they caught Lieutenant Spalding, of Cooper's Battery, with a caisson, and where poor Sandy Pendleton, of Early's staff was shot. He had collected about one hundred men, covering my flank, to let me out.

M. N. MOORMAN,

Major Stuart Horse Artillery Battalion.

Lynchburg, Va., February 9, 1903.

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